

Wish You Were Here

Tangerine Dream

So, so you think you can tell
heaven from hell,
blue skys 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 heros 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 year,
running over the same old ground.
what have we found?
the same old fears.
wish you were here.