

# Trembling Blue Stars, Here All Day

Someone stop the hands of time  
every tick's a cruel blow.  
I want a world that's hers and mine  
while the real one's put on hold.  
I want to taste the freedom we will never know.

Someone stop the hands of time  
every tick's a cruel blow.  
I don't want to step outside  
into the night beyond the windows,  
I'm just not ready yet for the ice-cold air  
to bring it all home.

All I want is to be held  
and held some more and not let go,  
be told that all is well,  
that our racing hearts will cope.  
I want her to lie to me-  
it's not as if I will not know.

All I want is to be held  
and held some more and not let go.  
The less I have to lose, it seems,  
the more I put her through.  
We go round in circles,  
and that is all we do;  
that there's nothing we can say,  
we don't let get in the way  
we go round in circles  
because we want to be here all day.