

Autumn "A Minor Dance"

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It starts with distant thunder
Born under skies, dressed in ochre.
Pressure rising up and over
The anticipating land.

Under layers of white noise
And through the static, sounds a voice.
I want to hear the song it sings again (and again, and
again)

I remained outside,
With every nerve alive.
Lightning struck without remorse
And gave a cue to move indoors.
The TV died, as did the lights.
In the dark the radio came to life.

Under layers of white noise
And through static, sounds a voice.
I want to hear the song it sings again (and again, and
again)

The secret station of my choice...
Forgotten music in the noise,
Inviting me to dance a minor dance.

Faded an ethereal music that is dying to be heard.
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts.

Wander in beauty, and wonder where I've been...

Faded a ethereal music that is dying to be heard.
Desperate to mesmerise and capture our hearts
(again)
Aided by a thunderstorm,
I came upon this station from old days.
I intend to seek it out again when I need shelter from
the rain.

I wander in beauty, and wonder where I've been.

