

Lucid

Broadside

I can't sleep beneath the open window in my room
Cause part of me still somehow thinks
That you'll come climbing through
And I believe in all the ghosts I'm still seeing of you
But they tend to be just empty sheets
And a pair of lonely shoes

It's raining
In my bed
Been darkest
Since you left
I'm free-falling through these thoughts that often cloud my head

Maybe I'll see you
In a lucid dream
In a rose red tower where the gold roads lead
Oh oh oh oh
Let me believe
Shooting stars ain't falling

Maybe I'll see you
Where the giants sleep
In a treetop house where you're making tea
Oh oh oh let me believe
That there's a you and me somewhere living happily

I tried hard to pull you back
To bring you down to earth
Too many times you said I promised
Things I've never heard
You're always waking on air
When we're drowning in problems
I'm shooting flares but
You never really saw them
I can't be real with you when you're not realistic
I'm keeping grounded
But you say I'm pessimistic

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