

# Corsican Lady

## Pert Near Sandstone

A Corsican lady,  
I met in the navy,  
with hair like the velvet night sky.  
I made my way over  
and offered my hand...  
she offered a wink with her eye.  
"Bonjour," she said with a smile;  
my temporise replied...  
she seemed not to mind.  
And we danced,  
the mandolin played  
the world went away...  
just left her and I.  
Later that evening  
we walked along the sea,  
carefully translated each other's stories.  
She was a poor girl from another country,  
moved to the city,  
learned English for free.  
Oh, she sang a song about the sea;  
she made herself weep...  
tears spread to me.  
So i dared her to go for a swim;  
she chased me right in...  
and I've loved her since then.  
I sailed back from my loved one  
when my four years was done,  
and there our lives begun...  
at sea and on ocean.  
Short stop in Venice,  
and out through the Red Sea,  
around the whole world,  
got back and married.  
On that night,  
it was very dark,  
she swam out too far,  
waves crashin' hard.  
...Oh why, that same place we'd meet,  
that same goddamn sea...

she took her from me.  
And now here I stand,  
and I'm all that I know...  
stone in my hand,  
and the stream down below.  
As I lean over,  
love's pulling me down...  
I slash and I crash,  
and I hear that sweet sound.  
Oh her voice, a beautiful voice...  
her rosemary voice,  
it drowns out the noise.  
And I look,  
and she's waiting right there,  
as I run out of air...

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Lyrics submitted by Anneblee Ramsey.

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