

Towards the Sun

Alexi Murdoch

see the clouds are creeping towards the sun
and i'm slipping away
i'm seen by anyone
the light it turning grey
the day is done

the water is so cold
and heavy on my mind
i dreamed of walking with you
but i fell behind
looking for a road
i could not find

and now the ice is starring
and spring is near
there is no one calling
but the sound is clear
no, i'm not yet gone
i'm still not here