

A Northern Chorus "Costa Del Sol"

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Please direct your eyes to the trembling skies.
And catch every glimpse in all your words and all your
conjured chords.
As sure as bitter hands resign, the past will be seen in
new light.
Cast upon old words that you thought you'd lost in the
fire.
And in this flood these old roads don't stand a chance,
so breathe it in, and bask in the raging water.
Don't let hindsight drive you mad, sure enough it can.
Just hold the past up in clear view.
And catch every glimpse at once

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