

Fishbulb

The Ergs!

I know the pain
I know the panic
The emotional plane is hyperkinetic
When your father died and went to a better place
It existed inside your inner space

The dreams I've had
The open fields
The friendly kiss so natural
You've given me faith now I see everything as real
Then I wake up

Those Latin globes behind soft hands
Like satin robes and Iberian sands
One more missed chance as I talk to her
It's lost, why bother!?!