

Folk Song

The Sundays

Summer sky and a throat bone dry
and all the fields are all gold

dusty lane with a song in my brain
and it stoned me to my soul

I climb higher move towards the fire
blaze sun

silver trees and a whispering breeze
are my sight and my sound

the thought of heaven couldn't drag me from the path
when I'm wandering here alone

I climb higher move towards the fire
so blaze sun

watch until it dies slow falling from the sky
place fading sun