

## Breezing Up

## The Ocean Blue

This I call my sailboat  
These are all by friends,  
That beyond's the shoreline  
And that is where it ends.

High  
And dry  
Are we  
Stinging sigh's the salt air

Taste it on your skin,  
Stomach's sense of flying  
The feeling of the wind.  
High

And dry  
Are we.