

Sand (w Lee Hazlewood)

[Nancy Sinatra](#)

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 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 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 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 Oh sir my fire is burning high
If it should stop sir I would die
A shooting star has crossed my land
Wandering man She whispered sand Sand 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 He was a stranger in my land
A wandering man She called me sand

Songwriters

LEE HAZELWOOD Published by

Lyrics © GRANITE MUSIC CORPORATION GRANITE MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>