

Bloom – The Paper Kites

In the morning when I wake
And the sun is coming through,
Oh, you fill my lungs with sweetness,
And you fill my head with you

Shall I write it in a letter?
Shall I try to get it down?
Oh, you fill my head with pieces
Of a song I can't get out

Can I be close to you?
Ooh-oo-oo-oooh, ooh
Can I be close to you?
Ooh, ooh

Can I take you to a moment
Where the fields are painted gold
And the trees are filled with memories
Of the feelings never told?

When the evening pulls the sun down,
And the day is almost through,
Oh, the whole world, it is sleeping,
But my world is you

Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)
Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)

whistling

Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)
Can I be close to you?
(Ah) ooh (aah), ooh (aah)

Can I be close to you?

Ooh, ooh



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych