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Bells

I was just a floating thought
a piece of what was ment to be
a backpack that you forgott
but insted you found me

beeing the breath in the vind
warm like the sun in your face
you forgot the way that flowers glow
of the earth in a warm embrace

soon came the fall for you
and the leaves drop to the ground
and the small trases of me
you never found

but i vill be waiting
in the whisper of a cloud
and when I tell you my love for you
you will here it in a crowd

so you wont ever see me
or really here my voice
be the other next to you
for I was never your first choice

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