

Decades, light up even in your old age
Finds you even in your birdcage,
Breaking curfew like a child,

Her face lives in pictures of a lost age,
All that's precious to a hostage,
Oh, you're ailing but alive,

She waved goodbye,

But, the last you ever loved was the May of 45,
When everyone loved her, and ever the soldier,
Never stepped out of line,

Dream on, dreamer...

Die for, only medal worth the fight for,
Torch you carried through a world war,
Love's remaining out of time,

We cleared the skies,
But the last you heard her name was the May of 45,
When everyone called her, suffer enraptured,
Ringing in Auld Lang sine,

Dream on, dreamer...

Dream on - in time this carnival will fade,
Dreamer - under the shadow of the planes,

You pray old age won't dull her name