

# Paris Train

Beth Orton

Now your sitting on a Paris train, laughing at your own jokes again  
Sun splits the trees into beautiful broken light  
Never cry more tears than you could hold in your hands  
When all the world's airbrushed, it's a sacred bond of trust  
Sometimes, sometimes I see right through the scenery  
The first place that's on my mind  
The last place I find each time  
Sometimes, I swim beyond the scenery  
The last place that's on my mind  
The first place I find each time  
Now I'm sitting on a Paris train, molten ash falls like rain  
Fire burns the trees, it's a beautiful fatality  
Love the way you stand your ground, sea moves as mercury  
To break its perfect skin to dare to dive within  
Sometimes, sometimes I see much more than is good for me  
The first thing that's on my mind  
The last place I'd look each time  
Sometimes, I slip inside the imagery  
And the last thing that's on my mind's  
The first thing I'll do each time  
Each time, each time  
The stars racing to burn out  
Just stars racing to burn out  
A storm waiting to break  
Trees standing black against the sky  
This was inevitable, this was inevitable  
Sometimes, sometimes we can see beyond our history  
The last place you hope to find  
The one that's been there all the time  
Sometimes, sometimes we can swim beyond the scenery  
And the first place that's on your mind  
The first place you'd find each time  
Each time, each time, each time, each time  
The stars racing to burn out  
A storm waiting to break  
This was inevitable, inevitable

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