

# Jackie Lomax, Or So It Seems

Fly high above the clouds  
On the wings of a dream  
I hear your whisper loud  
Or so it seems

Down in the shadow land  
Where the sun never beams  
I touch your slender hand  
Or so it seems

It seems as though the world is such a place  
Where we will have to treasure every trace of grace we find  
Behind the walls below the ceiling  
And it's all inclined to give me such a bad, bad feeling

Run through the meadow land  
Through the fast-flowing streams  
I feel you near at hand  
Or so it seems