

Bloom

The Paper Kites

In the morning when I wake
And the sun is coming through,
Oh, you fill my lungs with sweetness,
And you fill my head with you. Shall I write it in a letter?
Shall I try to get it down?
Oh, you fill my head with pieces
Of a song I can't get out. Can I be close to you?
Ooh-oo-oo-oo, ooh
Can I be close to you?
Ooh, ooh. Can I take it to a morning
Where the fields are painted gold
And the trees are filled with memories
Of the feelings never told? When the evening pulls the sun down,
And the day is almost through,
Oh, the whole world it is sleeping,
But my world is you. Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah).
Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah). *whistling* Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah).
Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah). Can I be close to you?
Ooh, ooh.

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