

Warm Wind On The Wasteland

Sally Oldfield

Warm wind coming on the wasteland
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You held me through the night
The days were golden in your eyes
Sheltered from the storm
Until I learned to fly

I hear the ancient call
The freedom of my heart and soul
Whispering goodbye, I turn and face the night, Oh Lord!

Oh! I'm free again to feel the wind
Sweet warm wind on the wasteland
I'm like a wild seed waiting for the rain
To carry me far away from the wasteland

Warm wind coming on the wasteland
Warm wind coming on the wasteland

I walk the streets we knew
Sweet memories come breaking through
But deep in my heart
I know that we should part

Footsteps echo through the door
Such emptiness I never knew before
All across the sky I hear the word "goodbye", Oh Lord!