

Joan Armatrading, Dry Land

Let me sail to the depths of your soul
Let me anchor as near as I can be to your shore
I'm coming into dry land
Been a long time at sea
And the season of loving
Has long awaited me

Tides and waves have kept me
Kept me going
I'm longing for the calm
I'm heading for the pastures
I can see on your dry land
Let the sea that once did take me
Bring me back safe to your door
For I long to touch the dry land of your shore

Clear back to land I'm rowing
Clear the deck let me touch your soul
Maybe I'll bring you back a gift of love
I'll promise you so much more