

Across Waters Again

Blindside

Waiting
How can someone so close
Be allowed to be so far away
Your red leaves fall in the evening
While Im waking up to smog these days
You know how I love when the sun touch my skin
But I still miss your thoughts on rain
So come and save me over the thin phoneline

Just one of those days
Where you learn to fly
With broken wings
My thoughts are on an airplane home
While my feet are still on the ground

Just one of those days
Where you learn to fly
With broken wings

But you were never late
To pick up the phone and call
Now it's fall and I miss
Making love in the sunday afternoon sunlight
Wednesday, thursday
One down, a billion to go
With glasses foggy you're losing sight
So come and I'll see you over this thin phoneline

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