

Rush of Blood

Bernard Fanning

This quiet resignation
In the corners of your eyes
Bleek and brutal sadness
Nobody could contrive
No ocean deep discussion
Could unravel or unwind

There's freedom to your movement
When the music hits its stride
So delicately cadenced
Self-evidently right
No cluster of sweet melody
Could dampen or outshine

In a rush of blood
I threw it all away
Oh Lord
What was I thinking of that day

Blackbird at your window (Blackbird)
Singing blue unto the day (New day)
By the time you turned to listen (Blackbird)
Sang and up and flew away (Flew away)
Love song of devotion (Love song)
So ever delicately played (Blackbird)
Could pretend to replace

In a rush of blood
I threw it all away
Oh Lord
What was I thinking of that day

Lingered long upon my lips
Then up and flew away (Blackbird)
Singing up a blue, blue day (Blue day)
She up and flew away (Blackbird)
Singing up a blue, blue day