

Catch 22, Dripping Faucet

That dripping faucet is killing me but i can't move.
Im still asleep and thinking of those dreamy hollow nights.
Who were they to say what was wrong or right?
We knew we had something then. What its like to be young.
What its like to have something so strong.
Go ahead and ask me how long I can keep this up.
Oh yeah, I though forever. Divine was I inside and out.
Imagination and creative wealth
but all the time a stranger to myself.
What its like to be young.
What its like to have somethign so strong.
So innocent, so confident, a sugar-coated
essence kissed by a grain of salt.
Regression to ignorance sounds
like bliss to me but Im looking back.
This time I'll find my own.
I've played this tune so many times i know
I'll find my way back home.
Divine am I inside and out
but all the time just a stranger to myself.