

Bedlight For Blueeyes "Broken Door"

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It's raining tonight, and the smell of the breeze through
my window,

it reminds me of when I was a child.

And my mind drifts away, I close my eyes, it's like I'm
almost there.

Things felt like magic then. And I think to myself...

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

It was simple back then, looking out of this same
window,

back when I was a child.

Before my friends passed away, before my trust had to
be earned,

and that first drink that lasted ten years.

And I think to myself...

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

Summer day's lying in the grass, the world seemed
bigger then.

I could never find a word for that feeling, until she told
me her name.

It's what perfect means to me.

She smiled at me last night, rubbing her finger in the
palm of her hand.

That's when I knew I was dreaming. I can't dream
anymore.

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.

If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at
23.

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