

Wonderlands

When I was a little child
and looked up to the starry sky,
my heart was beating oh so wild,
I would give a yearning sigh.
Enchanted by the wondrous sight
of the bright lights in the night.
Reaching out with a tiny hand
trying to touch the wonderland.

As I grew older and I learned
'bout the heavens' mysteries,
my heart even stronger yearned,
reaching out to galaxies.
Despite the planets, suns and clouds,
everything I learned about,
the dream was always kept alive:
one day to the stars I'll drive.

When my life comes to an end
there will be no fear in me.
Listen now, my dear old friend,
listen to me carefully.
When we leave this earthly place,
we will travel time and space,
reach out with our weary eyes,
dancing through the starry skies.

Reach out with our tiny hands,
we will enter wonderlands.