

Anna Calvi, David Byrne, Strange Weather

She'll take you back, don't make believe
You wanna think it through
I've loved before, I'll love again
I know that yours was true

Wake up slowly, there are blue skies
Cutting white lines in black matter
I see them shining through your drunken eyes
Carving silver is strange weather

I'll meet a man, we'll make a home
And travel to the deep
Of further lines with hidden dreams
The broken hearted keep

Wake up slowly, there are blue skies
Cutting white lines in black matter
I see them shining through your drunken eyes
Carving silver is strange weather

She'll take you back, don't make believe
You wanna think it through
I've loved before, I'll love again
I know that yours was true

Wake up slowly, there are blue skies
Cutting white lines in black matter
I see them shining through your drunken eyes
They only want me in strange weather

In a small room, on a naked floor
With the blinded heart of black matter
I could hear you through the front door
Carving silver is strange weather

She'll take you back, don't make believe
You wanna think it through
I've loved before, I'll love again
I know that yours was true