

The Talking Wind

Great Lake Swimmers

I've been talking with the wind a lot
Throwing words out that I've kept too long
We breathe the same way when we're drawn
I know I have a friend in it

Ah, your fingers weave, above the trees
Ah, the talking wind, the turning leaves

As you left, a force, to fly on
You left a fragment to be played upon
Fallen and grown new, the wind restored
It went right through

I stood in it's way and became it

Ah, your fingers weave, above the trees
Ah, the talking wind, the turning leaves
Ah, your shoulder blades, among the waves
Ah, you fly away, and dissipate

The wind makes sound instead of words
And I think I understand
Neither needs to explain in turn
It cries out, and I understand