

Bel Canto, Dewy Fields

Go
Go to seek and find
What you're hoping for

Come
The treasure is yours
You're running out of time

When morning comes
Your dreams are real
In dewy fields
Your trace is left behind (behind)

So very little time
So very little hope
You're longing for someone
While the rain is falling down
Looking, seeking, you are searching for someone

You're crossing the dewy fields
You're walking in the woods
There's someone catching up
They're someone watching over you
Keeping secret your precious thing

Your treasure is
Your enemy