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Her Voice

Reference number PT0206

PRINCE ERIC

Where did she go?
Where can she be?
When will she come again,
calling to me,
calling to me,
calling to me?

Somewhere there's a girl
who's like the shimmer of the wind upon the water.
Somewhere there's a girl
who's like the glimmer of the sunlight on the sea.
Somewhere there's a girl
who's like a swell of endless music.
Somewhere she is singing
and her song is meant for me.

And her voice,
it's sweet as angels sighing.
And her voice,
it's warm as summer sky.
And that sound,
it haunts my dreams
and spins me 'round
until it seems
I'm flying,
her voice.

I can sense her laughter
in the ripple of the waves against the shoreline.
I can see her smiling
in the moonlight as it settles on the sand.
I can feel her waiting
just beyond the pale horizon,
singing out a melody too lovely to withstand.

And her voice,
it's there as dusk is falling.
And her voice,
it's there as dawn steals by.
Pure and bright,
it's always near.
All day, all night,
and still I hear it calling,
her voice.

Strange as a dream,
real as the sea.
If you can hear me now,
come set me free,
come set me free!