Volume

Trevor Hall

Rain comes down but he holds the mountain Yeah, blue like sky, can you tell me why? Yeah, he sports him this way, a child at play Open up my lips but what's there to say?

Come play, come play
As the river runs down, as the river runs through
As it runs through the field with all his companions
This is the scene of the most enchanted

I am a drunken fool

Drunk off the love that holds up the moon

Drunk off the love that binds me and you to the most high

Just close your eyes and hold me
No harm will befall you, volume
And that's what is spoken to me
When I turn down the volume, volume
Volume, volume, volume

Time has come to speak of this love
Spread your wings of your song and soul
To maintain internal heights above
Close your eyes and feel it unfold
Rush like a river from the highest mountain
Drink from the fountain and stop your counting

What kind of wine does he have in his tavern?
Oh, so enchanted and sing like a mad man
Mad with the love of a wife for her husband
Child or mother, sister or brother

Rain and the thunder, the rain and the thunder
Sing for the most high, sing for no other
We are all notes in this eternal song
God plays His flute and we all dance along

Close your eyes and hold me No harm will befall you, volume That's what is spoken true When I turn down the volume, volume Volume, volume, volume

Hold up the sky, no asking why How can we know if we don't even try? Hold up the sky, no asking why How can we know if we don't even try?

Hold up the sky, no asking why How can we know if we don't even try? How can we know if we don't even try?

Just close your eyes and hold me
No harm will befall you, volume
That's what is spoken true
When I turn down the volume, volume

Just close your eyes and hold me
No harm will befall you, volume
That's what is spoken true
When I turn down the volume, volume

When I turn down the volume, volume When I turn down the volume, volume Volume, volume, volume, volume Volume, volume, volume, volume

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