

Tracers

Postdata

It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning
It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning Dreams
They fade, disappear in the light
They're lost when you open your eyes
She's somewhere out there
Out of reach and out of sight It's sweeter to stay true to what we knew and to live in the world without her
It's sweeter to stay true to what we knew and to live in the world without her Dreams
When you wake, disappear in the light
They're lost when you open your eyes
She's somewhere out there
Out of reach and out of sight Somewhere out there
Walking round this neighbourhood
Leading parallel, never-touching lives
Lives that seem as ephemeral and fleeting as our dreams Dreams
They fade, disappear in the light
They're lost when you open your eyes
She's somewhere out there
Out of reach and out of sight It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning
It's better to have sweet dreams about her and forget it all in the morning

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