

Trans Siberian Orchestra "Childhood Dreams"

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Late in summer staring out the window
Only seven, tell me what could she know
The world would never understand
But they don't see what she still can
What does she see, what does she know?
And must she ever just let go

As childhood dreams, childhood dreams

What is childhood? Something we remember
Rarely, barely sometimes in Decembers
But then it's known to catch our eye
And dare us all to once more try
And with a childhood faith believe
And that magic to retrieve

As childhood dreams, childhood dreams

Childhood, childhood
Childhood, childhood, childhood
Childhood, childhood, childhood
Childhood, childhood dreams

Softly fading, tell me where the years go
I am aging but she does not think so
Her world of possibilities
As far as childhood eyes can see
And must one day she just decide
To step off of this childhood ride

As childhood dreams, childhood dreams

Only seven, as she sits and wonders
Late at night as the world, it slumbers
But suddenly inside the dark
She sees the magic of the sparks
And so she knows she must go down
To see this world that she has found

As childhood dreams, childhood dreams

Childhood, childhood

Childhood, childhood, childhood
Childhood, childhood, childhood
Childhood, childhood dreams

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