

Grebenshikov Boris

"The Wind"

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Your eyes are colored like wind
Wind from the northern sea
A wave on the sand so clear
Whoever got me that far must be laughing
Alright, I can laugh as well
So sweet is your touch
May I never go free
But I'm breaking away
To return unbound
And I hear the sound
Behind my shoulder
Like the shape of the swan, gliding
And when the trees are bare
There will be nowhere to return to
But we stay, believing
Your eyes are colored like wind
Bringing incredible news
I don't know if I'm ready
Does it matter?
Whoever cut me that deep
I love you

And here I stand, transfixed

Listening to the sound of the wind

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