

# New Model Army, Twilight Home

Now the thick warm cream light  
fades down into the mist from the sea  
Three surfers &quot; tiny black specks  
out across in the great waves  
Lanterns of the little town over  
on the hill &quot; twilight sweet  
homecoming  
It's all the same  
And these things we hold  
in our hearts  
Like a promise in the salt of  
our blood  
Until we come home

And always the breathing of the  
breaking surf  
Drifts through the curtains and  
through our dreaming  
And these things we hold  
to ourselves  
Like a promise in the salt of  
our blood  
Until we come home