Wild Geese (Commentary)

The Drums

Back in those towns, as the stars come out
People go to their homes and the lights come on
I sigh with the trees and walk past the windows
And feel the cold a little more than I did
More than beforeI put my hands inside my pockets
And wish that I were them
But I don't know
I was so sure
But I'm not anymoreUnless you stay close to me
Like the wild geese
That fly through the thunder
Onward and upward
Through the clouds
Away from the rain
And the wind that blows us down
When the sky turns black
When the wolves run back
We'll just wait here for
The first lights of morningYou and me
We're like those geese
Out in the thunderBack in those towns, it's all familiar
It's what I know
But I was always on my own
No-one beside me on train rides
Through the countrysideI put my hands inside my pockets
And wish that I were them
But I don't know
I was so sure
But I'm not anymoreNow, you and me
We're like the wild geese
That fly through the thunder
Onward and upward
Through the clouds
Away from the rain
And the wind that blows us down
When the sky turns black
When the wolves run back
We'll just wait here for
The first lights of morningYou and me

We're like those geese
Out in the thunder

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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