Out In The Fields

Msg (michael Schenker Group)

Empty streets like winter cold, feelings cut without a trace
Hands reach out ready to fold, another tear falls into place
Running through a quiet fire, I can see the flames grow wild
I hear a crimson word inside, I am free
Out in the fields, the sky is burning
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields
Listen to the winds of heaven
I feel with a rhyme and reason

Scattered pictures like my thoughts, shattered glass watch where I walk
Unspoken words tear me apart, another hole right through my heart
Looking through an open window, touching all around me
I see a silver rose outside, I am free
Out in the fields, the sky is burning
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields
Listen to the winds of heaven
I feel with a rhyme and reason

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