

The Be Good Tanyas, Broken Telephone

I'll be the wind in your leaves
The warmth of the sun
I'm always drawing your colours
I'm always tracing your footsteps

It's a hard world it's a cold world
I could never say what I mean
I went looking in all the wrong places
There's nothing wrong with you

Broken telephone
The lines are down
The wires no longer reaching
Connection's gone

Higher and higher
I am taken by what you've given to me
Higher and higher
I am taken by what you've given to me
What you've given to me

I'll be the wind in your leaves (repeat first verse)...

Broken telephone the lines are down
I throw myself at nothing
I throw myself at nothing
Higher and higher I am taken by
What you've given to me...