

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...