Four Winds

Levellers

Summer came around early this year
And winter swung around soon after
The scent of spring was high with fear
The autumn crows call disasterBecause the north wind blows so cold
Chilling the warmth of my desire
And the whispered words we know
Tell of a future burned with fireAnd the music that now fills the street
Falls to the rhythm of marching feet
I find no comfort here
No not in this or any other yearBecause the north wind blows so cold
Chilling the warmth of my desire
And the whispered words we know
Tell of a future burned with fire
Tell of a future burned with fireThe stranger asked me what do you know
And just where are you going?
I told the truth, I just don't know
If you don't mind, I'll keep on goingBecause the north wind blows so cold
Chilling the warmth of my desire
And the whispered words we know
Tell of a future burned with fire
Tell of a future burned with fire

Songwriters
Jeremy Cunningham; Simon Friend; Mark Chadwick; Jon Sevink; Charlie HeatherPublished by BUG MUSIC LTD.;BUG MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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