

# Nightblindness

David Gray

Nightblindness.  
A million to one outsiders  
Nightblindness  
Can't see Your bright eyes are what  
The time is  
Twenty five past eternity Here listening  
To the sirens  
Coming closer  
Now further away What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something left to say  
How we going to find the eyes to see  
A brighter day I'm sick of all the same old answers  
Lost chances  
Cold stones Propping mountains up  
On matchsticks  
Dragging baskets  
Full of bones And honey please don't stop  
Your talking  
'Cause there's a feeling  
Won't leave me alone What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something I could say  
How we going to find the eyes to see  
A brighter day? What we gonna do  
When the money runs out  
I wish that there was something left to say  
How we going to find the eyes to see  
A brighter day? A brighter day  
A brighter day.

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