

Blue

"To The Shore"

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Oh when your nine day feed is up and you've drained
your loving cup
Come stands reeling to the shore oh when the brave
are coming out
The dry fight and the dusty shout see you crawling on
the floor
And diamond stars shining glitter bright gorging your
sanhedralites
Words are falling to the floor glad stand pouring fruit
trees
And now they glisten on the waterline sing home you
are at the shore
I'm moving crissie pretty flowers in the shuttermaze
Haul up all your petty desires leave them lying down
they fall
Wash away the rusty disease of your brown town days
in our silver sea
Leave it dying at the door feather yellow your time to
leave
Open out your arms and breathe
Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh to the shore now
Oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh to the shore now
come

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