

Nina Hynes, Zhivago Blue

Searching for the gold
Wrapped in silver
On a Rathmines road
Didn't mean to be bitter, didn't mean to be cold
Just missing the closeness of you
Sounds like such a cliché
But no-one can do what you do

Zhivago blue, to you I'm true
Zhivago blue, I'm coming to you
I put my foot on the accelerator
I'll see you soon and forget about later
Forget about later, forget about later

Coco without sugar, impersonal coffee
A refugee stare
Everyone's crazy, I'm going nowhere
Just missing the closeness of you
It sounds like such a cliché
But no-one can do what you do