

## Wish You Were Here

Tangerine Dream

So, so you think you can tell  
heaven from hell,  
blue skys from pain.  
can you tell a green field  
from a cold steel rail?  
a smile from a veil?  
do you think you can tell?  
And did they get you to trade  
your heros for ghosts?  
hot ashes for trees?  
hot air for a cool breeze?  
cold comfort for change?  
and did you exchange  
a walk on part in the war  
for a lead role in a cage?  
How i wish, how i wish you were here.  
we're just two lost souls  
swimming in a fish bowl,  
year after year,  
running over the same old ground.  
what have we found?  
the same old fears.  
wish you were here.