Wanderin' through the back roads And the rain comes rushin' down To resolve your love For this man in his twenties

Am I right? Am I wrong? Or am I just dreaming?

Climbing up the backstairs
There's a chill wind in the air
I wrap up from the cold
Pull the blind in the window

Who was here? Was it you? Or am I just dreaming?

Look at all the lonely people Walking miles around the town I can see the old cathedral But I have to play it down

Boats along the river Setting up their sails And life carries on as normal Although you're not around

Waiting as the bus stop Laughing off the rain Shaking their umbrellas 'Till it starts again

Flowers in the water Floating off downstream Paper in the gutter Blowing in the breeze

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