

The Black House, the Blue Sky

Stars

Let's paint the city Eiffel Tower green
And go on a holiday, go on vacation.
This is the closest that you've ever been,
But you're still far so away from your destination.
You drive an hour but it feels like days.
It's just buildings, and buildings, and buildings.
And when you've finally leave suburban haze
You're quietly shocked at the thought that we kill things.

The black house, the blue sky
The black house, the blue sky
The blue sky.

We left a photograph in letterhead,
Found in the morning in newspaper sunlight.
We left it lying in the kitchen chair,
And then the floorboards, and hope that it reads right.
It's never easy when we write goodbye,
But goodbye is the one word we know.
You'll never make it but we have to try.
Give in, give up and let go.
Give up and let go.

The black house, the blue sky (you and I)
In the black house, the blue sky
The blue sky
The black house, the blue sky
This black house, the blue sky
The black house, the blue sky
This black house, the blue sky
The blue sky (blue sky).

We left the ending locked inside that room,
And you hold the key,
You push open the door,
And then you see...

You see the black house and the blue sky,
And you and I,
You see the black house and the blue sky,
And you and I,
You see the black house and the blue sky.