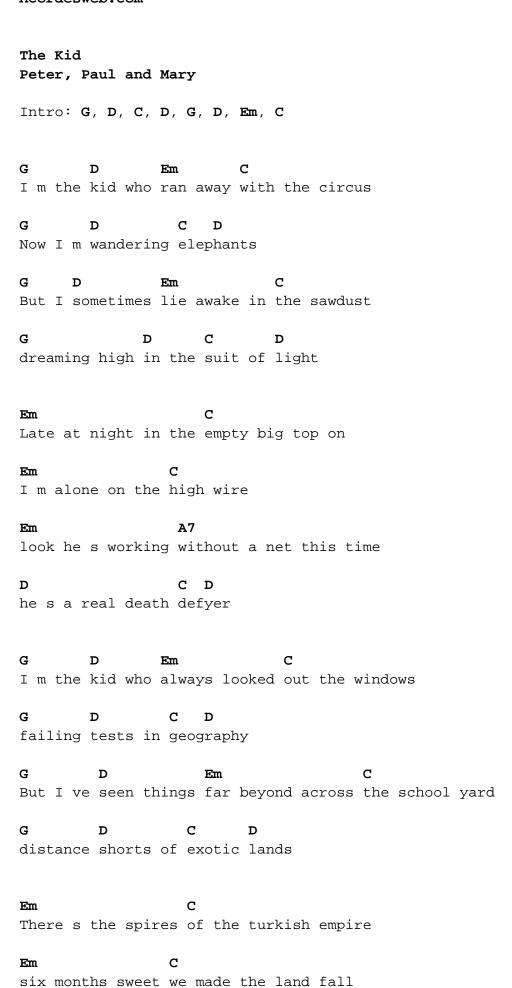
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Em A7
riding low with the spices of India
<b>C D</b> Through Japan were rich in all
G D Em C I m the kid who who thought we d someday be lovers
G D C D always held out that the time we tell
<b>G D Em C</b> time was talking guess, I wasn t listening
G D C D  No surprise if you know me well
<b>Em C</b> as we are walking through toward the train station
Em C there s a whispering rainfall
Em A7 across the boulevard you slip your hand in mine
D C D in the distance the train calls
G D Em C I m the kid who has the habit of dreaming
G D C D Sometimes gets me in trouble too
G D Em C But the truth is I could stop no more from dreaming
G D C D then I could make them all come true