

## Jesse Harris "The Wind"

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Happy but for awhile  
The good times were out of style  
And April came and went  
And colder than it's ever been

You'd lay in the morning time  
And gaze at the ceiling, tired and low

And lately you can hear the rain  
Blowing against your windowpane  
Sounding like a marching drum  
Rolled in for a firing gun

It once used to bring you down  
But now doesn't turn you 'round, you go, you go

And you won't remember when  
You'd hide and the howling wind would blow, would  
blow

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