

## Take

Tunng

All eyes ablaze  
We saw her in the old light, whoa, in the old light  
Seventy years to fly closer to sunlight, whoa, to the  
sunlight  
She sings to the stereo, making dirty pictures with her  
hands in the lamplight  
And knows where the mourners go  
We'll sing a coronet, bringing her back from the grey  
light

Climb through the car of girls  
Screaming through the streets, hard at his lungs  
And computer listens to everything, whispering asleep if  
there's a drift from old mall

Years are a trifling thing  
Passing in an eye's blink, whoa, in an eye's blink  
Forty five years go by in nothing but a day's time, whoa,  
in a day's time

Take take take take take take

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to the sunlig-