Sailboats

Brooke Fraser

We're adrift on a sailboat
My love is the sea
Yours is the horizon
Constant and steady
You set my limbs locked hard afloat
Lifted my lonesome sails
The tide is out, the moon is high
We're sailing
Darling, your love is healing
It makes the bitter sweet
Warms the winter to spring again
Secures the colds defeat
We're cutting anchor
Casting out into the glorious deep
The tide is out, the moon is high
We're sailing
When we've succumb
To decrepitude
Still our love
Will remain in its youth
The tide is out, the moon is high
We're sailing
We're sailing
We're sailing

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