

# Ten Tonnes, Lucy I

Come away, from the window  
There's nothing for you there  
There's nothing for you there  
Frost is growing, on the glass  
Where you left your face  
Pick it up and we can change

under the sun  
I'm calling  
where you belong  
you're crawling  
back to my arms  
in dreams I make-believe  
please don't be long  
you know I don't believe

lucy

Come away, from the window  
haven't you learnt?  
that in dreams you can't get burned  
and I will meet you there  
under puerest skies  
it's where I'll be  
when they're finished with me

under the sun  
I'm calling  
where you belong  
you're crawling  
back to my arms  
in dreams I make-believe  
please don't be long  
you know I don't believe

I only see reflections of you  
only see reflections of you  
in the dream I can see your face  
in reality, you're always 2 steps away