

# Umbrellas, Boston White

Dismantled notes just might strike me tonight.  
You're right, I just might explode in this silver moonlight.  
You're at the piano, your hands are on the key,  
Lifting and resting you make such beautiful sound.  
I lift the hair from your neck then, the trees flay in the wind  
And we dance beneath them.

So what about the defying afternoon when,  
When it's black and white and shadow filled rooms.  
I'm praying for a thunderstorm, something to keep me inside.

Notes bounce around in my light head.  
I'm floating high above your house, your tears have flooded it out.  
If only you could see the angel that I see,  
All dressed in white, the white dress like we use to light in disturbed.

So what about the defying afternoon when,  
When it's black and white and shadow filled rooms.  
I'm praying for a thunderstorm, something to keep me inside.  
We stay in harms way like a monster from my dreams.  
Cause I know it's the kind that does the breaking.  
The sea is white and immerse,  
The sweet notes take me away