

Luka Bloom, Water Ballerina

Across the sand, the stones and the shells
I went down to the sea
And the golden haired ballerina came down
And swam along with me
We were strangers out in the ocean
Somehow shyness stayed ashore
And I watched the ballerina
Dive and dance down to the floor

Ballerina, ballerina
Water ballerina

As the sun went down on the ocean
And the night our time did steal
We swam on in salty heaven
It was too good to be real
So I left her a silver dolphin
In a place where she could see
So that one day out at her swimming
She might remember me

Ballerina, ballerina
Water ballerina

Water ballerina with such golden curly hair
She is gone now, like the summer
To a beach in God knows where