Paolo Nutini, Northern Skies

I've have returned to the Northern Skies where the summer had knocked out the clouds that class above owh and I have returned to the somber greens of the days too early to come and too early to stay and I have left a million stars and a ocean so lightly, so clearly blue and I have left the warmth of the sun and a millions adventures not yet begun the great sense of passing through the great sense of passing through the great sense of passing through owh for once there was beauty, here for me under these white northern skies and I felt the green was blacker and the blue was darker still my roots are lying deeper then I ever think they will again heartache and poetry under these white northern skies the great sense of passing through the great sense of passing through the great sense of passing through