

Dream a Little Sole Dream of Me

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I think of you...dream of you... Back
*in the world...*on the other side.

It is day time where you are...
And night time where I am

If you looked down, 8,000 miles, with X-ray blue eyes.
you would think the string of flares firing the low clouds
meant I am in upside down hell...

You would be right

I 'see' you walking...and I take a step... my soles against yours...the pressure inviting.

Silly...but somehow comforting... This nightmare's game of you

One hundred an a wake up.