

# 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

scribe

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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