

# Childhood Dreams

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Late in summer Staring out the window Only seven Tell me what could she know  
The world would never understand But they don't see what she still can  
What does she see What does she know And must she ever just let go  
As childhood dreams Childhood dreams What is childhood Something we remember  
Rarely Barely Sometimes in Decembers But then it's known to catch our Eye  
And dare us all to Once more try And with a childhood faith believe And that magic  
to retrieve As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Childhood Childhood Childhood  
Childhood Childhood Childhood Dreams Softly Fading Tell me where the years go  
I am aging But she does not think so Her world of possibilities As far as childhood  
Eyes can see And must one day She just decide To step off of this Childhood ride  
As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Only seven as she Sits and wonders  
Late at night as The world it slumbers But suddenly inside the dark She sees the magic  
Of the sparks And so she knows She must go down To see this world That she has found  
As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood  
Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Dream  
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