

## First Thought

Mostly Autumn

So young  
And everything is big  
Staring out at the sky  
Some blue, some grey and silver  
First thought of it all

Spinning around  
Turning around

I'll hold on to you girl  
I'll hold on to you guys  
We'll see this together  
Never let go

Cold by the door  
Blows through the letter box  
So long ago

So cold  
I'm crawling out of the sea  
Small hands in the sand  
Some misty day in August  
So far from here

Spinning around  
Turning around

Cold by the door  
Blows through the letter box  
So long ago