

Gregorian, Wish You Were Here

Wish You Were Here

So, so you think you can tell
Heaven from Hell, blue skies from pale?
Can you tell a green field
from a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade
your heroes for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
Hot air for a cool breeze?
Cold comfort for change?
And did you exchange a walk-on part
in the war for a lead-role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls
swimming in a fish bowl, year after year.
Running over the same old ground.
What have we found? The same old fears.
Wish you were here.