

SING OUT TO THE WIND

(Keith Abler – Mike Dellger)

The bars are shut down and the house lights are off
A few distant engines, a lone, muffled cough
It's two in the morning and the world's half asleep
While a short-order waitress pours coffee for the thief.

It's always the same if you're young or you're tired
The shadows are scary and you are barely inspired
And maybe you've felt it when there's no one around
When you're just part of that night ice
You feel forming on the ground.

Oh sing out to the wind I want to sing out
Hoping someone will hear me
Our life's a connection of the old and the real
Sing out to the wind; sing out about anything you feel.

Our life goes on drifting, unchanging the day
Imprisoned by time cards, until we start to decay
And then in the evening it's down on your knees
To radio rosaries and those holy color TV's

Oh sing out to the wind I want to sing out
Hoping someone will hear me
Our life's a connection of the old and the real
Sing out to the wind; sing out about anything you feel.