

# 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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