

Man, The Welsh Connection

Lights out, standing at windows
Time to organize emotion again
Eyes closed, nights under street-lights
Turn them up, don't let them fade away.
Dream, dreaming the nights away
Dream, dreaming of golden days

Bright scenes trapped under stage light
What's your poison? Bet ya got one as well
Hold tight, wait till the time's right
Make your movie, turn us on to your dream
Dream, dreaming of better ways
Live, living for golden days.