

Oldfield Mike

"Love On Ice Crystals"

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Oldfield

O my love being your songs to my door
And come and rest inside
While the snow is falling coloured through
The windy world outside the crystal window
And the snowy wind is breathing sounds
Of icicles---melting in love.
O my love let your teats warm my hand
And shower your gentle kisses
Where the desert sands are running dry
And parched in summer burning heat and hunger
And the warm Indian sun is shedding
Pearl stones---melting in love.
O my love let your hands rest in my hair
As white birds in the forest making love upon the
fingers of the trees
And in the wild woodland simmering
And the bodies of the trees are bursting sunflowers
Melting in love---melting in love.
O my love you're searching for your name
Beside the sea of dreams where shadows dance
And for your glance the sky would chance the granting
Of a dream to the restless soul that dwells within your
heart
And your eyes are open windows to your mind
Your eyes are open windows to your mind

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