

Justin Sullivan

"Twilight Home"

Visit "[Twilight Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now the thick warm cream light fades down into the
mist
From the sea
Three surfers - tiny black specs out across in the great
Waves
Lanterns of the little town over on the hill - twilight
Sweet homecoming
It's all the same
And these things we hold in our hearts
Like a promise in the salt of our blood
Until we come home

And always the breathing of the breaking surf
Drifts through the curtains and through our dreaming
And these things we hold to ourselves
Like a promise in the salt of our blood
Until we come home

Visit [Justin Sullivan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.