Seabirds

Thomas Kinkade

Mighty waves come crashing down,
The spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye
Shrieking as it cuts the devil wind,
Is calling sailors to the deep
But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
Surf is high an' the sea is awash
An' a haze of candy floss, glitter and beads
Rock that we sat on and watched in the sun

That was hot to touch
And the sea was emerald green
I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf comes rushing up the beach
Now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall
Catfish dappled silver flashing
Dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep

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