

Radical Face

"Doorways"

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When I was just a boy still owl-eyed
I liked to drink the rain to taste the sky
I tried to count the stars while in my bed
To keep the thoughts of monsters from my head

And I believed the stars were wishes
I believed the world was good
I believed things hid in the dark

And that all would turn out
Just how it should
I believed in all your stories
I believed you'd never lie
I believed if I could climb
The trees behind the house
I'd touch the sky
I believed the skies were doorways home

Submitter's comments:Â

video added by Sophia_Belik 5/12/2012

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