

Thea Gilmore, Let The Blue Sky In

Needle of the lonely truth
Guess it's up to us to choose
Just doing what we have to do
To let the blue sky in

And it's a game, everyone knows
Bombay gin and last year's clothes
Part of the grand plan, I suppose
To let the blue sky in
To let the blue sky in

Just try pushing me under
Try taking me to the brink
I'm a one hit wonder
You are softer than you think

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Final game for us to play
Is to cut the deck and make a train
From concert hall to cabaret
And let the blue sky in
And let the blue sky in