

First Thought

Mostly Autumn

So young
And everything is big
Staring out at the sky
Some blue, some grey and silver
First thought of it all

Spinning around
Turning around

I'll hold on to you girl
I'll hold on to you guys
We'll see this together
Never let go

Cold by the door
Blows through the letter box
So long ago

So cold
I'm crawling out of the sea
Small hands in the sand
Some misty day in August
So far from here

Spinning around
Turning around

Cold by the door
Blows through the letter box
So long ago