

Stavesacre "Sand Dollar"

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the sun, the air, the faithful crashing of waves
carefree comforted knowing eyes watched over me
even now i taste the salt on my lips being dried by the
sun
an ocean limitless, taking me back to better days
seems so far away.
somehow, somewhere i've lost a part of me
got caught up in this twisted place and lost simplicity
the things i've seen have tainted everything
i think i gave up living.
when life is stained can it be cleaned?
want to know... if i can
set aright a life that's gone so wrong
in a way, start again.
if not what is left?
i can do it on my own, i could long ago
i'm sure that i have tried
the sun, the air, the faithful crashing of waves
remind me of a child that i'd love to be again
only now finding comfort and peace
in trusting a God i'd even more that i might see
and even more than better days to trust again

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