

# Sand

[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

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