

## Oldfield Sally "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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