

Courtyard In Berlin

Mighty Oaks

Oh the wind, it's rushing through the trees
On the shores of an ocean just for me
And oh the sun, I see it shining down
In the courtyard, it's trying to warm the ground

And oh the leaves, they turn to gold from green
In the courtyard, in Berlin
And the clouds, I see 'em passing by
They're a white contrast in the sky