

# The Army Of Freshmen, Crossing Over

I hear voices, people think I'm crazy  
they can talk but it doesn't really phase me  
late at night when the lights go down  
when I close my eyes I hear the sound  
of people I don't know, I have visions  
forced to watch and not make a decision  
I feel something come over me  
then what no one sees is clear to me

TELL HER I'M A FORTUNE TELLER  
AND I CAN SEE THE WORLD GO ROUND  
OVER, WHEN I'M CROSSING OVER, I WILL SEND A MESSAGE DOWN

I see the future in every hand that I hold  
I know you're gonna live to grow so old  
you'll be beautiful, strong and kind  
and I know in the end that you'll never be mine  
cause every night in my dreams it comes to me  
I can see my own death like a movie  
I'll be gone but I won't move on  
till I let you know that I still live on  
I live on and on, I live on and on

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I stand stationary, watch the world pass by  
every relative grieve by a graveside  
every sympathy, words of regret  
for a life that hasn't even got started yet  
I feel the pain of people as they let go  
I have to live knowing what they don't know  
the only answer to the question why  
is that no one really dies it's just a long goodbye

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