

Deacon Blue, Indigo Sky

We went as we know how
As far as the wind and the sky would allow
Waking from sleep
Alive to the noise we came

After the turn of the year
With only the sky as a silver seer
Of anything restively turning
And slowly beginning

Now even the weatherman's smiling
He never could see it this good
Why are we so afraid
That under the indigo sky
We'll sing and we'll drink and we'll cry

After the falling apart
After the noise and the guilt and the hurt
We woke from sleep
And saw that it wasn't a dream

Was it a trick of the light
That there in the spirit damned demon night
We lit a fire
And crowded all around it

Now even the weatherman's smiling
He never could see it this good
Why are we sore afraid
That under the indigo sky we lay down and we died

Under the indigo sky
We lay down and we died