Goodbye

Jane Siberry

Tiny dot, strand of sand
Waves that sigh beneath the hand
I stand the singing seashore
The earth and you are round
I'm always apologizing
Will I, do you?Chime, the feet dry, the sand
Clouds collect out at sea
Start to run
This pink shell
This gray span
And a thousand pardons trail behindlonely beach, ceaseless wind
Still don't understand
Run as fast a missed beat
A quickening
I went to say, I love you
But instead I said, Good-byeI want a table, no just for one
But I know you do
I can see some from here
Okay, then say for two
No, there's only one
Don't you want my business
I will never come back here

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