

Slippery Stones

Yann Tiersen

Running downhill, running so fast.
Horses are far behind.
Slippery stones forming in paths under the rain. Wind going where we're going.

It's beautiful as the day can be.
(Will it be like today for the rest of our lives?)

It's beautiful as life can be.
(Will it become like a bird under a thousand goose?)

Windows wide open, so dark as the night. Lighthouse will form your skin on the walls. Someone is singing far in the fields, far in the fields under the rain they're singing.

It's beautiful as the night can be.
(Will it be like tonight for the rest of our lives?)

It's beautiful as life can be.
(Will it become like a bird under a thousand goose?)