Dawn Chorus

Simon Cooper

When summer returns to its warm green fields
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
The swallow swooping, migrating homeThe dawning days, morning with a sigh
Opening windows with a wounding cry
The rainbow's lost its dreams of gold
And everything slowsWhen summer returns to its warm green fields
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
The swallow swooping, migrating home
And everything slowsThe forcing vacuum draws you in
Strange visions are loose on white sandsA wall of sound with flutes and strings
Rising on a wave of voices
Surrounded by your humble faith
Morning's there to wake us in time, rain and skyThe world is breathing, living
But turning in its rageWhen summer returns to its warm green fields
Everything slows
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
Everything slowsThe swallow swooping, migrating home
Everything slows
The swallow swooping, migrating home

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