

Silver Horse

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When I come in my dream to a house I've never seen before,
I have a tendency to look for the exit door.
Cause I never know it may be that house again,
I never know, I never know.

When I come in my mind to a stream that's running gently,
I have a tendency to run like a frightened deer.
Cause I never know it may take me to that ocean again,
I never know, I never know.

I usually stay away from being carried away,
But one day I saw a silver horse.
I thought he might take me to that somewhere high,
I thought he might take me to that deep blue sky.

I came to realize that the horse had no wings.
"No wings, well, it wasn't so bad, you know."

I learnt to travel the world around
And run on the ground in the morning.
And that's the story of a wandering soul,
A story of a dreamer.