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I open my eyes
Beautiful world
Rain from the sky
Eyes of a local man
I open my eyes
Beautiful world
Beauty at hand
Eyes of a local man
Nostalgia...
Heaven must be made of it
Sleep away the bad days of our lives
It's alright
Wake up on the right side of the bed
And watch the sunrise
Walk old familiar in the dark
In the city of change
When there's something strange in the neighbourhood
What feels right?
Nostalgia...
Heaven must be made of it
I had a heavy dream
It was such a feeling
You woke up, you woke up, you woke up
We never said goodbye
You woke up, you woke up, you woke up
Nostalgia...
Heaven must be made of it
Nostalgia...
Heaven must be made of it
Heaven must be made of it
Nostalgia...
Heaven must be made of it
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Heaven must be made of it