

# Cello Song

## The Books and JosÃ© Gonzalez

Strange face, with your eyes  
So pale and sincere  
Underneath you know well  
You have nothing to fear  
For the dreams that came  
To you when so young  
Told of a life  
Where spring is sprung  
You would seem so frail  
In the cold of the night  
When the armies of emotion  
Go out to fight  
But while the earth  
Sinks to its grave  
You sail to the sky  
On the crest of a wave  
So forget this cruel world  
Where I belong  
I'll just sit and wait  
And sing my song  
And if one day you should see me  
In the crowd  
Lend a hand and lift me  
To your place in the cloud

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