

Sorrys

Blackfield

You were born in the shade
Beautiful and pale
Your dad was always away...
You gave birth in July
Since then my baby and I
Well we hide away...

Sorrys, 7 years of sorrys
I was trying to catch your eyes
rolling, than to the river
you were caught in
I saw you flowing
and couldn't swim back...

Well, now your silent spirit
It was too cold and shaking
Thought he saw you waiving
I guess he wasn't ready
To be raised by someone unhappy
I took all the pain for him

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Rolling, than to the river
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