

Listen

Ask the wind. Ask it if it knows; If it has touched your hair And felt your lips. Ask it what is in a man's heart, What his soul cries for.

Ask it if it knows; If it knows pain Or the fear of death Or the fear of life. Ask the wind of love And the cry of a child.

Ask the wind. Ask it and listen. Listen to its hush, Its quiet voice. Listen to your voice, Listen, and cry.