

## 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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