

Expatriate, You Were There

Oh you were there
When I came to
There was nothing you could say
Nothing you could do

Well I held in my hand, desire
It was all of you, all fire

Oh big black eyes
On a green hill
Won't you come down here
And hang around still

Come swim with me
In the sea of love
Where the fiends and hounds
Won't ever get to us

We'll take a deep breath
And go below
Where the ocean has left
Words on a boat, words on a boat

Well I held in my hand, desire
It was all of you, it was all fire