Folk Song

The Sundays

Summer sky and a throat bone dry
And the fields are all gold
Dusty lane with a song in my brain
And it stoned me to my soulI climb higher move towards
The fire, blaze sunSilver trees and a whispering breeze
Are my sight and my sound
And the thought of heaven
Couldnt drag me from the path
When Im wandering here aloneI climb higher move towards
The fire, so blaze sunWatch until it dies
Slow falling from the sky
Pale fading sun

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