

# Minutes

## Mike Oldfield

### Minutes

Seem like hours and hours they seem like days  
When the ones you want are missing  
And they've gone their separate ways  
Walking in a sunny garden empty like the moon  
And birds that once could fly so high  
Now sings a different tune Walking in the park  
The leaves are turning  
Now it's fall  
The time has come for leaving in their eyes  
That says it all  
Pictres on the mantle  
Tell the tales of better times  
Moments from a long long time ago  
When things were fine  
One fine day  
When the wild birds return  
We'll look back and say  
What a lesson in life I learned So light a broad wick candle  
In the window make it bright  
You need to find your way home in the dark deepest night And if you're lost and homeless  
On a lonely city night  
Just follow back that winding road  
That leads you to the light One fine day  
When the wild birds return  
We'll look back and say  
What a lesson in life I learned

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

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