

Trick Of The Light

Tom Speight

You got me high
Like the morning sun
Like a catapult ride
Like a starting gun
With one eye shut
And the other on you, on you
When the clock strike ten
I was upside down
You message your friends
Saying don't come round
With one eye closed
And the other on me
On me, on me

Is this real? Or a trick of the light?
Oh the way you're making me feel, tonight

You got me high
Like the midnight sky
Let the chemicals rush
Let the fever rise
Guess you cast your spell
Right in front of my eyes
My eyes, my eyes

Is this real? Or a trick of the light?
Oh the way you're making me feel, tonight

Is this real? Or a trick of the light?
Oh the way you're making me feel
Is this real? Or a trick of the light?
Oh the way you're making me feel, tonight