

# House Upon the Sea

Charlotte Church

Here we are  
A house upon the sea  
A bad dream  
The woods on the hill are aware  
And there's a terrible voice that echoes around

The wind has it's sting  
Puts the salt in your skin

And morning light clears  
Oh won't you bring me to rest  
Says I should fake a death  
And failing that  
I should enter the house  
And face what I left  
Upon the water

Here we are  
House upon the sea  
And I know it's but a bad dream  
The morning light  
The morning light  
Will clear  
But it's all so real

The dark reflects the day  
Like a shadow on the waves