

Dreaming

Mostly Autumn

Oh Lord, we were dreaming
And the sign at the side of the road pointed to Mars

I didn't understand the meaning of the words she spoke
Like a James Bond movie but it looked too real
Way above the mountains on a one-way ride
Looking for a reason well we won't go there, we won't go there

Now we're under the umbrella of a different sky
Where a new storm gathers with the stakes too high
But we're standing on the shoulders of a great empire
And we ain't so perfect but we won't go there, we won't go there, we won't go there

I don't wanna be where the buildings break
And the young bones shatter and the fireman's tears
I don't wanna watch but I can't look away, 'cos it could have been you and it could have been me
How can you fly when you've got no wings and there's no escape from the burning flames?
Oh Lord, it's falling down

I understand the meaning as Vesuvius blows
And the Romans staring at the white hot snow
Give or take a day before it all came down
Try to get inside their heads but it won't compute, won't compute

As you ramble down the streets of an old Pompeii
We couldn't help feeling that it shouldn't be here
Fifteen hundred years they were digging it up
With the seeds all growing and the golden sun, the golden sun, the golden sun

I don't wanna be where the buildings break
And the young bones shatter and the firemen die
I don't wanna watch but I can't look away, 'cos it could have been you and it could have been me
How can you fly when you've got no wings and there's no escape from the burning flames?
Oh Lord, it's falling down

Oh Lord, we were dreaming
And the sign at the side of the road is burning down, down

In the summer light
I saw your face
And the summer's born to live

Chasing all the faces in the Northern lights
In the shadow of a mountain and the giant ice
Well you could feel small but she's standing tall
As you throw imagination at the farthest star, the farthest star

How could we be broken when we're all made up
Of the finest dust of the Universe?
Glowing brightly in the presence of a newborn smile
It's a grand illumination you could never describe, never describe, never describe

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t could have been me
How can you fly when you've got no wings and there's no escape from the burn
ing flames?
Oh Lord, it's falling down

Oh Lord, we were dreaming
And there isn't a side of the road anymore
Did we drink too much wine, were we chipping away at the good will once left
to us many a day?
Carelessly drifting like leaves on the water, no rudder to steer us back hom
e

In the summer light I saw your smile
And the summer's born to live
Well you can't taste the wine
And you can't take my hand
'Cos the summer's gone to