

Neopolitan Dreams

Lisa Mitchell

You go and I'll be okay
I can dream the rest away
It's just a little touch of fate
It'll be okay

I turn my head up to the sky
Focus on one thought at a time
I do not let the little thieves
Under my tightly buttoned sleeves

It couldn't be a longer time
I feel like I am walking blind
I have no idle time
There are no legible signs
There are no legible signs

I like the way that you walk
I like the way that you talk
It's hard to recreate such an individual gait
You wait you turn in the queue
You say your sorrys and thank yous
I don't think you're ever a hundred percent in the room
You're not in the room
No, you're not in the room

Deepest of the dark nights
Here lies the highest of highs
Neopolitan dreams
Stretching out to the sea

You wait your turn queue
You say your sorrys and thank yous
I don't think you're ever a hundred percent in the room
You're not in the room
No, you're not in the room