

From the Water

William Fitzsimmons

Hold up your arms, I don't see you
Let tide return
Your tired limbs, sea and battered
I look for you I will pull you from water
Let your lungs return to air
Take you back unto the shore
And lead you home This ravaged mind, a thousand voices
They call for you
Draw near my hand, the swelling water
Your rest will come I will pull you from water
Let your lungs return to air
Take you back unto the shore
And lead you home

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