

Tropic of Capricorn

Trembling Blue Stars

We met in the winter
It fits us like we fit each other
We feel at home with the sun focused on
The Tropic Of Capricorn
Pale afternoon skies
Dark by five
Clean, brittle evenings lit by yuletide lights
We met in the winter
And winter
Winter just feels right
The Piccadilly window displays
To which we gravitate
Forgotten beaches
These isles asleep and decayed
When the clocks go backwards
It's a step in the right direction
With the harvest in
And winter on the horizon
We met in the winter
And winter
Winter is our season
Winter is our season
Winter is our season
The Piccadilly window displays
To which we gravitate
Forgotten beaches
These isles asleep and decayed
We met in the winter
It fits us like we fit each other
We feel at home with the sun focused on
The Tropic Of Capricorn

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

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