

Lake Of Tears, Last Purple Sky

I like to watch things
like to watch things grow
and to take things slow

I like to take them in
with the starlight
and the moon on a cold night

Oh I'd like to see them stay

Like those days
when we must walk this world alone
As the purple sky turns grey
And the world grows cold

I like to watch them
like to watch them go
To where they are gone

I like to take them on
to take them all
And to make the small

Oh I'd like to see them stay

Like those days
when we must walk this world alone
As the purple sky turns grey
And the world grows cold

And the world grows like those days
when we must walk this world alone
As the purple sky turns grey
And the world grows cold