

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Across The Fields"

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Across the fields 10.000 Maniacs

Well they left then in the morning,
A hundred pairs of wings in the light moved together.
In the colors of the morning
I looked to the clouds in the cirrus sky and they'd gone.
Across the marshes, across the fields below.
I fell through the vines and I hoped they would catch
me below.
If only to take me with them there,
Tell me the part that shines in your heart on the wind.
And the reeds blew me in the morning.
Take me along to the places you've gone when my
eyes looked away.
Tell me the song that you sing in the trees in the
dawning.
Tell me the part that shines in your heart
And the rays of love forever, please take me there.

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