

LISA

Lisa dreams of running away to a different world.
She somehow dies every day.
And while she looks in the candlelight
that burns, just burns,
She dreams of fading away.
She somehow feels oh so different,
suddenly feels fear no more.
Doesn't want to just creep in dust, f
or she has just found out, how to get away.

Refrain:

But time will tell the story of a strange girl,
no thought of a real escape.

Top of house high above the path,
that your feet won't touch,
somehow feels a strange place to be.
Strange to just fly, being oh so high,
high above each thought
of those other strange ways to be.

Refrain

*1987
(26.07.)*