I wish I'd see a field below
i wish I'd hear a rooster crow
But there are none who live downtown
And so the day starts out so slow
Again the sun was never called
And darkness spreads over the snow
Like ancient bruises
I'm awake and feel the ache
But I wish I'd see a field below
I wish I'd see a field below

I wish I'd see your face below
I wish I'd hear you whispering low
But you don't live downtown no more
And everything must come and go

Again the sun was never called
And darkness spreads over the snow
Like ancient bruises
I'm awake and feel the ache
I'm awake and feel the ache
But I wish I'd see a field below
But I wish I'd see a field below
I'm awake and feel the ache
But I wish I'd see a field below
I'm awake and feel the ache
But I wish I'd see a field below
I'm awake and feel the ache
But I wish I'd see a field below
I wish I'd see a field below
I wish I'd see a field below
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