

Ride, Like A Daydream

The way your hair hangs down it hides away your face
For you it's perfect when it seems like such a waste
And when I see you gliding past I make my plans
And then my plans slip through my fingers just like sand

I wish that life could be just like a photograph
One moment captured as you laugh your perfect laugh
But that's a daydream, things could never be so right
There's so much more to think about than black and white