Paris Train

Beth Orton

Now you're sitting on a Paris train
Laughin' at your own jokes again
Sun splits the trees into beautiful broken light
Never cry more tears than you could hold in your hands
When all the world's airbrushed
It's a sacred bond of trust

Sometimes
Sometimes
I see right through the scenery
The first place that's on my mind
The last place I find each time

Sometimes
I swim beyond the scenery
The last place that's on my mind
The first place I find each time

Now I'm sitting on a Paris train
Molten ash falls like rain
Fire burns the trees
It's a beautiful fatality
I love the way you stand your ground
Sea moves as mercury
To break its perfect skin
To dare to die from within

Sometimes
Sometimes
I see much more than's good for me
The first thing that's on my mind
The last place I look each time

Sometimes
I slip inside imagery
And the last thing that's on my mind's
The first thing I'll do each time
Each time
Each time

Stars racing to burn out
Just stars racing to burn out
A storm beginning to break
Trees standing black against the sky
This was inevitable
This was inevitable

Sometimes
Sometimes
We can see beyond our history
The last place you hope to find
The one that's been there all the time

Sometimes
Sometimes
We can swim beyond the scenery
The first place that's on your mind

The first place you'd find each time
Each time
Each time
Each time
Each time

Stars racing to burn out
The storm beginning to break
This was inevitable
This was inevitable
Inevitable

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