

## Little Wind

Haley Heynderickx

I might go to Spain  
Sleep out with the dogs  
Find some empty castle  
Put my jacket on a cross  
The mice are in the fields  
And the ghosts are in the towers  
Little wind, I'm with you in the roadside flowers

I might go to town  
And drink myself away  
Find some singing bird  
And try to step inside her cage  
I might go to waste  
And I might be a coward  
Little wind, I'm with you in the roadside flowers

And I wish that I had stayed  
In that river house with you  
Pulled away the weeds  
And let the wild roses bloom  
But all the hanging plums  
One day will go sour  
Little wind I'm with you in the roadside flowers

Don't you want to fly with the highland birds  
Don't you want to play in the Catalan dirt  
Maybe it's my fault  
Or maybe it's my power  
Little wind I'm with you in the roadside flowers