

## Juliane Hatfield

### "This Is The Sound"

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Up above the floor so high.  
A reflection in his eye.  
Fell in love again last night.  
Had a chance but I got stage-fright.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

I can't dance in front of you.  
I never used these dancing shoes.  
They won't even go up stairs.  
Take me up to meet you there.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

This... is the sound ... of a tree... falling down.  
Like me... giving up ...to the ground... is the sound  
Of a wave... breaking down...to be... all washed up.

I can't think of things to say.  
Would if I could find a way.  
Grab something and hold it tight.  
Even if it's just one night.  
Ooh, ooh. Ooh, ooh!

Why are simple things so hard?  
Nothing ever goes too far.  
I roll it over in my mind  
For the hundred-thousandth time.  
Ooh, ooh. Ooh, ooh

This... is the sound .... of a tree... falling down.  
Like me... giving up....to the ground... is the sound  
Of a wave... crashing down .... to be... all washed up  
Bridge !

Up above the town so high,  
Watching gasses in the sky.  
I can't stop thinking of that guy.  
How do you can't see smog at night.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

I don't even know his name.  
But if it's ever gonna rain,

Will it ever be the same?  
Will he come back here again?

This... is the sound .... of a tree... falling down.  
Like me... giving up....to the ground... is the sound  
Of a wave... breaking down ... to be... all washed up.

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