

Green and the Blue

Fink

Pen on paper seems so permanent
Every line of every letter that I never sent
In the cold light of all the nights we spent
Pen on paper seems to fit

Face to face it seems so hard to find
The hindsight, or the courage not to change your mind
And in the afterglow of all we leave behind
Pen on paper seems to fit

The permanence
The permanence
The permanence of it
The green and the blue
Have seen me through
These trials, these trials

Pen on paper seems so definite
Every innocent simplicity is intricate
When it's in your hands it's harder to forget yeah
Pen on paper seems to fit

The permanence of it
The green and the blue
Have seen me through
These trials
Green and the blue
Have seen me through
Yeah....
These trials...
These
Trials