

## Courtyard In Berlin

Mighty Oaks

Oh the wind, it's rushing through the trees  
On the shores of an ocean just for me  
And oh the sun, I see it shining down  
In the courtyard, it's trying to warm the ground

And oh the leaves, they turn to gold from green  
In the courtyard, in Berlin  
And the clouds, I see 'em passing by  
They're a white contrast in the sky