

Susanna Hoffs, Catch The Wind

In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty
I long to be
In the warm hold of your loving mind
To take your hand along the sand
Would be the sweetest thing
Would make me sing
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind

When rain has hung the leaves with tears
I want you near to kill my fears
To help me to leave all my blues behind
For standing in your heart
Is where I want to be and long to be
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind

When sundown pales the sky
I want to hide awhile, behind your smile
And everywhere I'd look your eyes I'd find
For me to love you now
Would be the sweetest thing
Would make me sing
Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind

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