

The Shining Sea

Peggy Lee

We loved the shining sea
He gathered sea shells there for me
His hands, his strong brown hands

We'd sit there on the sand
He'd kiss the hollow of my hand
His kiss, I miss his kiss

I hear the grey gulls cry
I see them dip their wings
I feel the pounding surf
And other things

I can't believe he's gone
I think I'll go where he might be
I'll go, I need him so

I need our shining sea