

4 Winds

The Lightning Seeds

The year was 65
Outside your room was where I'd lie
To hear those Dylan tunes in the afternoon
We never seemed to share a point of view
And thunderclouds were never far away and every day

I guess you got those blues
And when you get those blues
There's nothing you can do

I wish the 4 winds
Could blow you home
Back to when we could sit and find a way
To face today

But I guess you got those blues
And when you get those blues
There's nothing you can do
There's no one to turn to
When you got those blues
There was nothing you could do