

Kristina

"Down To The Sea"

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Robert

We must not complain
We who crawl upon the land
Though I sleep on dung
I must hold my tongue
Who cares about a farmer's hand?

I must know my place
Or be beaten for my pains
Shut my mouth and just be grateful
Answer never!

Yet this little stream can go its way in freedom

Run away from here forever

Down to the sea

Hurry down to the sea

Stopping for none

How you run

Little stream

Faster and faster

Free, you are free
Not a slave, not like me

Choosing your way

As you please

At your ease

Your own master

Soon you will ride
On the crest of a wave
To be one with the sea everlasting
On giant shoulders you'll carry sailors
In tall white galleons
To far horizons
You are going where I long to be
Take me there

Little stream
To the sea

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