

Dazed

Mama came down from the mountain
music playing in her veins
But mama don't dance, and papa don't as the same
But the freedom of the wind coming through her hair
she curled up right, and god knows what happened but it sure did turn out
right

settled down, its black or white
Im moving fast its not alright but
but I move to the way of love
if it finds me

the day that she let it all surround her
moments really do come true
this one came and everything started new
She walked in with the daylight in her eyes
she smiled soft, the wind it blew and all she did was talk

in my dream she tells me stories
this is mine she is my portrait
i move to the way of love, never finds me

searching all night, i wander through the dazed light
im the wrong guy the wrong time

well papa climbed up on the mountains
searching for something new
all he found was fresh air still and true
when the wind came, it knocked him to his knees
he lived in shame the world he knew he played it like a game
sitting on the steps of glory
you find a moment to make a story
i live in a dream you see, its not my time

dazed coming home on the train tonight
music playing in my ears
what the daylight was, it has no place in here
and the detour the was planted in my brain
it never stops comes and goes but never wants to talk

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