

# The Innocence Mission, Rooftop

I hope you are on your rooftop now,  
in the sun, in the middle of five hundred flowers,  
and the warm wind blows your scarf around,  
flying like a flag.

I hope you are on your rooftop now.

I hope you are on your rooftop now,  
in the sun, in the middle of five hundred flowers,  
and the warm wind blows your scarf straight out,  
flying like a flag.

I hope you are on your rooftop now.