

# Season Song (Rui Da Silva Mix)

## Blue States

The unfolding of the year  
And now our season is here  
All the balances are clear  
Now that our time is here In a perfect present tense  
Through our wide, rose tinted lens  
When the words have all been spent  
Will we still have meant them? Through the window, see the place  
Like a fond and sweet embrace  
For a moment face to face  
In the sweetest embrace The unfolding of the year  
And now our season is here  
All the balances are clear  
Now that our time is here

Songwriters

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