

Meredith Brooks, Out In The Fields

Empty streets like winter cold, feelings cut without a trace
I hear a crimson word, inside, I am free
Running through a quiet fire, I can see the flames grow wild
Hands reach out ready to fold, another tear falls into place
Out in the fields, the sky is burning
Chorus:

Listen to the winds of heaven, I feel with a rhyme and reason
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields

Shattered glass watch where I walk
Scattered pictures like my thoughts
Unspoken words tear me apart, another hole right through my heart
Looking through an open window, touching all around me
I see a silver rose, outside, I am free

Chorus (repeat