

Delta Goodrem, The Riddle

Day turns to night
Then night turns to day
In the blink of an eye it's the next year
Snowflake on my eyelash
It's cold and I know why
I question everything

I am transfixed on the star sky above
And unlike Mars it's the reason why I'm here
Which I am there when it doesn't appear

Call me strange call me straight
Call me anything you like
I'm the door and I can turn
Like the seconds on the clock
It's the light it is the rain
It's the reason I'm missing
It's the riddle in my call
I'm not what you think at all
Not at all

Tip toe with diplomatic words
Am I not exposed
For my wild child suppressed

Tick tock my days go
Tick tock with every passing cloud
I'd even shape an apple tree
Maybe

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Storybooks and dark angels sing
These blurry shapes in my magic land

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