

# Hitchcock Robyn, More Than This

I could feel at the time  
There was no way of knowing  
Fallen leaves in the night  
Who can say where they're blowing  
As free as the wind  
And hopefully learning  
Why the sea on the tide  
Has no way of turning

CHORUS

More than this-there is nothing  
More than this-tell me one thing  
More than this-there is nothing  
It was fun for a while  
There was no way of knowing  
Like a dream in the night  
Who can say where we're going  
No care in the world  
Maybe I'm learning  
Why the sea on the tide  
Has no way of turning

CHORUS

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