

Orca

Until The Ribbon Breaks

I no longer go to 7th street
In the spring, we moved out west
I miss the cocktails at the Concorde
But every wave must have a crest
There is an image that I-I cannot shake
The wind blowing through your hair
A part of you still moving, but all of you not there
I wonder how they think of you now
Which picture they've had framed

And if it's easier at dinner to not bring up your nameOrca, Orca, Orca

There's nothing quite as black and white as youOf course there are two oceans: the shallow and the true
The one outside the window, and the one inside of you

Such eyes you had, not colour
But space to see the truth
I think I knew that you were dying
I just didn't want the proof

X2

Orca, Orca, Orca

There's nothing quite as black and white as youYou were dressed in your shirt

With your back to the wall
Like you made up your mind
Like you knewWe all make our own way
 Into blue
We all make our own way
 Into blue

There's nothing quite, as black and white, as you

I wonder if you feel that too

There's nothing quite, as black and white, as you

We all make our own way into blue

Orca, orca, orca, orca

You were dressed in your shirt

With your back to the wall

Like you made up your mind

Like you knewWe all make our own way

 Into blue

We all make our own way

 Into blue

We all make our own way

 Into blue

We all make our own way

Into blue

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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