To Pan  
          &  
               Her.

For the first time since the last time; my mind was elastic.  
          I played a game with my shadow.  
          Again, he could move on his own.

We floated cross the prairie, through the valley, over rooftops.  
          It was grand and it was ours.  
          We could see (all) the silly things.

The places we would find.  
                     We always let go.  
                                 Why did I let go?

Look the party’s started and they’re pouring out the forest,   
          and the window; caves and the sea.  
          Swayed with the pulse; we were lost in the beat.

I fell down through the ceiling with my feet at the head.  
          So I said it was a dream…  
          Aren’t they all pretend?