

# Strong Winds

Graham Parker

Have you seen her run through the wild things  
Dropping behind her the child's things that she'll no longer need  
Scattering like seeds they are discarded then  
Nothing can give them a life again they're comfort only when she bleeds

Chorus 1

And strong winds are blowing through her hair  
I reach out to touch it but it's not there  
Strong winds are beating at her door  
Even with it locked they come back stronger than before

And when she takes a walk into the early morning  
Somewhere inside you an early warning bell begins to ring  
And in the darkest night she takes a telescope  
Looks through the wrong end and loses hope pointing at the nearest thing

Chorus 2

And strong winds are blowing through her hair  
I reach, out to touch it but it's not there  
Strong winds are beating down our door  
Shaping our lives we never know what for

And when she takes her place in the furniture  
The crystal vase and the rocking chair the chintz and china cups  
Then it's all reduced to a bill of sale  
She disappears with the merchandise you understand that well

Chorus 1 x3