

# Wolfmother, Wales

Oh my friend don't get caught in yesterday  
All the things we've heard have left and made their way

Lower your guns even if love has turned to spite  
We may find the enemy waiting inside  
Light the candle to see what may unfold

If you listen to the sound within your mind  
You may find the answer flowing in the tide

Say goodbye to your sorrow  
And hello to tomorrow  
Well i hear the fiddlers call  
Say that love is here for all

So i wrote her a letter  
And i tried to forget her  
Well i don't know if i'll go  
Can you hear the river flow

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Oh my friend i hope you're done with yesterday  
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