

Bending Blades

Tim O'Brien

Bending blades, tall grass blowing in the breeze
Shining in the sun
Lonely days I keep going to the place
We went when we were young

All I saw was flowers growing
All I heard the three words that you spoke
A blinded heart never knowing that the dream
Would die when I awoke

In those days our lives were simple
I was yours and you were mine
I was wrong to try and hold you tight
Tie you to my side

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In my heart I long for those days
Though your love has passed me by
Though the hard times beat down on me still
I hold your view up high

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