

# Wind and Rain

Mark Olson

Further down the road there's a promise  
Standing in the wind and rain  
Waiting for the birds of spring  
Empty pockets are a part of loveReach out for tomorrow  
Life can be you and meI won't ever deceive you babe  
Put a light in the window  
And I'll call your name  
I'll be yours always  
I'll be yoursAll the seeds of chance are in the wind now  
Taken from their waking dreams  
Tossed and turned for us to see  
Summers on your side when winter fadesN m lille Anna sove  
Sove godt I senga si  
N m lille Anna sove  
Sove godt i senga si[Spoken Word]  
We drove down to Beresford South Dakota.  
My Mom and Dad in the front,  
two sisters and I in the back.  
My Aunt Margaret lived there all by herself.  
My Dad would start to drive real fast and we would  
open the windows and spill grape soda on ourselves.  
There were town parks we would stop at with bandstands,  
no one else walking around under the trees just us;  
alone we'd stop there for a while.  
Just being there with the family then,  
there wasn't any time to make decisions,  
there wasn't any time at all and isn't that what we  
want for ourselves, a place to live,  
some work to do and our loved ones to be with.

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