

I Turned My Face Into The Wind

Strawbs

I wandered far onto the lonely moors
Sparse coarse tufts of grass reached out to trip me
And above my head the leaden clouds hung low
As I turned my face into the rain.

I huddled close against a tumbling wall
Wrapped in a cloak to shield me from the bitter cold
The solitude weighed heavy on my mind
As I turned my face into the rain.

The mist rolled down across the countryside
I thought I heard the coastal sirens sound
As I turned my face into the rain.

I tried to peer into the deepening gloom
To glimpse a lighted window in the distance
But just too far to penetrate the rain
As I turned my face into the rain.

And yet somehow I sensed her presence near
And tufts of sheep's wool hanging from a gorse bush
Were as though her hands were beckoning me home
As I turned my face into the rain.