

The Shining Sea

Tony Bennett

We loved the shining sea
She gathered sea shells there fore me
Her hands, I love her hands

We'd sit there on the sand
She'd kiss the hollow of my hand
A kiss, I miss a 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 she's gone
I think I'll go where she might be
I'll go, I need her so

I need our shining sea