

# Hopefully Yours

[Stina Nordenstam](#)

Wind full of smells  
And faraway places  
The last thing I said  
Are you sure you can do this? Hands fold together  
He says no  
Don't turn your head, no  
Don't just go I'm here in your yard  
And it's getting colder  
You're making it hard  
He smiled when he told me Life on the wing  
Like a lot of things  
Would be better if  
We didn't try, I tried Like I was walking out in your garden  
Or am I just being foolish?  
Or am I just being hopefully yours?  
Or am I just being foolish? You know you've been seen  
Not quite on the main street  
And I was the queen  
Until then I had nothing And I can't go on like this  
Is not a way  
Of telling you  
Be mine, be mine Like I was walking on your blue carpet  
Or am I just being foolish?  
Or am I just being hopefully yours?  
Or am I just being foolish?  
Or am I just being hopefully yours? Or just being foolish?  
Or just being hopefully yours?  
Or just being foolish?

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