

Dawn Pm

"The Ways Of The Wind"

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4:32) (A. Cordes/J. Mitchell) "I Had A King" performed by Joni

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I wore a ring that was taken so hastily. Thinking naively that it

guaranteed my safety. I'm looking at eyes that have stumbled across

a shooting star. Saying that's alright, I know the kind of man you

are... (Chorus) Holding on, is like the ways of the wind. Holding

on is like the ways of the wind. How many things I recall I can't

take too far. She's good at collecting and counting all the things

you are. Forever racing the flames she liked to put me through. I

was never a good seahorse but can practice rides on you... Another

world, another space, another mind insist I'm crying... I once

experienced time with you, now all exist through rage and

sighing... Simon says I love you, but not as much as you display,

Who says it's alright, when Simon say's she's yesterday... (Chorus)

Holding on, holding on is like the ways of the wind. Like holding

on a Nova Star. Holding on, holding on is like the ways of the

wind. The search for who you are... Underneath love theme lies a

superficial chain. Whatever seduced the barrier thinks everything

should stay the same. I'm meeting my mind say hi, I think I love

you. I never used to run from love. But calculate what I've been

through... Whatever love, whatever vibe, whenever I'm convinced

you're lying... Ask my for my mind and I will ask you why sighs are

dying... Introduce the melancholy I've felt since last I saw you.

You say it's alright, but I'm crushed till it decides upon you...

(Chorus) Holding on, holding on is like the ways of the wind. I

only hope you'll understand. Holding on, holding on is like the

ways of the wind. Finding you've no place to stand... Send my

deepest sympathy to the flowers in December's garden. What's for

sale of your emotions tell me trust can't buy me love, well...

That's OK, tell me of your adventures you know. I bet I
could

survive the wind if curiosity's killed the snow for real...
Holding

on, holding on is like the ways of the wind. Holding on,
a Nova

Star. Holding on, holding on is like the ways of the
wind. The

constant search for who you are

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