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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