

Thin Air

Teenage Fanclub

I was hiding, I was always in disguise
I was blending with the rain-grey streets
Nights were flashing by and the days were just repeats
It's a high tide and I'm for moving on

I was standing at a line drawn in the sand
I was staring at the silver sea
Come let the future open up its mystery
I feel a change in my heart and soul

And I've been meaning to take a chance on something
I'm a greenfield site for sore eyes, and sore eyes
Are just needing the light, the shapes and the shadows
Of the space we share
Before it slips into thin air

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