

# Ozark Henry, Christine

we were white, conspicuously white  
and bare like a canvas, to take life  
from a brush that is paintless and dry  
we were arm, conspicuously arm  
and poor, too poor to get a life  
we got bored, we got blood on our hands  
Christine, though no one does, I care  
Christine

let's go out, if you want it all right  
you might get some air instead  
and belong to the world that we roam  
'cause tonight, as every odd night  
the sky and its stars are on our side  
there's a light shaping hope by design  
Christine, though no one does, I care  
Christine

I feel light, touristy light and sharp  
I absorb your colour life  
there's you, there's me, there's the night  
Christine  
live it up though