

Walk Quietly

Trevor Hall

Tell me do you see those horses riding in my dreams
They say we were made from rain, rivers and streams
Harvest all your thoughts like fields of golden corn
In my hand I hold the pollen of the dawn
Walk quietly, walk quietly In the magic of the northern woods I learn
Lift your song up to the winds and watch it turn
I know nothing I know not even my soul
In the silence of the how the things unfold
Walk quietly, walk quietly
Hold your breath from all those voices that are dark
Look inside and hear that symphony of hearts
If we tuned them well the forest it will sing
Behold this song of many queens and kings
Walk quietly, walk quietly.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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