

## 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.