

# Catch the Wind

**Susanna Hoffs**

In the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty

I long to be

In the warm hold of your loving mind

To take your hand along the sand

Would be the sweetest thing

Would make me sing

Ah but I may as well try and catch the windWhen rain has hung the leaves with tears

I want you near to kill my fears

To help me to leave all my blues behind

For standing in your heart

Is where I want to be and long to be

Ah but I may as well try and catch the windWhen sundown pales the sky

I want to hide awhile, behind your smile

And everywhere I'd look your eyes I'd find

For me to love you now

Would be the sweetest thing

Would make me sing

Ah but I may as well try and catch the windIn the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty

I long to be

In the warm hold of your loving mind

To take your hand along the sand

Would be the sweetest thing

Would make me sing

Ah but I may as well try and catch the wind

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