

Wishbone Ash, Warrior

(Powell, Turner, Turner, Upton)

Breathing is a sin, they say,
Loneliness is the price to pay.
Sad for you, I go once more.
I'll dry my eyes on a distant shore.
No way of freezing your rising tide
No way of keeping you by my side.
Like a bird, I'll fly high,
Guarding over this love of mine.
A room of trust
A room of fears
A room of laughter with a few sweet tears.
There we play that sunny tone
Come and help us as it lingers on.
Many times we hurry by
Lose our problems in a knowing smile.
Many days were swept along
Left unnoticed as our love grew strong.
Believing each of us would always know
Believing one of us would never go.
Like a bird, I'll fly high
Watching over this love of mine.