

America

"On the Way Home"

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(originally by Neil Young)
When the dream came
I held my breath with my eyes closed
I went insane
Like a smoke ring day when the wind blows
Now I won't be back till later on
If I do come back at all
But you know me, and I miss you now
In a strange game
I saw myself as you knew me
When the change came
And you had a chance to see through me
Though the other side is just the same
You can tell my dream is real
Because I love you, can you see me now
Though we rush ahead to save our time
We are only what we feel
And I love you, can you feel it now

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