

The Sound of White

Missy Higgins

Like a freeze-dried rose, you will never be,
What you were, what you were to me in memory.
But if I listen to the dark,
You'll embrace me like a star,
Envelope me, envelope me...
If things get real for me down here,
Promise to take me to before you went away -
If only for a day.
If things get real for me down here,
Promise to take me back to the tune
We played before you went away.

And if I listen to, the sound of white,
Sometimes I hear your smile, and breath your light.
Yeah if I listen to, the sound of white ..
You're my mystery. One mystery. My mystery. One mystery.

My silence solidifies,
Until that hollow void erases you,
Erases you so I can't feel at all.
But if I never fell again, at least that nothingness
Will end the painful dream, of you and me...
If things get real for me down here, promise to take me to
Before you went away, if only for a day.
If things get real for me down here, promise to take me back to

The tune we played before you went away.

And if I listen to, the sound of white
Sometimes I hear your smile, and breath your light.
Yeah if I listen to, the sound of white
Sometimes I hear your smile, and breath your light.
And if I listen to, the sound of white.

I knelt before some strangers face,
I'd never have the courage or belief to trust this place,
But I dropped my head, 'cos it felt like lead,
And I'm sure I felt your fingers through my hair...

And if I listen to, the sound of white sometimes
I hear your smile, and breathe your light.
Yeah if I listen to, the sound of white.
The sound of white,
The sound of white,
The sound of white.