

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 name Orca, Orca, Orca
There's nothing quite as black and white as you Of 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 you You were dressed in your shirt
With your back to the wall
Like you made up your mind
Like you knew We 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 knew We all make our own way
Into blue
We all make our own way
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We all make our own way

Into blue

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

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