

Ocean Colour Scene, On The Leyline, Waiting

We invent new words
Just, so that we can use them
There's shadows hanging over me now
It's on the leyline waiting

When the magic comes
And the shit subsides
Then you're on your way
And our ship sets sail
To the harbour cries
To the crossroads where

You make it sound so right
But for the kiss I'm missing
You're right it's hot and cold now
And that becomes our distance

When the magic comes
And the shit subsides
Then you're on your way
And our ship sets sails
To the harbour cries
On a leyline where

If I could find it in a shop
You know I'd have to buy it
Some people buy a church
But moribund will find them

When the magic comes
And the shit subsides
Then you're on your way
And our ship sets sail
To the harbour cries
To the crossroads where