

The stories of the world are sung
In places that were never young
I have counted every one

All the clouds will come to you
So the sun never comes through
And we will hide
From twenty years of winter sky

The faces of the world are hung
In places I was never born
Some will smile while others moan

All the clouds will come to you
So the sun never comes through
And we will hide
From twenty years of winter sky

Pictures of the world are shown
In places I have never known
Who will know who shaped the stone

All the clouds will come to you
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Still it turns and says to me
In words that come uneasily
Answers are not meant to be

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