

# Cover From The Sky

## Deacon Blue

I will love you when the morning is ascending  
I will love you when the moon is riding high  
I will love you when we only have pretending  
When our home becomes a cover from the sky  
Well my eyes have seen the dust and then the ashes  
And the lowland and white sky of your home  
And the rain that washed mascara from my lashes  
And nothing gave us cover from the sky  
When you're gone I notice all your tiny touches  
And it's then that I see it's then that I know why  
If the days become the walls you never wanted  
Our years will give us cover from the sky  
From the sky  
Well we've been among the saints and the angels  
And we don't want to wait until we die, no no  
So we'll stand among the ruins of our temples  
And pray to God for cover from the sky

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