Wind

Joseph

We found ourselves together
In an old house in a small town called High Hope
We didn't mind the quaking
Through me a tremble rose that I thought might tear but I hope.

We gathered in the same room,
But as the house shook and the ghosts looked in we moved.
Through the ceiling I screamed at you –
I said, "These bonds are wearing thin. Can you get us through?"

In a town called High Hope
We do our best to sing a weary song.
We fill our lungs to blow these walls out,
But it takes, it takes wind to knock this house down.

It came whistling round the corner
And from our separate rooms we felt it coming through
The cracks in the windows,
Stirring up the dust – yeah the wind blew.

In a town called High Hope
We do our best to sing a weary song.
We fill our lungs to blow these walls out,
But it takes, it takes wind to knock this house down.

From dust we came, to dust we'll go.
From dust we came, to dust we'll go.
From dust we came, to dust we'll go.
From dust we came, to dust we'll go but we ain't gone.

In a town called High Hope
We do our best to sing a weary song.
We fill our lungs to blow these walls out,
But it takes, but it takes, it takes wind to knock this house d
own.

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