

## Daydreaming

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In my grey little town  
People walk here and there  
Missing buses and trains  
And loosing themselves  
Everything goes around  
Everything by the clock  
Exept one little girl  
Selling flowers on the square  
People say  
that she's mad  
I wouldn't say that  
And she skids  
on the waves of time  
Daydreaming  
Doesn't care  
if the sense of her life  
Is missing  
She's out of the game, they play  
'Cause prefers  
to dance in the rain  
In my grey little house  
Every day after day  
I have to hide my dreams  
Out of everyone's way  
But sometime it's so hard  
Not to hear what they say  
Then I think of that girl  
Selling flowers on square  
People say  
that she's mad  
I wouldn't say that  
And she skids  
on the waves of time...