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 sandOh 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 sandYoung 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 sandAt 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 sandOh 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, sandYoung woman shared her fire with me
Now warms herself with memory
I was a stranger in her land
A wandering man, she called me sandHe was a stranger in my land
A wandering man, she called me sand

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