

The color of an afternoon just like when you were 5 years old
The moon over the ocean I've seen from a island evening
Progression that starts to lose it's meaning
If we have spent most of a lifetime dreaming
Then dreaming is the state we shall keep
Stories of our solitude will sing themselves to sleep
And we will sing to everything the stories of where we have been
The history that's coursing through our veins
No, nothing factual is written on a page

So surely and so steadily
A slowly moving cloud will whisper "I am but for hours born to last"
Your sogging soaking future is my foggy fading past
And so now if you want to wish upon me, wish upon me fast
Whatever can be held in your heart is surely yours to grasp
So you wish for a picture of all of the people you have had the pleasure to know
Or a postcard from all of the places that you ever wanted to go
Saying "you are here now on this magical night"
The sun and sky at sunset, well, it's such a stunning sight
You can sleep safely and soundly and you are loved

And nothing ever does begin like nothing ever ends
Ask every atom in your body and they'll surely tell you
"friend, I am old as time and older still"
And you are made of everything you love, you feel, or kill
I will outlive you, and forgive you, and be just a baby still