



## Candle In The Wind

Goodbye England's rose;  
may you ever grow in our hearts.  
You were the grace that placed itself  
where lives were torn apart.  
You called out to our country,  
and you whispered to those in pain.  
Now you belong to heaven,  
and the stars spell out your name.  
And it seems to me you lived your life  
like a candle in the wind:  
never fading with the sunset  
when the rain set in.  
And your footsteps will always fall here,  
among England's greenest hills;  
your candle's burned out long before  
your legend ever will.  
Loveliness we've lost;  
these empty days without your smile.  
This torch we'll always carry  
for our nation's golden child.  
And even though we try,  
the truth brings us to tears;  
all our words cannot express  
the joy you brought us through the years.  
Goodbye England's rose,  
from a country lost without your soul,  
who'll miss the wings of your compassion  
more than you'll ever know.

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