

The Water is Wide

Luka Bloom

The water is wide, I can't swim over
Neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

There is a ship, it sails on the sea
Out on the deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
And on that boat I'll sink or swim

I leaned my back up against that boat
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
Just like my own false love to me

Oh love is gentle, and love is kind
Gay as a jewel, when first it's new
When love grows old, still it carries on
But it sometimes fades like the morning dew

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And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I
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