

## **Kaledon**

### **"Michael"**

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Michael remembers the books and the beds  
And the petrol rainbows on the ground  
He wants to go back and be someone again  
Making a noise in those towns

Michael was lying awake every night  
Wanting to be somewhere else  
But the morning would come and the dream  
disappeared  
Lost in the dust on the shelves

We're all reaching out for angels  
And they are reaching out for us  
But it's hard to see them  
It's hard for them to see us

Michael believes in life after death  
He's saving some dreams for himself  
But the morning still comes and the dreams disappear  
Lost in the dust on his shelves

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