

That dripping faucet is killing me but i can't move. Im still a sleep and thinking of those dreamy hollow nights. Who were they to say what was wrong or right? We knew we had something then. What its like to be young. What its like to have something so strong. Go ahead and ask me how long I can keep this up. Oh yea h, I though forever. Divine was I inside and out. Imagination and creative wealth but all the time a stranger to myself. What its like to be young. What its like to have somethign so strong . So innocent, so confident, a sugar-coated essence kissed by a grain of salt. Regression to ignorance sounds like bliss to me but Im looking back. This time I'll find my own. I've played this tune so many times i know I'll find my way back home. Divine am I inside and out but all the time just a stranger to myself.