Hollywood

Blue Foundation

Earliest days, in calm and misty dawn
I can reach so far above my head with my height.

And I feel fit for fight,
With my pace I break out the light,
And the cool wind strengthens me to walk on by.
But, so far beyond my pace,
I watch you run over and make me feel foreign inside.
And don't ever call again
I want seven undone days.

A revolt of my force inside.

Thoughtful, early autumn-days, a chestnut in my palm as I open my lover's eyes to see if they still shine.

Though I feel fit for fight,
and my pace can break out the light,
I need more to make me feel all right.

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