

Tina Dickow

"Warm Sand"

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You held the door looking over your shoulder
Face to the floor, it was already over
They took a good look at you
They knew that you wouldn't follow through
Just stood there and laughed at you, what could I do?

Warm sand underneath my feet
No promises left for you to keep
Fortune smiling back at me
Forgetting the things that could have been

I pulled at your dress but you took no notice
Left me to guess your desperate motives
Left here as unfamiliar eyes
Held you and pushed me aside
Aching in blame I watched from inside

Warm sand underneath my feet
No promises left for you to keep
Fortune smiling back at me
Forgetting the things that could have been
The things that might have been
The things that should have been

It's all I'd ever dream of
It's all I'd ever hope to touch whenever I'd reach up

Warm sand underneath my feet
No promises left for you to keep
Fortune smiling back at me
Forgetting the things that could have been
The things that might have been
The things that should have been

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