

## Shifting Sand

Deacon Blue

Long blown strip of shifting sand  
Where have your friends gone now the suns not holding hands

The fat man who strolled you  
The children who broke you  
The muscles that climbed on your strong tanned back

The women that were young on you  
The ones that only swum off you  
They're as fickle as the sun with you  
Leaving me here blown about on you

Happy just to stay here  
Tripped by the waste and the deck chairs  
Teased by the wind and gulls in chase  
Oh...long, blown