

Beth Orton

"Paris Train"

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Now your sitting on a Paris train, laughing at your own
jokes again
Sun splits the trees into beautiful broken light
Never cry more tears than you could hold in your hands
When all the world's airbrushed, it's a sacred bond of
trust

Sometimes, sometimes I see right through the scenery
The first place that's on my mind
The last place I find each time

Sometimes, I swim beyond the scenery
The last place that's on my mind
The first place I find each time

Now I'm sitting on a Paris train, molten ash falls like
rain
Fire burns the trees, it's a beautiful fatality
Love the way you stand your ground, sea moves as
mercury
To break its perfect skin to dare to dive within

Sometimes, sometimes I see much more than is good
for me
The first thing that's on my mind
The last place I'd look each time

Sometimes, I slip inside the imagery
And the last thing that's on my mind's
The first thing I'll do each time
Each time, each time

The stars racing to burn out
Just stars racing to burn out
A storm waiting to break
Trees standing black against the sky
This was inevitable, this was inevitable

Sometimes, sometimes we can see beyond our history
The last place you hope to find
The one that's been there all the time

Sometimes, sometimes we can swim beyond the
scenery
And the first place that's on your mind
The first place you'd find each time
Each time, each time, each time, each time

The stars racing to burn out
A storm waiting to break
This was inevitable, inevitable

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