

So much difference now, the feeling's letting down.
I have a notion of where I am although I'm scared some
how.
Not just a dropping in, more a dropping out.
It fell so loud that I found out I always did without.
I dreamt nothing was wrong, everything just smiled.
In this worthwhile dream of mine a beauty place
combined.
I saw eagles fly, a grey sky open up,
a star explode and others float between the
mountaintops.
She said: 'That's another kind of magic, I swear,
things go smoothly'.

Now it's up to me.
Somewhere hid away there's a cure but I ain't sure
whether it's mine to pay.
Because all the time I tried to give my dreams a life.
Every time that I woke up I simply closed my eyes.

She said: 'That's another kind of magic,
I swear, things go smoothly'.
She said: 'Man I promise you it gets better we're
there...'

Futile dreams and reasons floating in the air.
I stay silent. And I gave up to try and walk on water.
For you,
for you, so smooth...

I feel weary now, shaky in the gut.
And what if I woke up and saw that dreams is all I got.
I guess I'd laugh at life, sneaky in the hand.
Because it's a bitch to find out things ain't going as
you planned.

But she said: 'That's another kind of magic,
I swear, things go smoothly.
She said: 'Man I promise its gets better, we're there.

She said: 'Are you willing to look the other way.
She said: 'Are you willing to take chances'.
I said: 'It's best if you just walk away'.
She said: 'Life is short and meaningless, unless you
make the best of it