

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