The Rushing Dark

Laura Gibson

When morning took form
As the silhouette of a man
I could not turn my head
I could not stop trembling
I could not stop trembling
I could not stop tremblingOh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, ooh oohWell, they told me when I was young
That the future is paper sky
All the wandering I have done
All my push and pulling
I could not repent enough
I could not repent enough
I could not repent enough
I could not repent enoughOh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, ooh ooh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, ooh oohWhen evening plays her hand
Will she find us afraid?
Will she find us trembling?
Will she find us welcoming?
The rushing dark
The rushing dark
The rushing dark
The rushing darkOh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, ooh ooh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, ooh ooh

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