

# The Ninth Wave

[George Barnett](#)

Stranded and spent, brought to our knees  
Washed and cut to splintered debris  
Crashing tides of a crashing sea  
Then the ninth wave came down on me And everybody said;  
Oh I can't believe  
Sun of ochre, scarlet leaves  
Sparkled shores on Christmas eve  
Then the ninth wave came down on me I saw your face, lost in the haze  
Stranded and spent for 17 days  
I found you under palm trees shade  
Waiting for Apocolade And everybody said;  
Oh I can't believe  
Sun of ochre, scarlet leaves  
Sparkled shores on Christmas eve  
Then the ninth wave came down on me Oh I can't believe  
Sun of ochre, scarlet leaves  
Sparkled shores on Christmas eve  
Then the ninth wave came down on me Then the ninth wave came down on me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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