

# Hopefully Yours

Stina Nordenstam

Wind full of smells  
And far-away places  
The last thing I said  
Are you sure you can do this?

Hands fold together  
He says no  
Don't turn your head  
No don't  
Just go

I'm here in your yard  
And it's getting colder  
You're making it hard  
He smiled when he told me

Life on the wing  
Like a lot of things  
Would be better if we didn't try  
I tried  
Like I was walking out in your garden  
Or am I just being foolish  
Or am I just being hopefully yours

You know you've been seen  
Not quite on the main street  
And I was the queen  
Till then I had nothing

And I can't go on like  
This is not a way of  
Telling you be mine  
Be mine  
Like I was walking on your blue carpet  
Or am I just being foolish  
Or am I just being hopefully yours

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