

Wind Through The Trees

Ed Harcourt

Oh, my deserted one
You must put down your father's gun
When the sundial reaches midday
Shut your eyes and then look away

Something's wrong, they're all gone
I will walk through the long, long grass and say your name

Shot through the chest and head
She killed everyone stone dead
And the wind blew once more through the trees
Now she's coming straight back to me

Little things, the insect's sting
I will walk through the long, long grass and say you're

Running from the dark
Look what you have done
Running from the dark
Look what you have done

But you can't run from me
'Cause I'm the wind through the trees
No, you can't hide from me

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