

# The Future

[Martijn ten Velden](#)

Summer in San Francisco  
Kissing chlorine in the swimming pool  
Out of fuel at the Phoenix motel  
I slept alone again that night  
And sweet dreams of Mother Ireland  
And Father Albion  
Sweet dream  
That you'll come near, I see my future clear  
And the threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over, carrying you over  
You come near, I see my future clear  
And the threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over, carrying you over  
Into the hallway of our new home  
Chaos outside  
But I've got your back  
We've got our own paradise

And we are private worlds away from  
Public eyes  
I say I love you more than my life  
Truth completely  
You come near, I see my future clear  
And the threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over, carrying you over  
You come near, I see my future clear  
And the threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over, carrying me over  
Into the best days of the rest days of our lives  
Into the future  
Carrying you over, carrying you over  
Into the future  
Carrying me over

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