

# 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