

Kara Johnstad

"Pages Of Sand"

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Shadow's line the walls of the room
A clock keeps time, an aching moon
Lights are low, I turn the page
The walls whisper their age

Oh, where will we travel tonight, my dearest love
Oh how I long to enter your world

Will your arms take me afar
To distant lands where we will warm
ourselves on hot sands.

Stories capture other times
I try to read between the lines

And like sand inside my shoe
I feel you slipping inside
And I will carry you on.

And like sand inside my shoe
I feel you slipping inside
And I will carry you on

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