

Mountain

KUČKA

We're on different time I know
After the winter, flowers will show
Underneath the weighted snow
They wait to grow
They wait to grow

Out my window
Forever old
Out my window
I wonder how
How many lives you have known

Share with us your winter cold
After the spring, the ice will flow
Down into the stream below
Your path erodes
Your path erodes

Out my window
Forever old
Out my window
I wonder how
How many lives you have known