

The Riddle

Delta Goodrem

Day turns to night, then night turns to day
In the blink of an eye, it's the next year
Snowflake on my eyelash, it's cold and I know why
I question everything

I am transfixed on the star, sky above
And unlike Mars, it's the reason why I'm here
I am there when it doesn't appear

Call me strange, call me straight
Call me anything you like
I'm the door and I can turn
Like the seconds on the clock

It's the light, it is the rain
It's the reason I'm missing
It's the riddle in my call
I'm not what you think at all
Not at all

Tip toe with diplomatic words
Am I not exposed?
For my wild child suppressed

Tick-tock, my days go
Tick-tock, with every passing cloud
I'd even shape an apple tree, maybe

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Storybooks and dark angels sing
These blurry shapes in my magic land

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