

James Whetzel

"Waterfront"

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I decided to go out and breathe in the air I was made
for
There were ten thousand greys in the sky
Not a single soul around
Seems no one likes to be rained on
Seems no one likes to be rained on
Come and flow wherever it takes you
Come on and flow

And on the waterfront I walked
The water was moving so graceful
I felt all of my fears fall away
And I sat down and closed my eyes
The sound on the breeze was my cradle
The sound on the breeze was my cradle

Come and flow wherever it takes you
Come on and flow wherever it takes you
Come on and flow wherever it takes you
Come on and flow

And I decided to go out and breathe in the air I was
made for
The air I was made for

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