

We stood in the windy city
The gypsy boy and I
We slept on the breeze in the midnight
With the rain droppin' tears in our eyes

And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say I'm too young
For I'm going to try for the sun

We huddled in a derelict building
And when he thought I was asleep
He laid his poor coat round my shoulder
And shivered there beside me in a heap

And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say I'm too young
For I'm going to try for the sun

We sang and cracked the sky with laughter
Our breath turned to mist in the cold
Our years put together counted thirty
But our eyes told the dawn that we were old

And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say I'm too young
For I'm going to try for the sun

Mirror, mirror, hanging in the sky
Won't you look down what's happening here below?
I stand here singing to the flowers
So very few people really know

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