

Trembling Blue Stars, Moonlight On Snow

Wintertime is our time. The low sun flickering through railings.
Piccadilly and coffee cups. Looking through the eyes of love.
Wintertime is our time. Moonlight on snow. It's where we were born, it's home.
It's where we were born, it's home.

And now that you're finally in my arms to stay, there is no ache.
No longing, no sense of loss, when the cold air whispers all about us.
Of you of me, of us.

A bench by the channel. A cave by a castle.
Places we tried to say goodbye. Someone new to miss.
A tentative gift. The first butterflies, the first butterflies.

And now that you're finally in my arms to stay, there is no ache.
No longing, no sense of loss, when the cold air whispers all about us.
Of you of me, of us.

That promise I made, I was never going to keep it.
Wasn't there always hope? Or is that just me, rewriting history?
Is it easy to say that now, there's no taxi cab to bring us down?
Now that the time that's ours doesn't have to feel like it's running out.

And now that you're finally in my arms to stay, there is no ache.
No longing, no sense of loss, when the cold air whispers all about us.
Of you of me, of us.

Moonlight on snow.