

Phillip Boa

"Greenhouse"

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Hear, a West Wind calling,
I hear it calling my name,
Snow, on Greenland falling,
The ice is melting away.
Sitting in a greenhouse painted green,
None to be picked and none to be seen;
Standing by a harbour soaking rain,
Why must the sky bring rain back again?
Wake, an angel talking,
She's asking "black, white or nun?"
Drake, from Plymouth streaking,
He sinks the galleons with the guns.
Climbing up a creeper chasing flies,
Unzip their wings and look in their eyes;
Standing on a steeple stitching time
Time to be saved and time to be nine.
Footsteps in a blizzard point the way to go
Heads of marble snow men, miles and miles from
home.
Sleeping on an Interstellar Plane.
Sitting in a greenhouse painted green
None to be picked and none to be seen
Sleeping on an Interstellar Plane
Will we return to find it again?

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