

John Ralston

"Bedroom Walls"

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There was something that I had to tell you
While you were sleeping late last night
I cut the cord to the anchor and took a flight
Up above our bedroom walls
And blanketed in night
I saw southern stars reaching to northern lights
Angel eyes

I felt as powerless as good intentions
It felt good to be so unrequired
The organist shook against the tremor choir
Up above our bedroom walls
And bathed in blurring light
So soft and out of focus in the dimmest light
Angel eyes

And blanketed in night
So soft and out of focus in the dimmest light
Angel eyes

But you don't know what you mean to me
No, you don't know what you mean to me
Angel eyes
Angel eyes
Angel eyes

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