

Michael Schenker Group, On And On

A kiss of the wind, then the spirits let fly
To the coldness of sun
I got no place to hide, nowhere to run!
When the wind gets high and the mountains sigh
I've got to get back home the wind don't wait for
No one, no one at all
Moves on and on etc.
Look behind the window winter's come?
Blood on the streets, when the black skies shout
And then people cry no more
Dreams just fade away, realities soar
The only crime is his fate
Can't think, can't relate
Illusions seized His mind
The key to all the answers are locked in his eyes!
Moves on and on,etc
Look behind the Window, Winter's coming?