

Thea Gilmore "Let The Blue Sky In"

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Needle of the lonely truth
Guess it's up to us to choose
Just doing what we have to do
To let the blue sky in

And it's a game, everyone knows
Bombay gin and last year's clothes
Part of the grand plan, I suppose
To let the blue sky in
To let the blue sky in

Just try pushing me under
Try taking me to the brink
I'm a one hit wonder
You are softer than you think
Just try pushing me under
Try taking me to the brink
I'm a one hit wonder
You are softer than you think
You're softer than you think

Final game for us to play
Is to cut the deck and make a train
From concert hall to cabaret
And let the blue sky in
And let the blue sky in

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