

Afterword

Wyoming

made-up lives which I'm stuck in
change unperceived from scene to scene
this is my final curtain call
haven't noticed all my curtains fallmade-up lives which I'm stuck in
change unperceived from scene to scene
I wave and bow to them and pray
that their applause won't fade awayI watched them pass
man by man
seated in the front rowI watched them pass
man by man
possibly they'll never knowthat I have seen the end
oh I won't tell a friend
the secret's in the sand
that's running through my handmade-up lives which I'm stuck in
will disappear when I'm free from sin
take me to the sea at last
away from future and the pastpressure is a precious word
said the versed boy to the chorus girlpressure is a precious word
said the versed boy to the chorus girlI watched them pass
man by man
seated in the front rowI watched them pass
man by man
possibly they'll never knowthat I have seen the end
oh I won't tell a friend
the secret's in the sand
that's running through my handthe moonlight will reveal
that this is just an act
other lives remain unreal
until I learn how to forgettake me to the sea
take me away
take me to the sea
where I have seen the end

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