

The Manhattan Transfer, Agua

Here beneath the moon tonight
So pale and fragile
Is that shining in the distance I see
Real or just imagined?
Imagined mirages of agua

Somewhere in these sands that spread before me
There lies a silent spring for me
Que agua

The earth without the heavens' rain
Becomes powder and gravel
Life without a spirit whole
In time becomes a thread unraveled
Or traveled in the circles of agua

And lately there grows a thirst inside me
With only hunger to guide me
Que agua

Agua ever deep
Agua ever wide
Agua ever still and silent

Flowing into sleep finding what we hide
Dreaming what cannot be sighted

Agua ever warm
Current ever strong
Agua ever, ever lasting

Gathering in storm
Pouring out in song
Washing over understanding

Agua
Agua deep
Agua so wide
Carry me to your shore
Carry me agua

Agua
Agua deep
Agua so wide
Carry me to your shore
Carry me agua

(Repeat)