

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!