

Distant city taken from a plane
Lights like home and people look the same
In the streets you cannot read the signs
Find the face you know and came to find

Something like love and you started a page
Feeling so young but we act our age
Carried away on a rising tide
Here we go, here we go holding tight
Sitting up late with the fireworks
You slip your hand inside my shirt
Gentle and wild are the words we paint
Holding on, holding on start again

Over-thinking every little thing
Start again with barely chance to win
Black ash peels like cities from a book
Evening lasted longer than i could

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