

Days

Television

Up on the high, high hills - with my floating friend -
Watchin' all the silver - no one can ever spend
I feel the touch of her hand and all it will erase;
These footprints I followed tho they followed my every pace -
Days, be more than all we have.
No matter how much I cross I always see the same stream.
I'm standing up on these bridges that are standing in a dream.