

Cockburn Bruce

"Child Of The Wind 318"

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I love the pounding of hooves

I love engines that roar

I love the wild music of waves on the shore

And the spiral perfection of a hawk when it soars

Love my sweet woman down to the core

There's roads and there's roads

And they call, can't you hear it?

Roads of the earth

And roads of the spirit

The best roads of all

Are the ones that aren't certain

One of those is where you'll find me

Till they drop the big curtain

(CHORUS:)

Hear the wind moan

In the bright diamond sky

These mountains are waiting

Brown-green and dry

I'm too old for the term

But I'll use it anyway

I'll be a child of the wind

Till the end of my days

Little round planet

In a big universe

Sometimes it looks blessed

Sometimes it looks cursed

Depends on what you look at obviously

But even more it depends on the way that you see

(Chorus)

(Tucson, December 24, 1989

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