

Flowing

Firme

I could trace the sun from east to west
If loves a wave I'm riding on the crest
Now everything I want's within my grasp
It's time to nail my colours to the mast

 New rivers flowing
 Reaching for the sea
 The scattered seeds we're sowing
 The fruit is on the tree

 Waiting for the winter to abate
 A chance to start again and wipe the slate
 The bitter taste that doesn't go away
 The shimmer of the highlights in the grey light
 New rivers flowing
 Reaching for the sea
 The scattered seeds we're sowing
 The fruit is on the tree

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