

Queen + Paul Rodgers, Small

I like to sit here in the sunshine
The trees in the fields are green sublime
Suspended in time
And don't it make you feel small?

I like to sit here by the fire's light
The trees in the fields lie bare to the night
The stars burn bright
And don't it make you feel small?

Everyone needs a place they can hide
Hide away find a space to be alone
Everyone needs a place they can hide
Everyone needs to find peace sublime

I like to sit here in the autumn time
The trees in the fields they rustle in the wind
The church bells gently chime
Gentle on your mind
Suspended in time
And don't it make you feel small?

Everyone needs a place they can hide
Everyone need to find peace sublime
Oh peace of mind

Everyone needs a place they can hide
Hide away find a space to be alone

Everyone needs a place they can hide
Hide away find a space to be alone

Everyone needs a place they can hide
Hide away find a space to be alone
Everyone needs a place they can hide

Everyone needs to find, peace sublime
Oh, peace of mind