

Running down to the water  
It's a way to make sense of the day  
there's a ghost in the harbour  
telling tales of the years swept away

That she sent to show me  
I am smaller than I once believed,  
I sing holy holy,

And my heart fills up with a salty breeze  
It's a memory stirred  
Circle high sea bird  
She's a stormy sea  
but she's a part of  
She's a part of me.

There's a fog down at Craster  
and it's tempting and teasing me there  
to be close, to be near you  
Just to see how much life I can bear

She's there to remind me  
I am just one face in a crowd  
High tide will find me,  
She will wrap me up, in the froth and foam

Like the men of the town  
and the girls left home  
She's a stormy sea  
She's a part of me  
And my heart fills up with a salty breeze  
It's a memory stirred, circle high sea bird  
She's a stormy sea  
but she's a part of me