

Cheryl Wheeler, Gandhi/Buddha

* Gandhi/Buddha
* Words And Music By
* Cheryl Wheeler

* Feel this wind blow, scatter all these leaves like paper rain.
* Feel these days roll back into our winter lives again.
* The tangle at the garden fence is brown and dry.
* You call me out and point to your November sky.

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* chorus:

* I must've been Gandhi or Buddha or someone like that,
* I must've saved lives by the hundreds everywhere I went.
* I must've brought rest to the restless, fed the hungry too,
* I must've done something great to get to have you.

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* When the cold comes and you are by your fire and fast asleep,
* I'll turn a light on, to watch the snow outside fall soft and deep.
* And when the winter morning shines all white and blue,
* We'll watch the dogs run through the fields like children do.
* (repeat chorus)

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* I suppose stranger things have come to pass,
* Many's the forest I can't see.
* I was so down and lost and fading fast.
* How did you find you'r way to me?
* (repeat chorus)