

Dishwalla "Opaline"

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OPALINE

Summer dies here and so could I somewhere
underneath
Where the ground is made of stars and everything
unclean
Your opaline is everything I see
Your opaline brings me to my knees

Summer dies here and so could I somewhere
underneath
So much like the ones in and on my skin and
somewhere in between
This opaline is everything I see
Your opaline brings me to my knees

Without you I am nothing
Without you I can't believe
This gilded place has everything
But this comfort is not what it seems
It is not what it seems
In between is everything I need

Your opaline is everything I see
This opaline brings me to my knees
Your opaline brings me to my knees

Music: Dishwalla and G. Wattenberg
Lyrics: JR

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