

Lydia

Jamestown, The First Town in America

I caught your perfect smile
As I watched you sleep
I saw your beautiful soul
When I felt your heart beat
Your body small your spirit deep
What might have been
Just makes me weep
Lydia
Where have you been?
Dreams of you
Washed up again
It's the perfect time of day
To be thinking of you
The sun's going down
And the sky's still blue
When you're looking down
Do you approve?
'Cause life downstairs
Gets hard on you
Lydia
Where have you been?
Dreams of you
Washed up again
Will you be gone forever?
Where do I begin
Your face in the moon
Reminds me
I will see you again

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