whirlwind

Wry

A whirlwind came into my life and he tried to rescue me
Will you come, will you go, will you tell seriously
Twisting burning, my thoughts turning, back to you again
Sweet thing, take me to the end
You'd better dig and take a look inside yourself
So the story goes, and so I've heard it said,
That you left your land, to trade for a place,
So far away, so out of date, that only you could understand
And at the ceiling of my feeling, backed up against the wall,
Sweet thing, you know I'd fall in line
You'd better dig and take a look inside yourself
She wants to be free

I want to know
She wants to be free
I want to know
yeah
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