

Another Page

Tom Cochrane

I sit by my castles
In the back of my chair
Gazing into the dawn

I blackmailed my teachers
For not living dispair
When there was really
Not much going on

I learnt how to cry at a very young age
But still I will write another page

Good bye my friends hope you see light in the end
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the end

They said listen
But I could not hear
With a million things on my mind

I envisioned prophets to save me from fear
But those prophets they fell from the line

I stumbled on trappings so it seems
But now I'm much older than my dreams

Good bye my friends hope you see light in the end
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the end.