

Measuring a summer's day, I only finds it slips away to grey  
The hours, they bring me pain

Tangerine, Tangerine, Living reflection from a dream  
I was her love, she was my queen, And now a thousand years between

Thinking how it used to be, Does she still remember times like these?  
To think of us again? And I do

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I was her love, she was my queen, And now a thousand years between