

Sound

Luka Bloom

Driving into a grey, grey evening
Drive into a good New Year feeling
It doesn't need to mean a thing
When you sing, when you sing

Put a foot upon a spade
Spade into the ground
Follow the trail of worms
Until the rhythm's found
Wait until the words come down
Sound

Sing your day away
Sing your day away and dream away
Sing your day away
Sing your day away and dream away

Walking through the winter trees
Naked branches in the loss of leaves
Naked in the wind and rain
No escaping winter's waiting game

Put a foot upon a spade
Spade into the ground
Follow the trail of worms
Until the rhythm's found
Wait until the words come down
Sound

Sing your day away
Sing your day away and dream away
Sing your day away
Sing your day away and dream away
Dream away...