

# Michal, Darjeeling

Darjeeling, my sacred thing  
Dress yourself in me  
Took a long, long time  
For the night tide  
To bring you home to me

If I could have died  
If I could have physically died  
Of a broken heart  
I would have

Darjeeling, my precious thing  
You have clipped my wings  
Took it all in stride  
Took the wrong side  
Made it all worth while  
Ooh

Never looked outside  
No, I never questioned  
Never raised my voice to anyone

Darjeeling

The tide is closing over my face  
The sky is vaulting over this place  
This world is far wide to hide  
I'm weak that way  
My Earl is gray

Darjeeling, my painted dream  
You stop everything  
Darjeeling, darjeeling  
Dress yourself in me