

Am I ever going to wake?
I'm still there on the switchback roads
Up and up in the still of the afternoon
Past trees and rocks and on up into the clouds
Swirling, drifting, hiding everything
Like the lies, like the lies I told you

And in the village square
Gathered before the feast, all eyes to the South
And suddenly the mist drew back and there it was
Strogoula - King of Mountains
Like the truth, immovable and all laid bare
I turned around and saw you
You were falling, falling, faster falling
Tumbling rivers, broken bridges, down through canyons
Falling, falling, rushing water, falling

You can't choose who you love
No, no, no - you can't choose who you love
But you should never be there silently denying your own heart
As you listen and the cock crows once, twice, three times
As the day breaks

So am I ever going to wake?
From the smiling faces around the screaming child
Who must be taught well and soon
That love is hard and cruel
And you only respect the things that you can't break
For protection comes at a price that you must pay
And pay and pay and pay
And you can't choose who you love..

You can't choose who you love
No explanation or reason can ever be enough
But you should never be there silently denying your own heart
As you listen and the cock crows once, twice, three times
As the day breaks