

If I don't have to ride your rollercoaster anymore
Then I won't wait in line like all the other poor souls
Waiting just to be told that your ride's oversold
And I don't have to worry about that anymore

But still I happen to know
That when the lights get low
The places that the mind goes

If I don't hear your voice back on the telephone
If I don't read your name on any letter I open
Well I still keep on hoping
With every door as it opens you'll be standing on the other side

Well experience shows
That when the lights get low
The places that the mind goes

Why guess
Why look
Why ask
When still you do the same
Cross out
Stars crossing once again
Who's star to blame

Yes I happen to know
Places that the mind goes

If I dissolve by two would you agree with me at all
Mark it in your blueprints on the cutting room floor
Making changes as you go, they're almost ready to show
I don't have to worry about you anymore

But I happen to know
That when the lights get low
Yes I happen to know
That when the lights get low
The places that the mind goes