

Strange Meeting II

Nick Drake

Deep down in the depths of forgotten dreams
So far away, so long ago it seems
The memory comes of a distant beach
Pale sand stretching far from reach
It was then I found my princess of the sand

As I traced the foam, pebbles beneath my feet
I looked behind, I saw this one so sweet
She came to me and I saw in her eyes
The heavy toll of a thousand eyes
I called her my princess of the sand

She stared at me and my mind was in a maze
As we moved along in a summer sea-dream haze
She moved her mouth but there came no sound
The message she brought can never be found
But I called her my princess of the sand

One moment we walked with the night breeze in our face
Then I looked, she'd gone of her presence, there was no trace
Where she went or came from who can know
Or if she'll ever return to help me know
Who she is, my princess of the sand

Sometime when the summer nights come back
I'll go back to the sea, follow that sandy track
I'll look around, hope to find
That strange young dream, close behind
I'll call her my princess of the sand