

## Where You Find Me

Greg Laswell

Strange how the wind is not out today  
Nothing is moving, save for the waves  
And the lady is empty and quite on her heels  
And I fear out of all of us, you might her steal  
But I find  
I find

I don't know how I will land you, my friend  
So I will fly you

Far beyond the plans that you made by the sea  
Where you will find me