

Dawn Chorus

[Beth Orton](#)

When summer returns to its warm green fields
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
The swallow swooping, migrating home
The dawning days, morning with a sigh
Opening windows with a wounding cry
The rainbow's lost its dreams of gold
And everything slows
When summer returns to its warm green fields
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
The swallow swooping, migrating home
And everything slows
The forcing vacuum draws you in
Strange visions are loose on white sands
A wall of sound with flutes and strings
Rising on a wave of voices
Surrounded by your humble faith
Morning's there to wake us in time, rain and sky
The world is breathing, living
But turning in its rage
When summer returns to its warm green fields
Everything slows
The sun fading, pastel in the breeze
Everything slows
The swallow swooping, migrating home
Everything slows
The swallow swooping, migrating home

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