

Prologue

"Windmills"

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Iâ€™ve got this magic feeling
Donâ€™t know where to start
I see windmills clouds and parachutes
I see strangers passing by

And Iâ€™m sorry you had to leave her

and Iâ€™m sorry that I canâ€™t be there

But look at all these windmills here
They tell itâ€™s the brightest air

I guess you donâ€™t know where I am
And I guess that you wouldnâ€™t care
Cos all Iâ€™ve got are windmills here, windmills
everywhere

"But your words, they are mere sounds
But all that matters is that you are around
And that you are around"

So I renounced and sadly I see
That where word breaks off no thing there may be
At first I spoke to you so easily so fast, but now it must
pass

So donâ€™t feel sorry for yourself
Cos it gets lonely here too

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