

American Spirit

Tom McRae

Stood here at the edge of the world, dear,
three wishes for you as the tide turns.
Salt water meets with the skies, dear,
meets with your eyes my dear as the day dies.

I've seen this trick before,
watch the waves write your name on the shore.

And hold your breath, there's stills time left,
come on hold your breath,
swim with me further from the shore,
swim with me 'til I can swim no more.

She strikes up American Spirit and
a conversation about nothing,
says I've burned all colour
and flame from this hard ambition
that once held me.
But I feel love's season shift,
this heat has lost it's grip on us.

And hold your breath,
there's stills time left,
come on hold your breath,
swim with me further from the shore,
swim with me 'til I can swim no more.

And I know what you won't say,
for all this stolen time, someone pays.

Hold your breath, there's stills time left,
come on hold your breath,
swim with me further from the shore,
swim with me 'til I can swim no more