

Richard Walters

"Infinity Street"

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Iâ€™ve collected up blue stars
I have ripped them from his belt
Up in the clear sky
Out in the black night

I've wrapped them up in leaves
That Iâ€™ve gathered from our street
Here on a half hill
In light of the windmill

Iâ€™ll always burn a light for you
Of the constant kind
(Of the constant kind)
I always burn a light for you

I have asked the sun to sink
All the birds to cease their singing
To close up this long day
Draw blinds on it's mistakes

I have ordered all the words
To surround you and speak in turn
The best that they dare state
The things that I canâ€™t say

Iâ€™ll always burn a light for you
Of the constant kind
(Of the constant kind)

Iâ€™ll always burn this light for you

Oh the city homes are all alight
And the sky has filled itself with night
I will steal these things away
For us both

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