

# Laura II

## Fields of the Nephilim

You know the feeling of something half remembered  
Of something that never happened, yet you recall it well  
You know the feeling of recognizing someone  
That you've never met as far as you could tell, well Laura is the face in the misty light  
Footsteps that you hear down the hall  
The laugh that floats on a summer night  
That you can never quite recall  
And you see Laura on the train that is passing through  
Those eyes, how familiar they seem  
She gave your very first kiss to you  
That was Laura but she's only a dream

Songwriters

DAVID RAKSIN Published by

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