

When the wind of changes blow
love leaves you for a while
and the stranger's face turns cold
and it wipes away your smile
when your poetry won't rhyme with all those colours you feel inside
and that wind

everything and more

in a reflection you see a trace
a face of something else
like a child that turns to wave
like a wave crashing in yourself
and you cannot go inside where all the telltale clocks hold time
in the wind

everything and more

there's a film that i'd like you to see
about a girl (i think) you'll understand
and if you fall in love with me i'm
just hand if you need a hand
and all those aisles of faces know
that only love can warm the cold
and that wind

everything and more