

Foxes have their holes  
Yes and birds their nests  
But love is a river  
A stream that can't be damned

It flows and belongs  
Like a memory or a sunset  
A symphony playing  
A beauty that cannot be kept

I croon for you, yet no words to be found  
Way the grass moves in the wind spellbound  
Free in your love, free in your love  
You surely don't need me  
But you say that you want me

Wolves have their caves  
Yes and spiders their webs  
But love is a circle  
Only held with open hands

I'll belong to you  
Like a bird in the sky  
Like Orion draped gently  
In the blackness of the night

I croon for you, yet no words to be found  
Way the grass moves in the wind spellbound  
Free in your love, free in your love  
You surely don't need me  
But you say that you want me

Free, free in your love  
Free, free in your love  
Free, free in your love  
In your love, in your love, oww