

Pictures

Europe

I'm out here gently drifting
We get so lost in the past
Letting go of the future
Knowing yesterday won't last

So I'll cut the cable
The time is now we've made it safe so far
Escape into the light of the Moon
And the shooting stars
To where you are

The clock hands stall their ticking
Maybe the Universe is numb
Venus shining clear and pleasant
Among the mother's many Suns

So I'll make up stories
To put the darkness in disguise
Escape into the light of the Moon
And the shooting stars
To where you are

So I'll paint the picture
Watch the colours, as they slowly dry
Escape into the light of the Moon
And the shooting stars
To where you are