

The Lost Girl In the Midnight Sun

The Lilac Time

Spanish is the loving tongue
The lost girl in the midnight sun
Is lost and young
She comes as if from a dream
And asks me what does living mean
I'm lost? I'm lost We build in sand before the tide
I understand that we can't hide The revenge of suburban spite
They turn their backs upon the light
They're wrong they're wrong
The narrow minded who cannot learn
From bearded boys and lank haired girls
Who were right. Right on-In the hours of idle dreaming
Ten gold leaves my blood is bleeding
We build in sand before the tide
I understand that we can't hide
And try to hide that we don't understand

Songwriters

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