

Roddy Woombles, Every Line Of A Long Moment

Every early morning just to wake up and put coffee on the stove
The morning secret code
And every early morning when the night is always crueller than the day
I watched the sea turn from gold into

Every line of a long moment written down in my handwriting
It makes me feel free to do anything
As I look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic
Look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic

Every winter morning between clock hands than type out your day
And I become the only light that could ever reach you
And every early evening walking through fields that turn from green into grey
And you can only hear when I shout your name out

Every line of a long moment written down in my handwriting
It makes me feel free to do anything
As I look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic
As I look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic Ocean
Until it becomes a sea
Until the north seas waves they come to cover me

And I look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic
Look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic
Look out across the wall
Look out across the wall and into the Atlantic
Look out across the wall
Look out across the wall