

Beardfish

"The Basic Blues"

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Can you catch me when I fall my love.
In this dance of lust I must know who I can trust.
But must we use these ancient word to describe
something
(As ung bresks as oth eyes up)?
In this song that you may sing,
you will forget something,
tied to an old remark,
someone said there is no spark.
It's weird, though we're free to feel shame by
expectations
of how we should be.
In my room you can let go and dream,
sleep till the day is done,
night time is what we have won.
It's ours, lush and dark and you voice has its spark.

I can tell you why I feel this way.
A poor misguided fool,
dropped into the magma pool.
Incarnation of a broken soul,
on a quest towards, what besides a distant cold?
In this song that I may sing they analyze something,
bitterness in my voice,
makes them say I have no choice.
This pain comes from inside,
containing all I must ha-ha-hide.
In my room I can let go and dream,
sleep 'til the day is done,
night time is what I have one.
It's mine, lush and dark and my voice has its spark.

I wanna go (so let it go)
I wanna go (so let it go)

The dream I know I've slept above and beyond the
city walls.
I scan with my searching eyes along the cobblestones.
My wings are strong and they can carry you too my
love.
Lets leave our worries here and fly!

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Can you catch me when I fall, My, Love?

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