

THE PEPPER POTS

TRAIN TO YOUR LOVER

Dreams Of Coming Back

There is an old woman
Sitting in front of the window,
She's absorbed in her own thoughts
Wondering if her life could be better

Cause she don't want to understand (no more thinking)
That it's too late to find her man,
Every day she dreams of coming back (to her sweet youth)
Now, she remembers the things (please! no more thinking)
That's why she never opened her wings
Every day she dreams of coming back (to her sweet youth)

She's trapped with a lot of sad pain
Just looking through the window (she sees a light rain falling)
Her soul and sky come together and begins to cry.

Cause she don't want to understand(no more crying)
That it's too late to find her man,
Every day she dreams of coming back (to her sweet youth)
Now, she remembers the things(please! no more crying)
That's why she never opened her wings
Every day she dreams of coming back (to her sweet youth)