Tom McRae, Out Of This

Watch the planes as they slide Across the city's dark night But I'm chained to the ground There's no escaping this town

Must be you that I love Must be gold in this dust Oh, the city's in bloom But I'm blind to the view

Out of this Comes something, out of this Comes something, out if this Something will come

I've been building the flame Keeping out of the game Kicking stones through the street where we meet But I know something will change

Out of this Comes something, out of this Comes something, out of this Something will come

Out of this Comes something, out of this Comes something, out of this Something will come

It's the light, it's the day
It's the dawn that she breaks
It's the moment you know
That your dreams still escape
The cold, it's amiss
But you know it don't come later
The girl that you kiss
Hopes to stay still a stranger

It's the light, it's the love
It's the cracks in the pavement
The signs from above
And the great constellations
The lines in your hand
And the dice that you're rolling
Your hopeless belief that you're flying
Not falling in love