

Gene Clark, Hear The Wind

Look around little darlin' do you know who I am
I'm as much your reflection as I am my own man
You need not to defend love life's the house where we live
We cannot see tomorrow only feel what we give
Put your head on my shoulders dry the tears from your eyes
Watch the sun's fading ember hear the wind as she cries
We talk and hear about loneliness
The cold blue hunger of the soul
But if this world has redemptiveness
Why ever should we be somewhere
Where there's nowhere to go
Put your head on my shoulders dry the tears from your eyes
Watch the sun's fading ember hear the wind as she cries
Hear the wind as she cries