

Silje Nergaard, Darkness Out Of Blue

Why did he have to make such darkness out of blue
Ok there's sadness in his life he didn't get to choose
Why did he needed to feel a reassuring hand
Before he seemed to understand
You stumble free... or let it be

Too late I saw my words were cutting him in two
Saw him clutching at the straws he couldn't bear to lose
He said that given time he knew it would come right
And how he longed for warmth and light
So he could see how things should be

Then my feet left the ground
And my words became a string of sounds
He gave me that old sad look and fell in line
And at this sign
Everything I'd said just slipped from my mind
'cause my feet left the ground
So glad once more it's me he'd found
Got rid of the dark and clung to the blue
What more could I do
Everyone knew that I was dreaming

He and I can stay in this tiny patch of blue
They are so close together colours that we use
I just needed to hear him say he understands
Before I dare to show my hand
And stumble free... or let it be

When my feet left he ground
All my words became a string sounds
He gave me that old sad look and fell in line
And at this sign
Everything I'd said just slipped from my mind
'cause my feet left the ground
So glad once more it's me he'd found
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