Mountain Brothers ''Heights''

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When the seashells crumbled in your hand You looked up up at me And the sand shifting underneath your feet Softened for you and incredibly the sun went through from the sky And I was certain I was going to cry

But then you reached up and you reached out We'd been staring at the water all day And then you touched me you were golden You were giving the game away

When the sand crabs ran across your face You didn't even twitch And a soft scent came across the water Impossibly rich Impossibly cold We were just nineteen years old

But then you reached up and you reached out We'd been staring at the water all day And then you touched me you were golden You were giving the game away

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