

Phil Elvrum's Will

The Microphones

I want wind.
I'll trade the traffic for the roaring waves.
I'll travel around to all the beautiful places
Or if I die in this van and someone finds this page
Let my voice blow out in a salty spray.
Let my friends blow salty tears

at the sound of my name.
In either case take me out of my case.
Let my eyes reflect distance.
Let me live long days.
Or if I die in a car or if I drown in a plane
Let my grieving friends feel freed and brave
And go all the time to the beach to picture my face.
I want to be wind.