

Rebeca Lavelle, Sometimes

Sometimes at the edge of sight
Something moves which isn't there
You turn to look but its gone, it's gone
Was it ever really there
Yet it touches you
Softly touches you
And then begins again
That scent of roses
The sound of sea
A breath of wind on your face
They take you back
They take you there
To that place long ago
And you want so much
To hear those words
To feel that touch
But you can't go back
No you can't go back
Living in the moment
Is dangerous and blind
But if you look back, too many times
The shapes distort, and unwind
But they touched you
Softly touched you
And then it begins again
That scent of roses
The sound of the sea
A breath of wind on your face
They take you back
They take you there
To that place long ago
And you want so much
To hear those words
To feel that touch
But you can't go back
No you can't go back
Somtimes ...