

## Another Page

Tom Cochrane

I sit by my castles  
In the back of my chair  
Gazing into the dawn

I blackmailed my teachers  
For not living dispair  
When there was really  
Not much going on

I learnt how to cry at a very young age  
But still I will write another page

Good bye my friends hope you see light in the end  
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the end

They said listen  
But I could not hear  
With a million things on my mind

I envisioned prophets to save me from fear  
But those prophets they fell from the line

I stumbled on trappings so it seems  
But now I'm much older than my dreams

Good bye my friends hope you see light in the end  
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the end.