

Different Light

Tom Speight

From the morning
Into the black of the night
I could lay here beside you

While you're dreaming, all year
A million miles aways
The cold light of day spills through

And underneath the door, the morning wind that blows
I put my hand on you to see if you are cold
Tomorrow, all our sorrow fade
And I see you in a different light

We are changing
In front of my very old
Nice, slides of you and I, in blue

While you're sleeping, all year
A million miles away
The cold light of day spills through

And underneath the door, the morning wind that blows
I put my hand on you to see if you are cold
Tomorrow, all our sorrow fade
And I see you in a different light

Tomorrow, all our sorrows fade
And I see you in a different light
Yeah-Whooo
Yeah-Whooo
Yeah-Whooo
Yeah-Whooo