

SAILING

I am sailing, I am sailing
home again, 'cross the sea.

I am sailing stormy waters
to be with you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying
like a bird 'cross the sky.
I am flying, passing high clouds
to be near you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
through the dark night, far away?
I am dying, forever crying
to be with you who can sail.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
through the dark night, far away?
I am dying, forever crying
to be with you who can sail.

I N T E R L U D E

We are sailing, we are sailing
home again, 'cross the sea.
We are sailing stormy waters
to be near you, to be free (oh, my Lord)
to be near you, to be free (oh, my Lord)
to be near you, to be free...

Rod Stewart

Glücksburg 1990

'cross:	short form of "across" (<i>über, hinüber</i>)
clouds	big fat things in the sky from which rain and snow fall
through	<i>durch</i>
forever	<i>fortwährend, ewig</i>
I am dying	<i>ich bin dabei zu sterben/ich sterbe gerade</i>
interlude	here: the music between two stanzas when nobody sings and you only hear instruments