

# 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?