Sound of the Wind

It’s the sound of the wind,

It’s the beat of your heart.

It is something you can feel,

It is something that is real,

It’s the sound of the wind.

It’s those bells that you hear,

When no churches are near.

It’s the time of real joy,

It’s the time for girl and boy,

It’s the sound of the wind.

And when it calls you, my friend,

To not hear is but to pretend.

It’s looking for you, only you,

And it may not call you again.

It’s the beat of your heart,

Saying we’ll never part.

And we realize again,

That our whole life we will spend,

To the sound of the wind.

Yes, when it calls you, my friend,

To not hear is but to pretend.

It’s looking for you, only you,

And it may not call you again.

It’s the beat of your heart,

Saying we’ll never part.

And we realize again,

That our whole life we will spend,

To the sound of the wind.

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