

Sisyphus

Wild Strawberries

I've seen your fame chase the wind
Like a tongue on fire
Self-portrait of a weather vane
In windy November turningMy love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my nameWaiting for the day
The day when my love becomes my love
Waiting for the day
The day when my love becomes my loveGrains of sand down the throat
Of a chapel choir
Stains on Claude Monet
La gare St. LazarreMy love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my nameRoll the stone just a little higher
Give the bird just a little more grain
For the hill by the spireMy love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name

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