



WALKING IN THE AIR

By Wayne Visser

Oh, the places I've been
The things I've seen
With you, it's true:
From London lights to opera flights
And orange crescent moons
From apple walks to bedroom talks
And bright un-birthday tunes

Oh, the mountains I've crossed
The fears I've lost
With you, I flew:
From setting suns to dancing drums
And whirling dervish flair
From rhyming streams to snowman dreams
And walking on the air

Oh, the journeys we'll take
The home we'll make
With you, life's new:
From rocking trains to picture frames
And ventures of the mind
From battles won to family fun
And destinies entwined

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