

Tracey Thorn, Here it comes again

Sometimes it's so close
Sometimes you almost can
Touch it with your fingers
And hold it in your hands
It shines like silver
It falls on you like rain
But you close your hands on air
And there it goes again
Your mother's blue
And your father too
It's in the family
So where does that leave you?
Your eyes are open
Your hands are bruised
Your wings are broken
So what is there to lose?
And the sun coming through the trees
Is much prettier than
The glare of the light on the sea
And the sun coming through the rain
Is more precious than gold
And here it comes again
Here it comes again
Here it comes again