

## I can't stand it

Robin Trower

think I've traveled here before  
And stood upon this velvet shore  
That looks out to the golden ship of reason

The man took to the gentle life  
The wind cried to the skies  
I felt that I would cry as I was leaving

Tomorrow is a step away  
Twice removed from yesterday's sadness  
Still I am a dream away  
Twice removed from yesterday's sweet madness

And in my dream I thought I heard  
The truth behind the spoken word  
I thought that I had something to believe in

But all too soon the dream was gone  
And in the dust that lingered on  
The tears that I'd she'd tried to free me

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Still I am a dream away  
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