

Blunt

"Beachcoma"

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The point at which you looked at me
Has always being part of my brain
Now my mind is in a whirl
And it seems
I am not the same
My dear and special friend
There's never a point at which we ever loved

I'm in mine, and mine is fine
I'm wrapped up in shining days
Blackbirds in summer time
They find a low
I end up being you
My dear and special friend
There's never a point at which we ever loved

The point at which I looked at you
Has always being part of my brain
Now my mind is in a whirl
And it seems
I am not the same
My dear and special friend
There's never a point at which we ever loved

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