

Kings Of Convenience, Manhattan Skyline

We sit and watch umbrellas fly
I'm trying to keep my newspaper dry
I hear myself say
My boat's leaving now
So we shake hands and cry
Now I must wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye

You know I don't want to cry again
I'll never see your face again
I don't want to cry again

We leave to their goodbyes
I've come to depend on the look in their eyes
My blood's sweet for pain
The wind and the rain brings back words of a song
And they sing wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye

You know I don't want to cry again
I'll never see your face again
I don't want to cry again

So I read to myself
A chance of a lifetime to see new horizons
On the front page a black and white picture of
Manhattan Skyline