Slow Tango

Jane Siberry

On the sixth day
When the word came
We began our journey
We would not break the promise

Lonely, hasten to the shoreline
Just in time to see them sail away
All the times when we lay sleepless
And the weather made no sense

Challenge your hands
To capture these landscapes
Holy days, landscapes
Of dunes and red skies

There is only one horizon
Rolling thunder this wilderness
So lonely tangled up forever
Hold me for a while

My love, I can hardly hear you
Heal me, feel my love

So I find your breast against mine
Is this the slow tango
I have no regrets, my love
I let you press

I forget the rest
But I feel it like the rushing dove
That beats against the hands of time
With pounding heart again

Is this the slow tango?
I have no regrets, my love

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!