

James Taylor, The Water Is Wide

(Traditional)

The water is wide, I can't cross over, and neither have I wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two and both shall row, my love and I.

There is a ship and she sails the sea. She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not so deep as the love I'm in, I know not how I sink or swim.

Oh love is handsome and love is fine, the sweetest flower when first it's new.
But love grows old and waxes cold and fades away like Summer dew.

Build me a boat that can carry two and both shall row, my love and I,
And both shall row, my love and I.