

Gandhi/Buddha

Kenny Loggins

Feel this wind blow, scatter all these leaves like paper rain.
Feel these days roll back into our winter lives again.
The tangle at the garden fence is brown and dry.
You call me out and point to your November sky.

I must've been Gandhi or Buddha or someone like that,
I must've saved lives by the hundreds everywhere I went.
I must've brought rest to the restless, fed the hungry too,
I must've done something great to get to have you.

When the cold comes and you are by your fire and fast asleep,
I'll turn a light on, to watch the snow outside fall soft and deep.
And when the winter morning shines all white and blue,
We'll watch the dogs run through the fields like children do.
(Repeat chorus)

I suppose stranger things have come to pass,
Many's the forest I can't see.
I was so down and lost and fading fast.
How did you find your way to me?
(Repeat chorus)