

Mirages

Marillion

Absence makes the heart go mad
All the solid things become mirages
The certain things
Sand running in the hour glass
Running away
I scream along the ledge
As the windows back and close
I run around try to prove the sunrise
I believe in belief
But it's proof I need
Can you show me it's me
Can you show me it's me

Travelling makes the mind go vague
All the special faces fade away
Spinning like a heat haze
Shimmering

Please send Polaroids
Or an ear in the post
A map to the treasure
A key to the closed
I need you like hell
Can you help me again
Can you show me it's me
Can you show me it's me

I run dry
I run out
I run cold
I need help
Trying to prove the sunrise
Trying to prove the tides
Trying to prove the blue moon sky
And is it you?
Is it you?