

Turin Brakes, Blue Hour

Oh let the sun be done,
Let the air wash the city clean.
Oh let the blue hour come,
For everyone,
For everyone the sun.

Pace of this place slow down,
Suits throw your phones to the ground.
With blue in your lungs begun,
For everyone,
For everyone the sun.
We all need some.

Time to go fishing,
Reels screaming.
For all wear souls,
The endless song.
For everyone,
For everyone this song
We all need one