

Southern Winds

Guillemots

When you wait and you don't know what to do
Weather or not I will stay here with you
Something's got into the way that light...
The light told the lighter to light off the light
Southern Winds, Southern Winds

We were young, lying eyes in the sun
And tactic foreigners together may run.
But then I cry, then I'll have to explain
All of my colors that are going to grey.
Southern Winds, Southern Winds.

And where do the boats all go?
When they're out on the Wasteland alone.

So I'll wait till you come to my side
Carried along by an old rusty tide.
Living and loving can turn out strange
So don't let them burry, you're living their way
Southern Winds, Southern Winds.