



Sound Of The Organ

I hear the sound of the organ,
so I start thinking of you,
the one who once crossed the ocean,
and left here out of the blue.

I hear the sound of the organ,
I feel both happy and sad.
I see your boat on the water
while I recall what we've had.

I'm sure you don't feel like talking,
for if you did, you would start.
It's just that I won't stop longing
to get a word from your heart.

Lost and forlorn like an orphan,
I wish you'd ease all my pain.
But by the sound of the organ,
I know I'm wishing in vain.

I guess you live in your homeland,
so I'm a thing of the past.
Here I stay hungry and lonesome,
but I'll get over at last.

Well, as I hear this sweet organ,
I think of darkness and light,
and I'll step into the morning,
when I'll be through the last night.

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