

Tom Mcrae

"Out of This"

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Watch the planes as they slide
Across the city's dark night
But I'm chained to the ground
There's no escaping this town

Must be you that I love
Must be gold in this dust
All the city's in bloom
But I'm blind to the view

Out of this
Comes something, out of this
Comes something, out if this
Something will come

I've been building the flame
Keeping out of the game
Kicking stones through the street where we meet
But I know something will change

Out of this
Comes something, out of this
Comes something, out of this
Something will come

Out of this
Comes something, out of this
Comes something, out of this
Something will come

It's the light, it's the day
It's the dawn that she breaks
It's the moment you know
That your dreams still escape
The cold, it's amiss
But you know it don't come later
The girl that you kiss
Hopes to stay still a stranger

It's the light, it's the love
It's the cracks in the pavement

The signs from above
And the great constellations
The lines in your hand
And the dice that you're rolling
Your hopeless belief that you're flying
Not falling in love

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