

TOUCH THE SKY

(Brave)

When the wind is a-calling
And the is clear and
Misty sing and beckon
Lead me out into the

I will ride, I will
Chase the and touch the sky
I will
Chase the wind and the sky

Where dark woods hide
And are fierce and bold
Deep hold reflections
Of times lost ago

I will hear their story
Take hold of own dream
Be as as the seas are stormy
And proud an eagle's scream

I will , I will fly
Chase wind and touch sky
I fly
Chase the wind and the sky

And touch the
Chase the wind
Chase the wind
Touch the sky

