

Celtic Legend

"The Boatman"

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When the wind hits the ocean and sand draws back
from the shore
What was silent devotion now becomes a mighty row

Now row, the waves will not find you
Soft foam, buries you deep
I'll be forever your dreamer
Hold tight to me!

You are the tide of my ocean, the warm sand under my
feet
Lovers drink of the poison and so I lusted in defeat

Row, row, the waves will not find you!
Soft snow, buries you deep
I'll be forever your dreamer
Hold tight to me!

Hold tight!
Hold tight.
Hold tight!

Row
Row
Row

Row, row, the waves will not find you
Soft foam, buries you deep
I'll be forever your dreamer
Hold tight to me!

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