

## A Million Parachutes

Sixpence None The Richer

Like a million parachutes  
The snow's coming down  
I'll lock up the front door  
And turn the lights down  
In the glow of the street lights  
I see them descend  
Like a million parachutes  
Small men on a mission

I miss the warmth  
And I miss the sun  
I miss the ocean  
I miss everyone  
And I miss the bridges  
That span across the bay  
Tonight, it seems like ages ago

Like a million parachutes  
The snow still falls  
The dogs are asleep now  
There's no one to call  
I'll put on some records  
And wait for the light  
Under those million parachutes  
Now a blanket of white.

I miss the warmth  
And I miss the sun  
I miss the ocean  
I miss everyone  
And I miss the bridges  
That span across the bay  
Tonight, it seems like ages ago