

Aztec Camera, Here Comes The Ocean

Words and music by Roddy Frame

Through the falling snow

Through the falling snow

Glides the electrical train

Bar Acacia's closed

Draw my fingertips

Down the mountain stream

Trace your body and soul

In the window steam

Neon city burns harsh and bright

In my eyes, I'm compromised

Hurry me home

Through the falling snow

Through the falling snow

Flesh and bone, heart and mind

To the shore I go

Winter wonderland calls to my

Heart and I'm realised

Carry me home

She's the kinda girl who makes the darkness bright

Smiles toward the world and makes it all seem alright

Here comes the sea

Here comes the ocean