

Wish You Were Here

Rasputina

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 y
ear

Running over the same old ground, how we found the same old fea
rs

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