

Motorama

"Wind In Her Hair"

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Oh mother of seas, I saw her so long ago
Wind in her hair, gold ribbons in hands
I am drunken by wine, quite as a child
So close to thee
Wind in her hair, gold ribbons in hands

I'm tired and our traveling,
Our traveling is over
You are so tired and our traveling,
Our traveling is over
I'm sorry for the pain,
Inside of forest shades,
We saw each other hardly
So sorry for the pain,
Stand still in forest shades,
We saw each other hardly, my dear

Oh mother of trees, I saw her so long ago
Wind in her hair, gold ribbons in hands
I am drunken by wine, quite as a child
So close to thee
Wind in her hair, gold ribbons in hands

I'm tired and our traveling,
Our traveling is over
You are so tired and our traveling,
Our traveling is over
I'm sorry for the pain,
Stand still in forest shades,
We saw each other hardly
I'm sorry for the pain,
Stand still in forest shades,
We saw each other hardly, my dear
Hardly, my dear
Hardly, my dear

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