

Sun Kil Moon, Blue Orchids

The ancient streets so crowded and narrow
The winding stairs climb up, up high
The air tonight hangs sour and heavy
I'm dying up here love, lie with me lie

The view electrical and sprawling
The city lights move out and on and on
Out there in the halo of the skyline
My guardian angel looks down upon me

Fall tonight sweet Paris Rain
Shower me in her warm kisses

A burning star over long lost highways
My fallen love died so young
And all the gifts you gave I have them
And all your love I'm still holding onto

She rides the halo of the skyline
My fallen sister died so young
Our last goodbye I wanted to be there
To bathe the loss from your fading eyes

Close these sweeping long gray curtains
The dizzying spiraling heights

Soft light pours into the room
Fingers glide over my face
A voice speaks, a figure moves
How could I walk these old dim halls again
How could I leave this room all alone

When she comes by every morning
Brings back pink and pale blue orchids
When she comes by every afternoon
Piano music weeps quietly
As May melts into June
When she comes by every evening
Lays down beside me softly breathing