

# Abydos, Far Away From Heaven

I'm still searching  
Can 't define my religion  
On a Sunday , April the 21st  
I will understand that I've waited too long

All these little things  
I try to tell you in a song  
In Paris we can't meet for the show  
And my birthday present you will never know

Sometimes it's hard to explain  
These words for the end of the lane

So far away from heaven  
I'm standing here so far away  
you found the island to escape beside a tree  
dry my tears while you sleep

When your brother died 37 days ago  
I felt he took a part of you  
You where so afraid then to leave him alone  
In dreams he can reach for your hand  
You followed the way to the end

So far away from heaven  
I'm standing here so far away  
you found the island to escape beside a tree  
dry my tears

I'm so alone  
In this beautiful mind  
So anodyne  
These tears in my eyes  
Initial greatness  
And the spirit is gone  
Replaced by the burden  
Of a quite contrived version of what we call life  
but we have to carry on

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I'm standing here so far away  
you found the island to escape beside a tree  
dry my tears, dry my tears dry my tears

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dry my tears, while you sleep