

Chicane

"Playing Fields"

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Softly, the end of summer
Gives us her last rays
To remember all the thunder
Of our glory days
Breaking through the clouds before us
Glimmers her last days
Oceans mirror
Light reflects horizons far away

Distance and time are moving
Gathering their speed
We are safe in here and now
This moment's all we need

We'll climb the highest mountain we can find
We'll never let the lights go down around us

When the day turns into night
Never let the sunset die
You can feel your spirit fly
We'll keep hold of every fading summer

Softly the end of summer
Gives us her last rays
To remember all the thunder
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