

Blow

Bob Geldof

Blow hateful wind
Cold on faithless skin
Higher than the highest high
Love will find a way to you again
Flow bitter seas
Thrown down on buckled knees
Colder than the oldest sin
Love will find a way to you again
Can you speak it?
Yes, I'll speak of thin, bleak winter moons
Will you speak it?
Yes, to boneless ghosts of empty rooms
And repeat it?
Yes, to maddened priests of waste and ruin
But love will find a way to you again
Blow [Incomprehensible] wind
Blow hateful wind
Love will find a way to you again
Yes, love will find a way to you again
Love will find a way to you again

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