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Another World

Reference number PT0744

SARA

It's like another world, a world above it all.
It's closer to the sun, she sleeps just down the hall.
It's like another world, as quiet as you please.
Those clouds might carry us, let's catch one in the trees.
It's like another world, where we can always be... at ease.

The rooftops are a moor that runs for miles.
And no-one's really sure what lies beneath the tiles.
The doves are ponies here they're waiting just outside.
They're from another world, hop on and have a ride.

Those chimneys over there are huge cigars.
They puff into the air the sun and moon and stars.
It's like another world and when the sun is faint
the fac'tries shiver in their shabby coats of paint.

And when it rains
the little raindrops take such pains
to pitter patter something awfully nice,
all laughing matters are repeated twice.
And when it's done
sometimes a rainbow starts towards the sun.
It climbs up onto that cathedral dome.
And heads for home!

It's like another world, a nurs'ry rhyme.
A dream that comes unfurled a little at a time.
It's like another world but under one big sky.
Somewhere Papa can see the sun that shines on me,
and from another world he'll come for me
but by and by.

(Dialogue)

I'm from another world, this attic isn't mine.
However close the sun, she doesn't want to shine.
It's like another world, and even if I pray,
Those clouds will never come to carry me away.
I dream another world, but dreams don't last the day.
I love another world, but be that as it May, 14 I fear this attic world
may be the world where I shall stay.