

# Catching Windmill

Carbon Leaf

From the kitchen, peace is falling  
I watch a swirling snow  
The windows fog, I'm inside a blur  
War's on the radio  
I'm closer to you than you think  
Still far enough away  
I must believe tomorrow's new  
Cause 'These Are The Good Old Days'  
Yeah, these are the good old days...  
Just catching a windmill

It's overwhelming my heart  
It's over my head  
It's overwhelming my heart

I have been dreaming for weeks  
I walk through the woods alone  
Lost in a sea of galaxies  
Tracking paw prints in the snow  
And I have been dreaming for weeks  
Watching the stars in the sky  
Lost in a sea of galaxies  
Just pinwheels for a child  
Never cry wolf in the wild  
Catching a windmill...

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(I ride. High. Up into the sky.  
So close to heaven now I'm down  
Down. Falling back into the clouds.  
Scraping the ground. Up around again.)

Everything spins  
Everything that spins begins and ends  
Everything that ends begins again  
In some new way, place, and time  
Everything spins  
Everything that spins begins and ends  
Everything that ends begins again

Galaxies are nothing more than  
Windmills spinning as they soar  
From the place that they were born  
Race away, explore, absorb

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(All this love. All this life. All this time.  
Is under blurring starlight)

Round and round and round she goes  
Will she stop? Will we grow old?  
Through revolutions, twisting grace  
A subtle shift from clinging to embrace