

Spindrift

Tom Scott

As the waves crash in on the western shore
The wind blows fierce from the east
The wave tops torn to a flying spindrift, spindrift
As the waves crash in on the western shore
It makes me feel uneasy
The spray that's torn away
Is an image of the way I feel
What am I supposed to say?
Where are the words to answer you
When you talk that way?
As the sun goes down on the western shore
The wind blows hard from the east
It whips the sand into a flying spindrift, spindrift
As the sun goes down on the western shore
It makes me feel uneasy
In the hot dry rasp of the devil winds
Who cares what a fool believes?
What am I supposed to say?
Where are the words to answer you
When you talk that way?
Words that fly against the wind and waves
A little closer to you
Where is the wave that will carry me?
A little closer to you
Where is the wave that will carry me?
What am I supposed to say?
Where are the words to answer you
When you talk that way?
What am I supposed to do?
Where are the words that will make you see
What I believe is true?
Where is the wave that will carry me
A little closer to you?
Where is the wave that will carry me
A little closer to you?
Where is the wave that will carry me
A little closer to you?
Where is the wave that will carry me
A little closer to you?

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