

Time of the Blue

The Tallest Man On Earth

Wind in trust
Wind in sleep
Wind in knowing what thoughts to keep
It's not that damn impossible
Little wasteland farmer I get the job
They make it rain
But now I need your shadow friend
The pioneer would ask his kid
Are we clowns just running?
In your mind where you're always late
Because of dreams of no ordinary landscapes
And the 'why?' in the margin is true
It's where I fly
It's where I scribble that I love you
In the time of the blue Now, is it fear?
How does it ring?
How does it teach young birds to sing
And riot through the orchestra?
When is quiet coming? To our minds where we're always late
Because of dreams of no ordinary landscapes
And the 'why?' in the margin is true
Please don't doubt
I will get this and I love you
It's just the time of the blue
And in time we are only strays
From our birds and the rivers in our landscapes
And the flying in the margin is true
And in your shine
In the vastness of I love yous
There's no time of the blue

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>