

Sky High

Marble Sounds

You've only to say good night
Then all these dreams will be yours
Can I turn out the light
And hum your favorite "wee small hours"

You've only to say good night
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Can I turn out the light
And hum your favorite "wee small hours"

The blinds hide an open view
On a city that feels renewed
And I count my age by days 'cause that way
Years go by slower

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It felt good to go astray
To find this surprising place
And nothing can soothe me more than to know
Nothing is over

Sky high
Hundreds of stories
Into the clouds

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Hundreds of stories
Into the clouds