Roots Of Love

David Gray

If the silence doesn't kill it
Then illusion will
Well, we're staring at the sky
But the moon ain't gonna pay our billsAnd now we're laughing 'bout it loud
When, oh, you know it ain't no joke
To see them kick the rose with glitter
Trade your dreams for smokeAnd there's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
A song for every wounded dove
But we're out further than the rainbow's edge
Going down, down to the roots of loveAnd it's raining in my kitchen
Storm in my front room
The instructions don't say nothing
Just desire and consumeAnd the stars are falling right into my eyes
And it might be built out of sand
But maybe baby it's paradiseAnd there's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
A song for every wounded dove
But we're out further than the rainbow's edge
Going down, down to the roots
Going down, down to the roots
Going down, down, down to the roots of loveNa, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, no, no, no, no, no
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

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