

Darren Hayes

"Tuning of Violins"

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Daylight breaks and the black birds call
And the market stalls are all filling up, spilling over the
streets
High above, over Notting Hill
I am floating still in a wooden chair with our restless
dog

I've been away so long, almost forgot how time and
space
Cannot replace this feeling of flying over things
Night falling away, your sleeping face begins to
register
That I'm coming home, yeah, I'm coming home to you

Oh, the song that only we know
Where the sunlight and the wind blows
Over bluebells, over Blackheath
Calling your name I will float through your window

Major third or a minor seventh
Am I violin tuned a little sharp, tuned a little below?
Come around the bend, the hallway ends
The chair, it dips and then it bends and it has wings for
legs

Night, deep in a dream
The sheets and pillowcases
Seem to overtake your head
Well, I'm at the foot of our bed

Oh, the song that only we know
Where the sunlight and the wind blows
Over bluebells, over Blackheath
Calling your name I will float through your window

Oh, the song that only we know
Where the sunlight and the wind blows
Over bluebells, over Blackheath
Calling your name I will float through your window

Break through the silence, the gulf that's between us
Take all the heartache and we'll shake the fields up

And we will unravel, unravel the moments
And we will unravel, unravel the moments

Oh, the song that only we know
Where the sunlight and the wind blows
Over bluebells, over Blackheath
Calling your name I will float through your window

Oh, the song that only we know
Where the sunlight and the wind blows
Oh, the song that only we know
I'll be calling your name as I float through your window

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