Another Page

Tom Cochrane

I sit by my castles
In the back of my chair
Gazing into the dawnI blackmailed my teachers
For not living dispair
When there was really
Not much going onI learnt how to cry at a very young age
But still I will write another pageGood bye my friends hope you see light in the end
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the endThey said listen
But I could not hear
With a million things on my mindI envisioned prophets to save me from fear
But those prophets they fell from the lineI stumbled on trappings so it seems
But now I'm much older than my dreamsGood bye my friends hope you see light in the end
Good bye my friends hope you see truth in the end.

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