

Strong Winds

Graham Parker

Have you seen her run through the wild things
Dropping behind her the child's things that she'll no longer need
Scattering like seeds they are discarded then
Nothing can give them a life again they're comfort only when she bleeds

Chorus 1

And strong winds are blowing through her hair
I reach out to touch it but it's not there
Strong winds are beating at her door
Even with it locked they come back stronger than before

And when she takes a walk into the early morning
Somewhere inside you an early warning bell begins to ring
And in the darkest night she takes a telescope
Looks through the wrong end and loses hope pointing at the nearest thing

Chorus 2

And strong winds are blowing through her hair
I reach, out to touch it but it's not there
Strong winds are beating down our door
Shaping our lives we never know what for

And when she takes her place in the furniture
The crystal vase and the rocking chair the chintz and china cups
Then it's all reduced to a bill of sale
She disappears with the merchandise you understand that well

Chorus 1 x3