

night

Turntables on the Hudson

Bright night and we chase the moon searching for adventure

Hush

Our feet gracing mountain tops skipping cross horizons

Silhouetted against against the stars

I've tried so hard I'm searching through layers and trying to make out the words

Delicate designs distracting me from what I'm trying to find

A melody so sweet, from out the the walls it creeps to my ears

Such a sound I have long awaited to hear

We breathe, making little clouds, smiling through the dark and cold

As the wind breaks we shatter to the sky

Chorus

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