

The Luxury Liners, Dreaming

So here we stand
perched on a feather
and you hold my hand
as i climb another mile
On the tip of my tongue
i promise forever
but the words go unsung
as i sink into denial
Am i here or am i dreaming
is this real or am i dreaming
On the back of the plane
we plot out our future
with a map to the stars
and a promise to receive
So i follow your lead
but the vapor trail's fading
and we march toward the sun
to a place weve already been
Am i here or am i dreaming
is this real or am i dreaming