

# Karine Polwart, The Light On The Shore

Old as I am  
Older than the threads of understanding  
Which we weave between us  
And old as you are  
Older by far than the contours of the love  
Which we leave behind us

Bold as I am  
Bolder than the pioneers  
Who trekked their way across the desert  
Bold as you are  
Bolder by far than the lovers  
Who have swum the tide to be together

Are we old enough and bold enough to say good-bye?  
Are we old enough and bold enough that we do not need to cry?  
Well, I am not so old and not so bold I don't need you more  
Now the light is slowly beckoning you to the shore

Cold is the ground  
For which you're bound  
It's a place where we can never more be together  
Cold is the air  
That takes you there  
On a passage that will end with your end forever

But it's not so cold I do not feel the warmth of your skin  
And it's not so cold I do not know the fires that burn within you  
Though they are fading now, I wish that they would blaze once more  
And keep you from the light that's slowly beckoning you to the shore

If I could sail the seas of time, then I would keep you from harm  
But I am no sailor and I cannot warn you  
Though there is nothing in my life I ever wanted more  
Than to keep you from the light that's slowly beckoning you  
Than to shield you from the light that's slowly beckoning you to the shore