

# Light At My Window

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

$\text{♩} = 100$   
A D/A D/A A A F#m

Light at my win-dow, warm in my bed. Sleep in my bo-dy,

B7 E E F#m A/E B/D#

dreams in my head. Black-birds are sing - ing, the scent of hot bread.

Bm/D A/E D/E A Fine

Day is not break-ing it's ma - king in - stead.

C#7 F#m E7

Some - times you feel like you're ri - ding the

A G D/F# F A/E

sky. There's laugh - ter and sun - light and you're fly - ing high. But

B7/D# A/E C#7/E# F#m

then the light's lost, and the mo - ment has died. Be - ing

D A D/E A D.S. al Fine

left in the sha-dows feels lone - ly in - side.

## LIGHT AT MY WINDOW

Light at my window, warm in my bed,  
sleep in my body, dreams in my head.  
Song of a blackbird, the scent of hot bread.  
Day is not breaking – it's making instead.

Outside the freshness of yesterday's rain.  
Click on my helmet, bike down the lane.  
The sun sends each leaf dancing silvery bright,  
I chase through a pattern of shadows and light.

*Sometimes you feel like you're riding the sky,  
There's laughter and sunlight and you're flying high.  
But then the light's lost, and the moment has died.  
Being left in the shadows feels lonely inside.*

School is the same, there are bad times and good.  
We learn and we listen but less than we should.  
The skies through the windows seem empty and grey.  
I look for the looks that will say I'm ok.

Out in the playground, we swing and we slide;  
in dens and in dungeons, we seek and we hide.  
In play and in laughter you're sometimes alone.  
The shadows grow longer; you long to go home.

*Sometimes you feel like you're riding the sky,  
There's laughter and sunlight and you're flying high.  
But then the light's lost, and the moment has died.  
Being left in the shadows feels lonely inside.*

I climb on my bike and I wave my goodbyes.  
I know they're my friends by the look in their eyes.  
The streetlamps turn on as the rain starts to fall.  
The scent of our garden, the same blackbird's call.

I think in my bed when I say my goodnight,  
When I draw the duvet around me so tight.  
Maybe night is the day in the absence of light?  
And black is not black but the absence of white?