

# Warm Sand

**Tina Dico**

You held the door  
Looking over your shoulder  
Face to the floor  
It was already over They took a good look at you  
They knew that you couldn't follow through  
Just stood there and laughed at you  
What could I do? Warm sand underneath my feet  
No promises left for you to keep  
Fortune smiling back at me  
Forgetting the things that couldn't be I pulled at your dress  
But you took no notice  
You left me to guess  
Your desperate motives Left here as unfamiliar eyes  
Held you and pushed me aside  
Aching with blame I  
Watched from inside Warm sand underneath my feet  
No promises left for you to keep  
Fortune smiling back at me  
Forgetting the things that couldn't be  
Yeah, the things that might have been  
And all the things that should have been Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
It's all I'd ever dream of  
It's all I'd ever hope to touch whenever I'd reach out Warm sand underneath my feet  
No promises left for you to keep  
Fortune smiling back at me  
Forgetting, yeah Warm sand underneath my feet  
No promises left for you to keep  
Fortune smiling back at me  
Forgetting the things that could have been  
Yeah, the things that might have been  
And all the things that should have been, oh, yeah

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