

# Braddigan, Past The Falls

The wind blew and her hair stood still  
He sits beneath her window still...  
She awaits the magic in his hands  
He walks her out into the night  
And takes her in a different light  
Her eyes divert to the water beneath his feet  
oh, the water beneath his feet  
oh, the water beneath his feet  
Boy wakes up and runs outside  
To find that all his fears have died  
And all the shells are laying on the sand  
She kicks a rock along that road  
And stood still while the story was told  
Do you believe in me he said, can you believe in me...  
oh, you believe in me  
oh, you believe in me  
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