

## Playing Fields

Chicane

Softly, the end of summer  
Gives us her last rays  
To remember all the thunder  
Of our glory days  
Breaking through the clouds before us  
Glimmers her last days  
Oceans mirror  
Light reflects horizons far away

Distance and time are moving  
Gathering their speed  
We are safe in here and now  
This moment's all we need

We'll climb the highest mountain we can find  
We'll never let the lights go down around us

When the day turns into night  
Never let the sunset die  
You can feel your spirit fly  
We'll keep hold of every fading summer

Softly the end of summer  
Gives us her last rays  
To remember all the thunder  
Of our glory days  
Breaking through the clouds before us  
Glimmers her last days  
Oceans mirror  
Light reflects horizons far away

We'll climb the highest mountain we can find  
We'll never let the lights go down around us