

The wind

Peter Henry Phillips

Time, not to forget, you're never alone
You're never the last, oh we were rich once
In another life, we all had wisdom, we never cried

well the wind carried away, the strings you held for me
The sun seeking ground, rays of this light
Circles in the snow, circle my shadow

well the wind carried away, the strings you held for me
The sun seeking ground, rays of this light, rays of this light
Circle in the snow

oh baby, i'm coming home
i'm coming, i'm coming home