

# Brian Wilson, Wind Chimes

Hanging down from my window  
Those are my wind chimes  
On the warm breeze the little bells  
Tinkle like wind chimes  
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes  
Now and then a tear rolls off my cheek

Close your eyes and lean back now listen to wind chimes  
In the late afternoon you're hung up on wind chimes  
Though it's hard I try not to look at my wind chimes