

Anna Maria Jopek**"The Wind"**

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The sky turns grey and fades to dark
The leaf hangs in mid air
An open window lets in the cold
Time stands like a century (I feel you)

There's nothing left but everything remains
To remind me I miss you
And everything I see and touch is tainted
And it turns to dust

Who plays your voice to me
Who strings it on the breeze
If I could just believe
But it's nothing just the wind

If I put it in a hidden place
An image in my mind
The window may close some more each day
And then time might keep on moving

Who plays your voice to me
Who strings it on the breeze
If I could just believe
But it's nothing just the wind

Who plays your voice to me
Who strings it on the breeze
If I could just believe
But it's nothing just the wind

Who steals these falling tears
Who heals the aching years
I thought I heard you speak
It's nothing just the wind

Who steals these falling tears
Who heals the aching years
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It's nothing just the wind

