

Days of yellow saffron.
Nights with purple skies.
Melting in the sunbeams
From my maker's eyes.

Mountain-colored lilac
In the distant haze.
I would like to lie here,
Timing all my days

Move past my window,
Sunshine is shimmering
Jack-o-lanterns glimmering,
Giant moths are flickering around.

See, the moon is hiding
Underneath the sea.
Pretty soon he'll venture
To take a look at me.

So I humbly stand here
Beneath his golden glow.
Doesn't he remind me
Of somebody I know?

I must be leaving,
Back to reality.
Don't you just pity me?
I could so easily stay here.