

# Cinnamon

Tamino

Hold on to my dreams and I'll come find them in your room  
I reach out in thought, expect you working on a tune  
But you're tending to some flowers that have long ceased to bloom  
The fresh smell of cinnamon enlightens all the gloom  
Is that what you hang on to?

Hold on to my memories and write 'em down for me  
You might find a friend in your neglected history  
And one day you might wanna dwell on all the distant years  
The steady smell of cinnamon can't make them disappear  
Or is that what you were hoping for?

Another dreamless night  
Fixing you up  
Your favourite lullaby  
Silence

Hold on to my words and I'll come place them on your tongue  
The reason you recall them is 'cause you knew them all along  
Though somehow when you speak them now they sound all wrong  
The sun shines on the cinnamon floating from the bong  
Is that what it has come to?

Another dreamless day  
Passing you by  
Strolling your time away  
Blind eyed

Another dreamless daze  
I'm right behind  
Ready for when you wake  
I'm too kind  
Just too kind