

Nico, All That Is My Own

Your winding winds stood so
All that is my own
Where land and water meet
Where on my soul I sit upon my bed
Your ways have led me to bleed

Every child will be able to weep
Every wise man spoke of him
Every keeper will be sleeper
And a guide to ways unsure

Your winding winds did sow
All that is my own
Where land and water meet
Where on my soul
I sit upon my bed
Your ways have led me to bleed

He who knows may pass on
The word unknown
And meet me on the desertshore
Meet me on the desertshore

Your winding winds did sow
All that is my own
Where land and water meet
Where on my soul
I sit upon my bed
Your ways have led me to bleed

He who knows may pass on
The word unknown
And meet me on the desertshore
Meet me on the desertshore
Meet me on the desertshore

Your winding winds stood so
All that is my own
Where land and water meet
Where on my soul
I sit upon my bed
Your ways have led me to bleed

He who knows may pass on the word I know
And meet me on the desertshore
Meet me on the desertshore

Your winding winds did sow
All that is my own
Where land and water meet
Where on my soul
I sit upon my bed
Your ways have led me to bleed