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 skyWell 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 skyWhen 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 skyFrom the skyWell 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 prey to God for cover from the sky

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