

Sixpence None the Richer, A Million Parachutes

Like a million parachutes
The snow's coming down
I'll lock up the front door
And turn the lights down
In the glow of the street lights
I see them descend
Like a million parachutes
Small men on a mission

[Chorus]
I miss the warmth
And I miss the sun
I miss the ocean
I miss everyone
And I miss the bridges
That span across the bay
Tonight, it seems like ages ago

Like a million parachutes
the snow still falls
The dogs are asleep now
There's no one to call
I'll put on some records
And wait for the light
Under those million parachutes
Now a blanket of white.

[Chorus x2]