

Back to a Reason (Part II)

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Now that young girl, outside the store
Was trying to capture snow's magic
But each flake melted at her touch
Which her young mind found quite tragic
And while chasing an elusive snowflake
That was determined to reach the ground
She bumped into the businessman passing by
And nearly knocked him down
And thinking she was in trouble
The child quickly apologized
But the man was not accepting it
She could see it in his eyes
She explained she had been looking in the toy shop
That tomorrow would be christmas day
But the man muttered words she could not understand
So she searched for something else she could say
"do you have any children?" the child asked the man
"no," was his instant reply
And though he said it in his firmest voice
In his heart he knew he had lied
The girl was getting on his nerves
Which were already shot
Something about her bothered him
But he could not say quite what
Then he noticed the time was approaching midnight
What was she doing on the street?
When he asked the girl this question
The child seemed to retreat
She said she was staying with her parents
At the hotel, right next door
They were there for just this one night
In room twelve twenty-four
Then he said, "you best get back there
As quick as you can fly!"
And he watched as she ran all the way
Until she was safely back inside
Then he took several steps
In the direction towards his home
But then he hesitated
And took out his mobile phone
And called up the institution
Where he had left his son
To find out if he was still there and alive
Wondering if the past could be undone
The operator who answered, searched the computer
To see if the child had survived
And she was sincerely happy to tell him
"your son is no longer here, but he is still alive!"
Then the lady who was very kind
Said, "if you have a short while
I can give you all the information
That is here inside his file
I see that at the age of twelve
He had finally learned to walk
And could understand most things people said
But has never learned to talk
He's living uptown in the bronx

At a boarding house hotel"
And then the lady gave him the phone number
And hotel's address as well
And for the first time in many years
The man thought about his life
And all the things he had left behind
And, of course, he thought about his wife
And he wondered if she had lived
The things they might have done
But really most of all right now
He thought about his son
Time
Standing all alone
I bled for you
I wanted to
Each drop my own
Slowly they depart
But fall in vain
Like desert rain
And still they fall on and on and on
Got to get back to a reason
Got to get back to a reason i once knew
And this late in the seasons
One by one distractions fade from view
So
Drifting through the dark
The sympathy
Of night's mercy
Inside my heart
Is your life the same?
Do ghosts cry tears?
Do they feel years?
As time just goes on and on and on
Got to get back to a reason
Got to get back to a reason i once knew
And this late in the seasons
One by one distractions fade from view
I'm looking for you
I'm looking for i don't know what
I can't see there anymore
And all my time's been taken
Is this what it seems?
The lure of a dream
And i'm afraid to walk back through that door
To find that i've awakened
The night seems to care
The dreams in the air
The snow's coming down
It beckons me dare
It whispers, it hopes
It holds and confides
And offers a bridge
Across these divides
The parts of my life
I've tried to forget
It's gathered each piece
And carefully kept
Somewhere in the dark
Beyond all the cold
There is a child
That's part of my soul
Got to get back to a reason
Got to get back to a reason i once knew

And this late in the seasons
One by one distractions fade from view
The only reason i have left is
You