

Duhks, Mists Of Down Below/Meghan Hayden's

Wild wind, take me home
To the mists of down below
I'll be flying come September day
With no borders in my way
You'll find me home until the May sun burns
The heavy mists of down below

Refrain:

I see the rivers flooding strong
And people wishing they belonged
Free for anywhere they want to go
When they pray they can look to the sky
And they'd see me as I pass by
Heading to the mists of down below

Without fields ripe from rain

There is no way to feed my pain
Until I fly to mists of down below
But down below is not my fate
There is no land from where I came
Not even mists of old Mexico

Refrain

So I looked hard at reasons for
The drifters going door to door
Dreaming of the mists of down below
But I'm sure they'd go anywhere they could
If wings became their neighborhoods
And there'd be nowhere they wouldn't know