

The Ways of the Wind

P.M. Dawn

Holding on is like the ways of the wind,
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I wore a ring that was taken so hastily,
Thinking naively that it guaranteed my safety
I'm looking at eyes that have stumbled across a shooting star
Saying that's alright, I know the kind of man you are

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How many things I recall I can't take too far
She's good at collecting
and counting on the things you are
Forever racing the flames she loved to put me through
I was never a good seahorse
But I can practice rides on you
Another world, another space,
another mind insists I'm crying
I once experienced time with you
Now a ll exists through rage and sighing
Simon says I love you
But not as much as you display
Who says its alright
Then Simon says she's yesterday

Holding on is like the ways of the wind
Like holding on a Nova Star
Holding on is like the ways of the wind
The constant search for who you are

Oh, life

Underneath love's theme lies a superficial chain
Whatever seduced the barrier
Thinks everything should stay the same
I'm meeting mind say,
Hi I think I love you
I never used to run from love
But calculate what I've been through.
Whatever love, whatever vibe,
Whenever I'm convinced you're lying
Ask me for my mind and I
Will ask you why your sighs are dying
Introduce the melancholy
I've felt since last I saw you
You say it's alright
But I'm crushed till it decides upon you

Holding on is like the ways of the wind
I only hope you'll understand
Holding on is like the ways of the wind
finding you've no place to stand

Send my deepest sympathy
To the flowers of December's garden.
What's for sale of you're emotions.

Tell me. Trust can't buy me love.
Well, that's OK
Tell me of your adventures, you know.
I bet I could survive the wind if
Curiosity's killed the snow for real.

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Holding on is like the ways of the wind
Finding a place to stand