

# Some Blue Hive

## North Atlantic Oscillation

When you knock on the door  
With the poise and stay  
When your scarf comes away  
With a flick and a sway  
There are so many reasons to wait

In a flying machine  
A Revelatory scene  
Comes a synchronised pain  
And a chance to stay sane  
Throwing grappling hooks round your waist

Some blue hive  
Knows where we have gone  
Wait for help to come

With a mouth for a gun  
Your the deadliest one  
There were three in the pride  
And the middle one died  
It was weeks before someone realised

See its never too late  
Not to rise to the bait  
Not to open your eyes  
To the grease and the lies  
Till the stains on the fear have gone

Some blue hive  
Knows where we have gone  
To ground skies  
Wait for help to come

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Lyrics submitted by Paul.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>