

David

"Nightblindness"

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A million to one outsiders
Nightblindness
Can't see
Your bright eyes are what
The time is
Twenty five past eternity
Hear you listening
To the silence
Coming closer
Now further away
What we gonna do when the money runs out
I wish that there was something left to say
Where we going to find the eyes to see the bright of
day
I'm sick of all the same romances
Lost chances
Cold storms
Propping mountains up
On matchsticks
Dragging baskets full of bones
And honey please don't stop
Your talking
Cause there's a feeling
Won't leave me alone
What we gonna do when the money runs out
I wish that there was something I could say
How we going to find the eyes to see the bright of day?
What we gonna do
When the money runs out
I wish that there was something left to say
How we going to find the eyes to see the bright of day?
The bright of day the bright of day

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