

Nancy Sinatra "Sand"

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Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me

My heart is cold, my soul is free

I am a stranger in your land
A wandering man, call me sand
Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is very small
It will not warm thy heart at all
But thee may take me by the hand
Hold me and I'll call thee sand

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me

My heart is cold, my soul is free

I am a stranger in your land

A wandering man, call me sand
Nancy:

At night when stars light up the sky
Oh sir I dream my fire is high
Oh taste these lips sir if you can
Wandering man, I call thee sand
Nancy:

Oh sir my fire is burning high
If it should stop sir I would die

A shooting star has crossed my land
Wandering man
Lee:

She whispered sand

Nancy:

(Whispers) Sand

Lee:

Young woman shared her fire with me

Now warms herself with memory

I was a stranger in her land

A wandering man, she called me sand
Nancy:

He was a stranger in my land

A wandering man
Lee:

She called me sand

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