**MIST**

You are the rain, falling unexpectedly

On fields, making them breathe again

You are the drops, falling on leaves

The jewels, along our washing lines

You are the mists, around these hills

You are all this, and I am nothing still

You are the snow as it drifts along roads

And clothes them in sculpted newness

You are the smile of the frozen fingered child

the snowman builder

You are the mists around these hills

You are all this, and I am nothing still

You’ve got to find me, got to find me,

Got to find me ‘fore the sun goes down

You’ve got to find me, find me

Find me ‘fore the sun goes down

INSTRUMENTAL

And hold me, hold me

Hold me till the end of time

Hold me, hold me

Hold me till the end of time.

You are the rain, you are the snow

The jewels and the clothes

You are all this

And I am nothing still.