

Ruthie Henshall, Chasing The Clouds

It's much colder here than I remember
Could it be that getting older
Makes the wind bite more

Was it just I
Knew and trusted
You would keep me warm
Passion born of
Desperate yearnings
Led us through the storm

A passion so real I'm longing to feel again
Help me, tell me

Please, say you remember
Chasing the clouds
Living for stolen moments
Please, say you remember
Wishing aloud
Praying we always'd chase the clouds

No one ever comes here in November
The sky is much too grey then
The trees are bare

It was our space
Our special place
Our wilderness to share
Of mysteries, discoveries
Brought truths too real to bear

These dark days we face
Why don't we just chase away
Learn to get through

Please, say you remember
Love that was proud
Certain to brave all weathers
Please, say you remember
Courage we found
Knowing we'd always chase the clouds

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