Chris Connely
"Too Good To Be True"

the moment explodes every evening
a fountain of flames melt the way
here she comes now collectin predictions
a waking eclipse with nothing to say
a paper-thin prayer will herald the morning
sent up in a scare you held in you sleep
it burns in the sun before we could see it
a waking emission that no one could keep
past came to life flew away and died
makes you wonder why that's in a daydream
dropped to the ground made an empty sound
bled til the world came back to me
too good to be true
{gotta be..}
I tried to make sense of seclusion
a million to one in the rain
a thorn in the side of my sanity
silence a background of disdain
who in the world will comfort disaster?
what in the world will save me tonight?
look at the stains that cover the ocean
look at the daydreams burning in flight
say it isn't ture what I said to you
I could never breathe for fear of waking
look at the signs every one of mine
never any time waiting for me
too good to be true
{gotta be..}