

Why am I going down this road of audio?
It's a sleeping vision of contented paradise
Finding myself has been a torturous rodeo
Forever has been two...Now I've said it thrice

What's old is new and...You know the rest
You know me well, so you could have guessed
That I feel somewhat different...
...yet I'm still the same
Being a King is always grand
It's the tiny castle that's such a shame

What I talk about it so exciting
But it's just talking all the same

You've filled my balloon before
I look to you to fill it again
You haven't changed all this time
That I see you different now is a vision that's all mine