

Spiritual Beggars, Past The Sound Of Whispers

Dream away got to dream away got to make my head breath
I can't sit here and moan got to grab my strings of hope try to make them shine
I'm sick and I'm tired I've found myself grown so old
And in my head its this noise think I'm gonna explode
And I sure want to Outside I see that snow has begun to fall
And it reminds me of you
And pass the sound of whispers
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones
Like a fairy She dance so cool on the edge
She knows me And I know her
She wants to show me But she just walks away