

# Catherine Wheel, What We Want To Believe In

She was my sunlight  
She made my skin glow  
She had these bow legs  
I didn't want her to go  
Blue skies were turning red  
Learned my grade the hard way  
She loved me or so she said  
So I say  
We all believe  
What we want to believe in  
We like to dream  
What we want to believe in  
This is the real thing  
I stretched her dress tight  
I cut her hair low  
I made her speak right  
I didn't want her to go  
Grey skies beneath my feet  
I slipped on truth the hard way  
She preferred herself to me  
So I say  
We all believe  
What we want to believe in  
We like to dream  
And we want to believe it  
So we all believe  
What we want to believe in  
This is the real thing so dance  
Every woman and man  
In cloud cuckoo land