

David Gray, Roots Of Love

If the silence doesn't kill you then an illusion will
You're starin' at the sky
But the moon isn't gonna pay our bills
And we're laughin' 'bout it loud
But oh you know it ain't no joke
See them cake the roads with glitter
Trade your dreams for smoke

There's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
A song for every wounded dove
And we're out further than the razor's edge
Going down down to the roots of love

And its rainin' in my kitchen
A storm in my front room
The instructions don't say nothing
Just desire consume
And the stars are falling right into my eye
Might be built out of sand
But maybe baby it's paradise

There's teardrops in the treetops
The wind is whistling through the mountain's teeth
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And we're out further than the razor's edge
Going down down to the roots
Going down down to the roots
Going down down to the roots of love na na na na...