

Tangerine

Great White

Measuring a summer's day, I only finds it slips away to grey,

The hours, they bring me pain.

*Tangerine, Tangerine, Living reflection from a dream;

I was her love, she was my queen, And now a thousand years between.

Thinking how it used to be, Does she still remember times like these?

To think of us again? And I do.

* Chorus