

## Someone Was Listening

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I sang my dreams to the winds from the highlands  
And smiled as their images rose through the air  
And I sang as though somewhere – off in the distance  
Someone was listening, maybe someone might hear  
Someone was listening.

All season long I've been seeking the answers  
And the wind, although privileged  
Gives up the gold very hesitantly  
An' I'm tired of pleading – an' I won't stoop to begging  
But somebody's whispering, very quietly  
Somebody's whispering.

Down from the canyon  
Whispering came the wind  
Oh, she spoke so softly and low  
And I felt like a child as I muttered an awkward hello.

She seemed familiar  
Like some long forgotten friend  
But I knew it wasn't that way  
She'd no roots to the past  
She's an answer to questions today.

And she said, "ask away"  
"Go on and ask me", said the wind  
"Ask away".

"You're in the presence of the wind  
You'll get no audience again  
Offer your questions while you can  
Always remember that the wind speaks to no man."

Maybe I was dreaming  
Maybe I'd gone mad  
But I recall the touch of her hand  
And the infusion of strength as my life found direction again.

So I returned from a day like no other  
And I felt new life inside  
I felt the stone roll away  
And I sang as though somewhere – off in the distance  
Someone was listening, maybe someone might hear  
Someone was listening.