

# Warm Wind On The Wasteland

Sally Oldfield

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

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!