

Tales From the Forest of Gnomes

Wolfmother

Oh my friend, don't get caught in yesterday,
All the things we've heard have left and made their way. Lower your guns, even if love has
turned to spite,

We may find the enemy waiting inside,
Light the candle to see what may unfold. If you listen to the sound within your mind,
You may find your answer flowing in the tide. Say goodbye to your sorrow

And hello to tomorrow,
Well I hear the fiddlers call,
Say that love is here for all. So I wrote her a letter.

And I tried to forget her,
Well I don't know if I'll go.
Can you hear the river flow?
Say goodbye to your sorrow

And hello to tomorrow,
Well, I hear the fiddlers call,
Say that love is here for all. Lower your guns, even if love has turned to spite,
We may find the enemy waiting inside,

Light the candle to see what may unfold. Oh my friend, I hope you're done with yesterday,
All the things we've heard have left and made their way. Say goodbye to your sorrow

And hello to tomorrow,
Well, I hear the fiddlers call,
Say that love is here for all. So I wrote her a letter

And I tried to forget her,
Well, I don't know if I'll go.
Can you hear the river flow?
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Say that love is here for all. Lower your guns, even if love has turned to spite,
We may find the enemy waiting inside,
Light the candle to see what you may be.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>