

## My Light, Maria

Pale Young Gentlemen

You can never trust in a sailor's love.  
The seas will wash out your photograph.  
These dreams you have of an open sea  
and a good strong man...  
Oh the burden of dreaming.

All set for the night.  
I can feel a storm is brewing.

The sun and tide,  
Rise up up Maria.  
The ocean's bride,  
my light Maria.

Maria.

Let me comb your hair  
as my mother did.  
In our home, this lighthouse  
We're hidden.

But the seas cry out  
full of desperate men.  
Our children are not forgotten.

All set for the night.  
I can feel a storm is brewing.

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rise up up Maria.  
The ocean's bride  
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