

## Four Winds

The Levellers

Summer came around early this year  
And winter swung around soon after  
The scent of spring was high with fear  
The autumn crows call disaster

Because the north wind blows so cold  
Chilling the warmth of my desire  
And the whispered words we know  
Tell of a future burned with fire

And the music that now fills the street  
Falls to the rhythm of marching feet  
I find no comfort here  
No not in this or any other year

Because the north wind blows so cold  
Chilling the warmth of my desire  
And the whispered words we know  
Tell of a future burned with fire  
Tell of a future burned with fire

The stranger asked me what do you know  
And just where are you going?  
I told the truth, I just don't know  
If you don't mind, I'll keep on going

Because the north wind blows so cold  
Chilling the warmth of my desire  
And the whispered words we know  
Tell of a future burned with fire  
Tell of a future burned with fire