

Lisbeth Scott, Where

On this half lit day
With your crown beneath your wing
Every word just echoes
And the empty world sings

Where have you gone my feather light heart?
I never imagined I could leave.

In the glistening
Of the lost and open sky
Tiny piece of you sits
Simple wish waits for reply

Where have you gone my feather light heart?
You mustn't forget what love can see.