

Paolo Nutini, Northern Skies

I've have returned to the Northern Skies
where the summer had knocked out
the clouds that class above
owh and I have returned to the somber greens
of the days too early to come and too early to stay
and I have left a million stars
and a ocean so lightly, so clearly blue
and I have left the warmth of the sun
and a millions adventures not yet begun
the great sense of passing through
the great sense of passing through
the great sense of passing through
owh for once there was beauty, here for me
under these white northern skies
and I felt the green was blacker
and the blue was darker still
my roots are lying deeper
then I ever think they will again
heartache and poetry
under these white northern skies
the great sense of passing through
the great sense of passing through
the great sense of passing through