

Rochester

"Spirit Of St. Louis"

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Don't hold your tongue this time
It's tied up on what you left behind
Just like the morning gale, falls as she's on fire
She hopes for something different
Better friends and a warmer climate
She hopes for something better, she hopes for
something better
And the leaves on the trees will tell her, say goodbye,
goodbye to summer
Gentle breeze, I'm going south for winter
Say goodbye to friends you've made
The sun is setting on this quiet serenade
The dance floor's open, they'll play our song
Imagine that nothing would ever go wrong
Don't hold your breath this time, the air is safe, and the
wind is calm, just like her feathers in the breeze
This song is a sweet melody
Someday, you'll say, this trip made all the difference,
all the difference to me
You can touch my heart, but not my lips, breathe in the
cold air as we climb the snowdrifts
Make mountains out of hills, and oceans out of ponds
Imagine that nothing would ever go wrong

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