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

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All my words became a string sounds
He gave me that old sad look and fell in line
And at this sign
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