

Thomas Denver Jonsson**"Black and blue"**

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45 ways to heaven
you pale angel you
oh, how your skin and the white skies
goes with your shoe

All my ridden days
will open up the doors
Hang my mind up high
she wore black
she wore black and blue

Hard times the bottle won't tell 'bout
nor her friend Charlotte
Were you alone by the river
with the pale angel song

The room filled up
with broken dreams and modest men
Hang my mind up high
her heart was black
her heart was black and blue

Hold me there on the boardwalk
and everyone will know
She had let go, her heart and signs
she read each, one by one
as her heart would fall
break apart in two

I saw you in the pale skies
you were one, and I won't cry
cheating on the dancefloor
inventing me again
and again and again
again and again

45 ways from heaven
but they all leads from you
how will I live to embrace
your white angel song

Hold me there on the boardwalk
and everyone will know
She had let go, her heart and signs
she read each, one by one
as her heart would fall
break apart in two

I saw you in the pale skies
you were one, and I won't cry
sweet you tomorrow
again and again
and again and again
again and again

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