

Joe Ely, The South Winds Of Summer

When the South Wind of Summer sings thru the trees
And the high mountain Thunder hangs low in the breeze
A strong heart flows over, an empty heart fills
And the South Wind of Summer caresses the hills

There is no returning, the seasons dont end
They just blow thru the branches and bend with the Wind
When the South Wind of Summer sings to the pines
And the faraway cities seem so close behind
A strong heart flows over, an empty heart fills
And the South Wind of Summer blows where it wills

There is no returning, the seasons dont end
They just blow thru the branches and bend with the Wind