

I can't stand it

Robin Trower

think I've traveled here before
And stood upon this velvet shore
That looks out to the golden ship of reason

The man took to the gentle life
The wind cried to the skies
I felt that I would cry as I was leaving

Tomorrow is a step away
Twice removed from yesterday's sadness
Still I am a dream away
Twice removed from yesterday's sweet madness

And in my dream I thought I heard
The truth behind the spoken word
I thought that I had something to believe in

But all too soon the dream was gone
And in the dust that lingered on
The tears that I'd she'd tried to free me

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Still I am a dream away
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I think I've traveled here before
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