

Mary McLaughlin, Sealwoman/Yundah

VERSE 1

Over the waves, you call to me
Shadow of dream, ancient mystery
Oh, how I long for your sweet caress
Oh, hand I long for your gentleness

Torn between sea mists and solid land
Nights when I've ached for a human hand
I'll come to you while the Moon shines bright
But I must go free with the first streak of light

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