

Blue Chicago Moon

Songs: Ohia

Out of the ruins
Blood grown heavy from his past
His wings stripped by thunder
But those storms keep coming back
Singing birds in sickness
Sing the same blues songs
When they fell out of the emptiness
They must have brought along
Space's loneliness
Space's loneliness
Gotten so good at hiding it
Even he does not admit it
That glittering flash in his eyes
Makes it look like he might be alright
If the blues are you hunter
Then you will come face to face
With that darkness and desolation
And the endless depression
But you are not helpless
And you are not helpless
Try to beat it
Try to beat it
And live through space's loneliness
And live through space's loneliness
You are not helpless
You are not helpless
I'll help you to try to beat it