

Blue Is The Ocean

Ben Weasel

The bells are tolling now. I walk behind the crowd. True, I wish that you could be with me. True, I miss the lips that once kissed me. Still the letters that I write over tea bring me close to you now - keep me happy when you're not around and I'm too wound up baby. The clock is striking one. The clouds still hide the sun. All the saints are filing past me now. I dream of magnificent things now. Still the letters that I send overseas bring me close to you now - keep me happy when you're not around and I'm too wound up baby. Blue is the ocean separating us; it's just enough to bring the bittersweetness to the top of the cup. I know blue is the ocean separating us; the two of us have given up pretending it won't matter. The bells are tolling now. The sun escapes the clouds. But still the letters that you've sent off to me bring me close to you now - keep me happy when you're not around and I'm too wound up baby. And I know blue is the ocean separating us; it's just enough to bring the bittersweetness to the top of the cup. I know blue is the ocean separating us; the two of us have given up pretending it won't matter.