

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