

# Wind Chimes

**Brian Wilson**

Hanging down from my window, those are my wind chimes  
On the warm breeze, the little bells tinkle like wind chimes  
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes  
Now and then a tear rolls off my cheek

Close your eyes and lean back now, listen to wind chimes  
In the late afternoon you're hung up on wind chimes  
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes