

Some Blue Hive

North Atlantic Oscillation

When you knock on the door
With the poise and stay
When your scarf comes away
With a flick and a sway
There are so many reasons to wait

In a flying machine
A Revelatory scene
Comes a synchronised pain
And a chance to stay sane
Throwing grappling hooks round your waist

Some blue hive
Knows where we have gone
Wait for help to come

With a mouth for a gun
Your the deadliest one
There were three in the pride
And the middle one died
It was weeks before someone realised

See its never too late
Not to rise to the bait
Not to open your eyes
To the grease and the lies
Till the stains on the fear have gone

Some blue hive
Knows where we have gone
To ground skies
Wait for help to come

Lyrics submitted by Paul.

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