

Chris Flew "Til The Morning Comes Around"

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Sing to me the sound of one hand clapping
If you know the tune
Tell me all about your favourite places
Just don't leave too soon
Ask me questions I can't even answer
'Cause my tongue is tied
Wrap them up in shades of gold and silver
In the evening light

But I can't breathe too soon
Before a pale blue moon
I'll wait 'til the morning comes around

Tell me how high my plane is flying
'Cause it seems it's miles
I can hear the sound of one heart clapping
All wrapped up in smiles
Is there anything should show you just before I go?
Write it in a letter, send it in a postcard
Or fly so I can see you just the one time

But I can't breathe too soon
Before a pale blue moon
I'll wait 'til the morning comes around

How did you get here?

Sing to me the words I haven't spoken
I will write the tune
Ask me all about my favourite places
'Cause I'll be leaving soon and I'll want to go
Tell me how high my plane is flyin'
When our tongues are tied
'Cause I am just a question
You are just a secret
We are just a signal in a world of static

But I can't breathe too soon
Before a pale blue moon
I'll wait 'til the morning
Wait 'til the morning comes around

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