

Am I ever going to wake?  
I'm still there on the switchback roads  
Up and up in the still of the afternoon  
Past trees and rocks and on up into the clouds  
Swirling, drifting, hiding everything  
Like the lies, like the lies I told you

And in the village square  
Gathered before the feast, all eyes to the South  
And suddenly the mist drew back and there it was  
Strogoula - King of Mountains  
Like the truth, immovable and all laid bare  
I turned around and saw you  
You were falling, falling, faster falling  
Tumbling rivers, broken bridges, down through canyons  
Falling, falling, rushing water, falling

You can't choose who you love  
No, no, no - you can't choose who you love  
But you should never be there silently denying your own heart  
As you listen and the cock crows once, twice, three times  
As the day breaks

So am I ever going to wake?  
From the smiling faces around the screaming child  
Who must be taught well and soon  
That love is hard and cruel  
And you only respect the things that you can't break  
For protection comes at a price that you must pay  
And pay and pay and pay  
And you can't choose who you love..

You can't choose who you love  
No explanation or reason can ever be enough  
But you should never be there silently denying your own heart  
As you listen and the cock crows once, twice, three times  
As the day breaks