Robert Grenier, Sailing Away With You

Sailing away with you Hand in hand on the bow Wathing the waves go by Never asking how or why

We fit together Like a picture in a locket Or a hand in a pocket My love

Your hair is blowing in the wind Maybe later we'll go for a swim Your voice it floats like a dove I can't find the bottom of your love

And simple things
Like diamond rings
They don't interest you at all
And when you cling
I feel like a king
From the spring into the fall

So tell me why the seasons change But not my love for you Hearts don't die they fill the sky Reflecting off the dew You lift me right off the sea Into the saphire blue There's no place I would rather be Than sailing away with you