## **Spinning Into Place**

**Younger Brother** 

Friendly strangers on the path Is there something i came here to do? Wandering here, wandering there I just wanna fit with you Before the chaos hits the door The sun was on my face Can i hear you in the storm? Is anybody there?

Now look up, look up again Can you see the lights grow dim? I hope you'll find i'm still the same as a boy often in the rain Before the dice hit the floor And they have shown their hands Its time to take another breath And sink beneath the sand

Ill be with you we'll be together On our return Returning from wherever

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