

The whitest whale

Sunday morning never felt that easy
Floating on the tide towards the bay
Reach out for some southern comfort there
Leftovers out of yesterday

Suddenly the wind grow its curls in my hair
Waves shaped its tales in the air
riding the whitest whale
riding the whitest whale
riding the whitest whale
Drift and inhale

By noon she s all dressed up for that fair wind
One gentle breeze created by the sun
Surfing on the echoes from one long lost gale
Howling far beyond these sail

Suddenly the wind grow its curls in my hair
Waves shaped its tales in the air
riding the whitest whale
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Drift and inhale

Sundown dazzling slowly through my window
swing to her anchor while I dream
Stars falling down sketches imaginary scenes
memory recalling through the steam

Suddenly the wind grow its curls in my hair
Waves shaped its tales in the air
riding the whitest whale
riding the whitest whale
Searching for a home in southern England
Drift and inhale