

If it was only in our heads, only in our dreams
Nothing we ever spoke of, nothing evergreen
You know I dreamed we were hunted by lions, thirsting for red
So we hid out in the brambles, played like we were dead
Never terrified of what that might mean

Why is it clinging to life, this longing that should now be dead?

Why do I need you, feelin' your claws in my back?
I got a few ideas, and an image of you in my bed

If it was only a mirage, a hopeless scene
Nothing close to water, nothing so serene
You know I dreamed we were walking a wire across a ravine
Locked in on each other, then I hear you scream
But I never saw you open your mouth

Why is it clinging to life, this longing that should now be dead?

Why do I need you, feelin' your claws in my back?
I got a few ideas, and an image of you in my bed

If it was only for the foolish, decision to careen
Nothing that you walk from, nothing so clean
You know I dreamed of the end of the world, that old nightmare routine
I found you in a closet with you mother's old tureen
You said here's one fear I had not confirmed

Why is it clinging to life, this longing that should now be dead?

Why do I need you, feelin' your claws in my back?
I got a few ideas, and an image of you in my bed
I got two ideas, and an image of your claws in my back