

The Basic Blues

Beardfish

Can you catch me when I fall my love.
In this dance of lust I must know who I can trust.
But must we use these ancient word to describe something(As ung bresk
s as oth eyes up)?
In this song that you may sing,
you will forget something,
tied to an old remark,
someone said there is no spark.
Its wierd, though were free to feel shame by expectations of how we s
hould be.
In my room you can let go and dream,
sleep till the day is done,
night time is what we have won.
Its ours, lush and dark and you voice has its spark.

I can tell you why I feel this way.
A poor misguided fool,
dropped into the magma pool.
Incarnation of a broken soul,
on a quest towards, what besides a distant cold?
In this song that I may sing they analyze something, bitterness in my
voice,
makes them say I have no choice.
This pain comes from inside,
containing all I must ha-ha-hide.
In my room I can let go and dream,
sleep till the day is done,
night time is what i have one.
Its mine, lush and dark and my voice has its spark.

I wanna go(so let it go)
I wanna go(so let it go)

The dream I know Ive slept above and beyond the city walls.
I scan with my searching eyes along the cobblestones.
My wings are strong and they can carry you too my love.
Lets leave our worries here and fly!

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Can you catch me when I fall, My, Love?