

*We rarely hear the inward music, but we're all dancing to it nevertheless.. Rumi*

*Wandering*

*music & lyrics by Kim Banffy*

*On a misty, moisty mountains night, in the dim and hazy streetlamp light,*

*We walk the quiet streets without a word.*

*In people's bedrooms as we pass (warm light glimpses throughout the glass)*

*The spun-gold thread of stories quilts the night.*

*Silently feeling free to wander as we choose.*

*The mist, a thick and ghostly shroud, muffles sounds that would be loud*

*And gives an air of magic to the night;*

*A timelessness that seems to say we can walk all night & take all day*

*And still be home before the break of light.*

*Silently feeling free to wander as we choose.*

*And I never felt so content,*

*And I wish this night could last for life with you.*

*On a misty, moisty mountains night, in the dim & hazy street lamp light,*

*We walk the quiet streets without a word.*

*In people's bedrooms as we pass (warm light glimpses through the glass)*

*The spun-gold thread of stories quilts the night.*

*Silently feeling free to wander as we choose.*