

Little Boats

David Mead

Crystal moon, the autumn leaves
Distant car, a sudden breeze
Little boats that carry me to you
Four o'clock on Saturdays
Sofa bed, the hideaways
Little boats that carry me to you
I can always find my way
Through the dark, the wind and rain
Unders burning down
Nothing can deny me
Catch the ripples and the tides
Hold my breath and close my eyes
Still my heart knows where i'm bound
This compass is inside me
Spanish bells raise high the roof
Oceans made of morning dew
Little boats that carry me to you
I can always find my way
Through the dark, the wind and rain
Unders burning down
Nothing can deny me
Catch the ripples and the tides
Hold my breath and close my eyes
Still my heart knows where I'm bound
This compass is inside me
Crystal moon, the autumn leaves
Distant car, a sudden breeze
Little boats that carry me to you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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