

David Gray "Roots Of Love"

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If the silence doesn't kill it
Then illusion will
Well we're staring at the sky
But the moon ain't gonna pay our bills
And now we're laughing bout it loud
When oh you know it ain't no joke
To see them kick the rose with glitter
Trade your dreams for smoke

And there's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
A song for every wounded dove
But we're out further than the rainbow's edge
Going down, down
To the roots of love

And it's raining in my kitchen
Storm in my front room
The instructions don't say nothing
Just desire and consume
And the stars are falling right into my eyes
And it might be built out of sand
But maybe baby it's paradise

And there's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
A song for every wounded dove
But we're out further than the rainbow's edge
Going down, down
To the roots
Going down, down
To the roots
Going down, down, down
To the roots of love

Na na na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na
Na na na no no no no no
Na na na na na na na na na

