

# Wild Strawberries, Sisyphus

I've seen your fame chase the wind like a tongue on fire  
Self-portrait of a weather vane in windy November turning  
My love moves me without moving  
Thoughts escape and words elude me  
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name  
Waiting for the day  
The day when my love becomes my love  
Waiting for the day the day when my love becomes my love  
Grains of sand down the throat of a chapel choir  
Stains on Claude Monet la gare St. Lazarre  
My love moves me without moving  
Thoughts escape and words elude me  
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name  
Roll the stone just a little higher  
Give the bird just a little more grain  
For the hill by the spire  
My love moves me without moving  
Thoughts escape and words elude me  
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name