

Joerg Vogeltanz, The Wind

early in the morning
when i open my eyes
when day's slowly dawning
i still can smell sweet spice

i look around and see:
you left me with the night
there is a sound in me
i still can hear you say:

"baby, it's only, only the wind
that makes you feel so lonely
the stirring stormwind only

please don't try to hold
my breath in the ground
i'll grow quiet and cold
the wind is never bound"

some nights i can not sleep
i lay awake in bed
some words are cutting deep
the words you loveless said
so i rumble through streets
i listen to the wind
it is carrying seeds
and your voice within:

"baby, it's only, only the wind
that makes you feel so lonely
the stirring stormwind only

so if you have to sneeze
'cause my body is cold
my body's just a breeze
you will never hold

baby, it's only, only the wind
that makes you feel so lonely
the stirring stormwind only"

Words: vogeltanz 1992