

Nightblindness

David Gray

A million to one outsiders
Nightblindness
Can't see

Your bright eyes are what
The time is
Twenty five past eternity

Hear you listening
To the silence
Coming closer
Now further away

What we gonna do
When the money runs out
I wish that there was something left to say
Where we going to find the eyes to see
The bright of day

I'm sick of all the same romances
Lost chances
Cold storms

Propping mountains up
On matchsticks
Dragging baskets
Full of bones

And honey please don't stop
Your talking
'Cause there's a feeling
Won't leave me alone

What we gonna do
When the money runs out
I wish that there was something I could say
How we going to find the eyes to see
The bright of day?

What we gonna do
When the money runs out
I wish that there was something left to say
How we going to find the eyes to see
The bright of day?

The bright of day
The bright of day