

# Feather

Sascha Funke

I am blowing for a trumpet  
Hallelujah  
You stood too close to the sunset  
And it finally outgrew you  
So now I paint you on my doorpost  
Like I knew you  
I make all of the right noises  
But they never make it to you  
I'm as heavy as a feather  
Hallelujah  
You're a confused little soldier  
And the bullets go right through you  
So now I march you to a tin pan  
Through the alley  
So the death angel understands  
That I'm gonna take you afloat  
And we will become a happy ending  
And we will become a happy ending  
I am sinking for the sunset  
Hallelujah

You've been deafened by these trumpets  
But my love I'll listen for ya  
So I can paint you on my doorpost  
Like I knew you  
I make all of the right noises  
But my love they go right through you  
And we will become a happy ending  
And we will become a happy ending  
And we will become a happy ending  
And we will become a happy ending  
And we will become a happy ending  
We will rejoice  
Hallelujah  
We Will rejoice  
Hallelujah  
We Will rejoice  
Hallelujah  
We Will rejoice

Hallelujah  
Hallelujah

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