Opaline

Dishwalla

Summer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath
Where the ground is made of stars and everything unclean
Your opaline is everything I see
Your opaline brings me to my kneesSummer dies here and so could I somewhere underneath
So much like the ones in and on my skin and somewhere in between
This opaline is everything I see
Your opaline brings me to my kneesWithout you I am nothing, without you I can't believe
This gilded place has everything
But this comfort is not what it seems
It is not what it seems in between is everything I needYour opaline is everything I see
This opaline brings me to my knees
Your opaline brings me to my knees

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