

Silje Nergaard, The Beachcomber

Lead me to the sand and sea
Sit a while beside me... and I won't mind
Wait until the tide has turned
To see what's left behind

Then I'll search for things to save
Wake me if I'm dreaming
And if all I've planned starts
streaming through my fingers
Out of hand... grains of sand

Let the woman I'll become
Dare to walk the shoreline...
and to ride the wave
Let the ocean show its might
But leave me feeling brave

When all else is washed from sight
Wake me if I'm dreaming
And if all I've planned starts
streaming through my fingers
Out of hand... grains of sand

Never let me hide away
In caves and shun the light of day
Let the waters gently steer
Me to my moorings far from fear
so I might come to comb this beach
Seeing what my eye can reach
And knowing that a heart can open here...
open here

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Wait until the tide has turned
To see what's left behind