Trembling Blue Stars, Here All Day

Someone stop the hands of time every tick's a cruel blow.
I want a world that's hers and mine while the real one's put on hold.
I want to taste the freedom we will never know.

Someone stop the hands of time every tick's a cruel blow. I don't want to step outside into the night beyond the windows, I'm just not ready yet for the ice-cold air to bring it all home.

All I want is to be held and held some more and not let go, be told that all is well, that our racing hearts will cope. I want her to lie to meit's not as if I will not know.

All I want is to be held and held some more and not let go. The less I have to lose, it seems, the more I put her through. We go round in circles, and that is all we do; that there's nothing we can say, we don't let get in the way we go round in circles because we want to be here all day.