

Or So It Seems

Jackie Lomax

Fly high above the clouds
On the wings of a dream
I hear your whisper loud
Or so it seems

Down in the shadow land
Where the sun never beams
I touch your slender hand
Or so it seems

It seems as though the world is such a place
Where we will have to treasure every trace of grace we find
Behind the walls below the ceiling
And its all inclined to give me such a bad, bad feeling

Run through the meadow land
Through the fast-flowing streams
I feel you near at hand
Or so it seems