

Howe Steve

"Will O' The Wisp"

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Break the chains that keep us here
The dirty city and unwholesome wares

Free the grip from round my head
My eyes long to see the fields instead
As time doth slowly and sorely creep
The distant mist I sense before me
Wisps about my feet

Tell me what happened to me
She'd say, it was meant to be
Go off and journey someplace
I'll see you after winter

You know it can always happen
So near to the end
Love has a funny habit of
Running out on you

Just in time you'll be here
Living by the river
Mixing with friends, I know them
Sharing touch and beauty

Belgium is just a place I remember
Streets of rain, one forgotten night
Early flight
We just slipped away
Sharing breakfast, nothing left to say

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