

Country Windmills

Echo Orbiter

One sleeping dreamt, one broken down wept
All eyes on me, sad and full of sympathy

Yield to small joys
Take advice and wisdom from
All those pretty voices that burn through my memory

Blinking an eye committing
Make sure you get it right this time
Increasing discomfort deadened
It feels so good to be home
Itâ€™s good to finally be home

She hid behind her reasoning, manifested in poetry
Spoil the few pleasures we have by selling it all out

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

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