

# Wish You Were Here

Gregorian

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So, so you think you can tell  
Heaven from Hell, blue skies from pain?  
Can you tell a green field  
from a cold steel rail?  
A smile from a veil?  
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade  
your heroes for ghosts?  
Hot ashes for trees?  
Hot air for a cool breeze?  
Cold comfort for change?  
And did you exchange a walk-on part  
in the war for a lead-role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.  
We're just two lost souls  
swimming in a fish bowl, year after year.  
Running over the same old ground.  
What have we found? The same old fears.  
Wish you were here.