

Edge Of Seventeen

Sam Bailey

Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh

And the days go by, like a strand in the wind
In the web that is my own, I begin again
Said to my friend, baby (everything stopped)
Nothin' else mattered

He was no more than a baby then
Well, he seemed broken-hearted
Something within him
But the moment that I first laid
Eyes on him, all alone
On the edge of seventeen

Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Well, I went today
Maybe I will go again tomorrow
Yeah yeah, well, the music there
It was hauntingly familiar
Well, I see you doing what I try to do for me
With the words from a poet and a voice from a choir
And a melody, nothing else mattered

Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh (baby) ooh, ooh

The clouds never expect it when it rains
But the sea changes colours
But the sea does not change

So with the slow, graceful flow of age
I went forth with an age old desire to please
On the edge of seventeen!

Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Just like the white winged dove

Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, baby, ooh, ooh
Just like the white winged dove
Sings a song, sounds like she's singing
Ooh, ooh, ooh