

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