

Childhood Dreams

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Late in summer Staring out the window Only seven Tell me what could she know
The world would never understand But they don't see what she still can
What does she see What does she know And must she ever just let go
As childhood dreams Childhood dreams What is childhood Something we remember
Rarely Barely Sometimes in Decembers But then it's known to catch our Eye
And dare us all to Once more try And with a childhood faith believe And that magic
to retrieve As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Childhood Childhood Childhood
Childhood Childhood Childhood Dreams Softly Fading Tell me where the years go
I am aging But she does not think so Her world of possibilities As far as childhood
Eyes can see And must one day She just decide To step off of this Childhood ride
As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Only seven as she Sits and wonders
Late at night as The world it slumbers But suddenly inside the dark She sees
the magic Of the sparks And so she knows She must go down To see this world
That she has found As childhood dreams Childhood dreams Childhood Childhood
Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Childhood Dream
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