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

All eyes ablaze
He saw her in the old light, whoa, in the old light
Seventy years to fly closer to the sunlight, whoa, closer to the sunlig-

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