

Nancy Sinatra, Sand

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me
My heart is cold, my soul is free
I am a stranger in your land
A wandering man, call me sand

Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is very small
It will not warm thy heart at all
But thee may take me by the hand
Hold me and I'll call thee sand

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me
My heart is cold, my soul is free
I am a stranger in your land
A wandering man, call me sand

Nancy:

At night when stars light up the sky
Oh sir I dream my fire is high
Oh taste these lips sir if you can
Wandering man, I call thee sand

Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is burning high
If it should stop sir I would die
A shooting star has crossed my land
Wandering man

Lee:

She whispered sand

Nancy:

(Whispers) Sand

Lee:

Young woman shared her fire with me
Now warms herself with memory
I was a stranger in her land
A wandering man, she called me sand

Nancy:

He was a stranger in my land
A wandering man

Lee:

She called me sand