

Voices

Bee Gees

Sweet voices calling wild, echoing around this child
Sweet Faith I'll be joining you, when my story's over
Dee doo doo doo dah dee doo doo
doo doo doo dee doo doo doo dee doo dah day

Small secrets in the wind, blowing till the end begins
Oh my children stand by me till my story's over
Dee doo doo doo dah dee doo doo
doo doo doo dee doo doo doo dee doo dah day

If I were you and you were me those voices they would cease to
be
They won't be free to torment me again
But in my bed again last night, those voices spoke of wrong and
right
They spoke of darkness and of light
They spoke of weakness and of might
The spoke of people in the snow
And distant places long ago
The spoke of fire and falling rain
Of health and wealth and death and pain

Nah....

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La la