

If you're all that you're cracked up to be
Sylvia, come and sit with me and
Hold my hand, for comfort's sake
If who you are eventually is all that forms your destiny
If character equates to fate
Then I'm not great
But it's not in me to complain
Ooh

Oh girl in white, come close to me
Hold my hand, pass notes to me
Unquestioning, in dormitories
We string our beads
And fill our plates
The days repeat and play again

And time goes by so idly
Writing in your diary
And every line the same:
That "If this is life
Then why does it feel like I'm dreaming?"
Oh "If this is life
Then why does it feel like I'm far away?"
And ooh
And "If this is life
Then why does it feel like I'm dreaming?"
Oh "If this is life
Then why does it feel like I'm far away?"
And "If this is life
Then Sylvia!"

Arriving at the window like the milk, all dressed in white
Tell me what you are
And tell me if my character is fate
Do I confine myself til I find a way to dream us all awake?
It's weird
Sometimes, when I swear I don't remember how you came

Oh and girl in white
Just tell me if you think I'm dreaming
Oh if this is life
Then why does it feel like I'm far away?
Oh and this is life
But still it does feel like I'm dreaming
And if this is life
Then Sylvia!