

# Nightblindness

David Gray

A million to one outsiders  
Nightblindness  
Can't see

Your bright eyes are what  
The time is  
Twenty five past eternity

Hear you listening  
To the silence  
Coming closer  
Now further away

What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something left to say  
Where we going to find the eyes to see  
The bright of day

I'm sick of all the same romances  
Lost chances  
Cold storms

Propping mountains up  
On matchsticks  
Dragging baskets  
Full of bones

And honey please don't stop  
Your talking  
'Cause there's a feeling  
Won't leave me alone

What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something I could say  
How we going to find the eyes to see  
The bright of day?

What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something left to say  
How we going to find the eyes to see  
The bright of day?

The bright of day  
The bright of day