

The Lakes

The Mountains

Everything that doesn't aspire to anything good will never be heard
Gathering the bricks and the dust, the pots and the cups, the rhymes and the words
Leaving all the fields where we buried our dreams
And the pride and the ambition that went up in the seems
Heading for the mountains and the valleys again
Where the water still holds the boats that carried us in
But I'll keep singing your name
Leaving everything, whatever it takes
I'll keep singing your name
Running from the ashes into the lakes We'll carve our names in the trees and leave them there in the sand for the
waves to roll in
We won't let the others forget what we thought we had said, so we'll say it again
Leaving all the fields where we buried our dreams
And the pride and the ambition that went up in the seems
Heading for the mountains and the valleys again
Where the water still holds the boats that carried us in
But I'll keep singing your name
Leaving everything, whatever it takes
I'll keep singing your name
Running from the ashes into the lakes Will our hearts collapse together
As the heavens spiral in?
Could your arms reach out forever
And carry me again?
And I'll keep singing your name

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