

Lisa Mitchell, Neopolitan Dreams

You'll go n Ill be okay,
I can dream the rest away
Its just a little touch of fate, it will be okay
It sure takes its precious time, but its got rights and so have I
I turn my head up to the sky
I focus one thought at a time
I do not let the little thieves under my tightly buttoned sleeves
You couldnt be alone, the time I feel like I am walking blind
I have no where Ill have time
There are no legible signs x2
I like the way that you talk,
I like the way that you walk.
Its hard to recreate such an individual game
You wait you turn in the queue,
You say your sorries and thank yous
I dont think youre ever
A hundred percent in the room
Youre not in the room x2
Deepest, of the dark nights
here lies, the highest of highs
Neopolitan Dreams, stretching out to the sea
You wait you turn in the queue,
You say your sorries and thank yous
I dont think youre ever
A hundred percent in the room
Youre not in the room x2