

# Perry Blake, Anouska

Moments come, moments go  
There is nothing else  
I will hide in this lifetime of ignorance

Nouska-Anouska I want to come home  
Nouska-Anouska I feel so alone

Voice of God comforts some  
When a love dissolves  
Voice of God comforts none  
When a child's stillborn

Nouska-Anouska I want to come home  
Nouska-Anouska I feel so alone

I recall a thousand English hands  
They were praying for an avalanche

Nouska-Anouska I've been so alone  
Nouska-Anouska I want to come home

I belong to where the angels die  
long before they even learn to fly  
I recall a hundred summer days  
Summer Girls I knew would never stay  
I belong to where the angels die  
long before they even learn to fly

Nouska-Anouska I want to come home  
Nouska-Anouska I feel so alone