

Slim Whitman, Stranger On The Shore

Here I stand, watching the tide go out
So all alone and blue
Just dreaming dreams of you

I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea
Taking all my dreams
And taking all of me

The sighing of the waves
The wailing of the wind
The tears in my eyes burn
Pleading, "My love, return"

Why, oh, why must I go on like this?
Shall I just be a lonely stranger on the shore?