

Sand

Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood

Lee:

Young woman share your fire with me

My heart is cold, my soul is free

I am a stranger in your land

A wandering man, call me sandNancy:

Oh sir my fire is very small

It will not warm thy heart at all

But thee may take me by the hand

Hold me and I'll call thee sandLee:

Young woman share your fire with me

My heart is cold, my soul is free

I am a stranger in your land

A wandering man, call me sand

Nancy:

At night when stars light up the sky

Oh sir I dream my fire is high

Oh taste these lips sir if you can

Wandering man, I call thee sandNancy:

Oh sir my fire is burning high

If it should stop sir I would die

A shooting star has crossed my land

Wandering manLee:

She whispered sandNancy:

(Whispers) Sand

Lee:

Young woman shared her fire with me

Now warms herself with memory

I was a stranger in her land

A wandering man, she called me sandNancy:

He was a stranger in my land

A wandering manLee:

She called me sand

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>