

Through the Dark

The Sundays

Oh innocent smiles, how they put you to shame
Same televised lines, I've seen the film before
Sicilian men, they're going to save their name
Leaving their brides in black shawls again

See how it's shining through the dark
As the teardrops fall and it illuminates the room
And we can't stop staring for a moment

Some silver-screen starlet
But it's my story she's living in
In a smoke-filled room pressed up against the door
See how it's shining through the dark
As the kettle boils
And it illuminates the room
Entertain me, eyes on this prize

Hello, I'm drowning in your tide
Welcome, so close to my pale skin I'm there
But one touch and it's gone

Same black and white blonde
You know the face but never her name
Hillbilly young boys
Without a tooth between them
See how it's shining through the dark
Spinning a dream for the wide-awake
And it illuminates the room
Entertain me, fixing your eyes on the prize

Hello, I'm drowning in your tide
Welcome, so close to my pale skin I'm there
Stay, don't roll away now
(or Sister stay now, don't run now)
This is my magic world
And it's pulling me under so stay