The Symphony

KB Project

Wooden floors, wooden floors whisper
And they creak under your sockless feet
A secret door, a door undiscovered
You knock so gently in case you're heard
A record plays a song that you've not heard
It is perfect, it is home
Everything, now everything's different
It is sweeter on your tongue
Cause you can see the road ahead in your dream
And the engine's more a sigh than a scream
And your ghosts look more like angels from there
And the coast comes like a raft of warm air
A symphony, slow music of longing

Plays in movements inside your head
There are no ghosts, no ghosts that can shake you
Like they used to, anymore
Cause you can see the road ahead in your dream
And the engine's more a sigh than a scream
And your ghosts look more like angels from there
And the coast comes like a raft of warm air
You can see the road ahead in your dream
And the engine's more a sigh than a scream
And your ghosts look more like angels from there
And the coast comes like a raft of warm air
If this is all you ever asked for
Then this is all you'll get

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