## Pure Shores – All Saints

I've crossed the deserts for miles Swam water for time Searching places to find A piece of something to call mine (I'm coming) A piece of something to call mine (I'm coming) (I'm coming) Coming closer to you Went along many moors Walked through many doors The place where I wanna be Is the place I can call mine (I'm coming) Is the place I can call mine (I'm coming) (I'm coming) Coming closer to you I'm moving I'm coming Can you hear, what I hear It's calling you my dear Out of reach (Take me to my beach) I can hear it, calling you I'm coming not drowning Swimming closer to you Never been here before I'm intrigued, I'm unsure I'm searching for more I've got something thats all mine I've got something thats all mine Take me somewhere I can breathe I've got so much to see This is where I want to be In a place I can call mine

In a place I can call mine I'm moving I'm coming Can you hear, what I hear It's calling you my dear Out of reach (Take me to my beach) I can hear it, calling you I'm coming not drowning Swimming closer to you Moving, coming Can you hear what I hear? (Hear it out of reach) I hear it calling you Swimming closer to you Many faces I have seen Many places I have been Walked the deserts, swam the shores (Coming closer to you) Many faces I have know Many way in which I've grown Moving closer on my own (Coming closer to you) I move it I feel it I'm coming Not drowning I move it I feel it I'm coming Not drowning I'm moving I'm coming Can you hear, what I hear It's calling you my dear Out of reach (Take me to my beach) I can hear it, calling you I'm coming not drowning Swimming closer to you

(Take me to my beach) I'm moving I'm coming Can you hear, what I hear It's calling you my dear Out of reach (Take me to my beach) I can hear it, calling you I'm coming not drowning Swimming closer to you (Take me to my beach)



Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych  $\bigcirc$