

# 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