

Seaside Song

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Sadness, here's a penny whistle for your thoughts
Wet with tears, shining on the quiet quay
Pick it up, I'll lend you my ears for the day

Play, fingers spread, lips, breathe life
Water the Earth with music,
I am a sturdy vessel with taut sails

Let me hold your notes on my shoulders
Across these Picasso blue strokes
Fluidly we'll weave a course from the coast
Ascending our sunken muddy worries
To heady heights we knew
When we were children by the sea