

# 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