

Tracers

Ash

It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning
It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning

Dreams They fade, disappear in the light They're lost when you open your eyes
She's somewhere out there Out of reach and out of sight

It's sweeter to stay true to what we knew and to live in the world without her
It's sweeter to stay true to what we knew and to live in the world without her

Dreams When you wake, disappear in the light They're lost when you open your eyes
She's somewhere out there Out of reach and out of sight

Somewhere out there Walking in this neighbourhood Leading our parallel, never-touching lives
Lives that seem as ephemeral and fleeting as our dreams

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