

Thatch Snow

Rostam

Like a stumbling ghost
Visiting my soul
Better get going

Like the wind on my back
A friend in my bed
When I come home

Time won't change that the Truth
Still hasn't been told
Been bought and been sold

Doubt won't take away my hope
My hope for some joy
To spread from this boy

The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean

The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean

The window's open, the light is soaking
I see it coming over the ocean