

Where Your Mind Wants to Go

Blonde Redhead

If you had an hour
Would you find the flower?
Or a fruit that's sour?
If you had an hour

Time is what you needed
If I wake you, you might feel too light
Love is what you seeded
That's where your mind wants to go

Seeded to be weeded
By your quiet father
Or your doting mother

Everywhere you look for me
Clouded fields of misted stills
Everything falls in between
Are you not a dreamer?
Are you not a dreamer?

If you had the power
If I had the power
I would give you an hour

If it's not me or you, then why?

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