

I'm walking towards the windmill in the meadow,
the one at the edge of the creek.
It's been very long since I saw for the last time
its sails moving, milling your wheat.

I can still remember the sound of the wind
among the trees where we used to kiss
and though you had to go back to the windmill soon
I kept those kisses with me.

**I could see one thousand colours
and smell perfumes in the rain.
I could feel the Earth beneath my feet
in the meadow windmill way.**

**I could fly and touch the mountain's peak
using your voice as my wings;
but the windmill in the meadow is
all I have now you are not here.**

The cold wind of winter was blowing in the morning
as we went out riding your horse.
The wind became rain and before we could realize
we found ourselves in the storm.

A lightning struck the sails; the windmill caught fire;
you thought you were losing it all...
But it was I who lost the man that I loved most
when you went to put the fire out.

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