

# 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