

# 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