

Carried by the wind

Sonja Mischor

Swing (♩ = 120)

Car - ried by the wind gen - tle, ea - sy, love - stoned and free.

This is the love - song from the bot - tom of my heart.

When I was young, when I was loved,

when I was hap - py for the rest of my life.

What would it be like if I would - n't be - lieve in mi - ra - cles?

What hope would there be, left for me?

No doubt, just hope. No sor - row, just love.

It seems so per - fect for the rest of my life.