

## **in the heather**

I used to walk in the heather  
counting the crows on the line  
counting back days when I first met her  
and wishing that she were still mine

keep on walking and don't look back  
to where the city's in flames  
believe there's water just over the hill  
and flowers that bloom from her name

roll me over and rock me to sleep  
I pray my mind my memories keep  
if I should lie about any heartbeat

you sing at the speed of sound  
you see at the speed of light  
you can step as slow as you're bound to  
you still pass through the night

roll me over...

I used to walk in the heather  
combing out my long hair  
hoping one day I'd forgive her  
now I'm just glad she's there

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