

Here All Day

Trembling Blue Stars

Someone stop the hands of time
every tick's a cruel blow.
I want a world that's hers and mine
while the real one's put on hold.
I want to taste the freedom we will never know. Someone stop the hands of time ?
every tick's a cruel blow.
I don't want to step outside
into the night beyond the windows,
I'm just not ready yet for the ice-cold air
to bring it all home. All I want is to be held
and held some more and not let go,
be told that all is well,
that our racing hearts will cope.
I want her to lie to me-
it's not as if I will not know. All I want is to be held
and held some more and not let go.
The less I have to lose, it seems,
the more I put her through.
We go round in circles,
and that is all we do;
that there's nothing we can say,
we don't let get in the way
we go round in circles
because we want to be here all day.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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