

Rise above

You left me in the morning
with the silver curtains drawn
you left me without warning
in the middle of our dawn

I'm standing at the station
and the wind is blowing cold
you're stealing our salvation
and you know I'm growing old

I wanna rise above the life
in this dump of refuse
I wanna leave behind the waste
and the crap I can't use

The parking lot lies bleeding
and the rain is pouring down
the summer night is feeding
lotsa dreams to mock this clown

The diamond dust of plastic
is a cheating to this child
and dreams are still fantastic
to those who are young and wild

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