

Church

"Cobalt Blue"

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Desert wind in a telephone box
Dial my numbers up
Picks my locks
Picks his kind
To go and mingle in my mind

Here I am on the edge of every town
You read my fortunes up
You lead it down
Lead me to land
Let it run right through my hand

And its nothing
Nothing you could know
Let it go
Nothing really that you could know

Motel bar, the dirty sulky moon
Turn my head up
Let it all cocoon
Let it go
Nothing really we could know

And its nothing
Nothing you could know
Let it go
Nothing really that you could know

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