Craster

Saint Saviour

Running down to the water
It's a way to make sense of the day
there's a ghost in the harbour
telling tales of the years swept awayThat she sent to show me
I am smaller than I once believed,
I sing holy holy,And my heart fills up with a salty breeze
It's a memory stirred
Circle high sea bird
She's a stormy sea
but she's a part of
She's a part of me.There's a fog down at Craster
and it's tempting and teasing me there
to be close, to be near you
Just to see how much life I can bearShe's there to remind me
I am just one face in a crowd
High tide will find me,
She will wrap me up, in the froth and foamLike the men of the town
and the girls left home
She's a stormy sea
She's a part of me
And my heart fills up with a salty breeze
It's a memory stirred, circle high sea bird
She's a stormy sea
but she's a part of
me

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