

Kaleidoscope **"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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