

# The Tuning of Violins

Darren Hayes

Daylight breaks, and the black birds call-  
And the market stalls are filling up, spilling over the streets.  
High above, over Notting Hill-  
I am floating still, in a wooden chair, with our restless dog.

Been away so long, almost forgot how time and space  
Cannot replace this feeling of flying over things.  
Night falling away, your sleeping face begins to register  
That I'm coming home- yeah, I'm coming home to you.

Oh the song that only we know,  
Where the sunlight and the wind blows.  
Over bluebells, over black-  
Heed, call your name-  
I will float through your window.

Major third, or a minor seventh-  
And a violin tuned a little sharp, tuned a little below.

Come around a bend, the hallway ends.  
The chair it dips, and then it bends-  
And it has wings for legs.  
Night, deep in a dream, the sheets and pillowcases  
Seem to overtake your head.  
Well, I'm at the foot of our bed.

Oh the song that only we know,  
Where the sunlight and the wind blows.  
Over bluebells, over black-  
Heed, call your name-  
I will float through your window.

Oh the song that only we know,  
Where the sunlight and the wind blows.  
Over bluebells, over black-  
Heed, call your name-  
I will float through your window.

Pray through the silence, the gulf that's between us.  
Take all the heartache and we'll shake the fields up.  
And we will unravel, unravel the moments.  
And we will unravel, unravel the moments.

Oh...

Oh the song that only we know,  
Where the sunlight and the wind blows.  
Over bluebells, over black-  
Heed, call your name-  
I will come to your window.

(Oh the song that only we know,  
Where the sunlight and the wind blows.)  
I'll be calling your name  
As I float through your window.