All the Best Dreams

Codeseven

Just close your eyes to erase all the best dreams
and this quiet refrain is never what it seems
it's five a.m. in a counterfeit sleep
I can't believe that I'm still counting sheep
with her mind full blown edged in bright warning red
with voices in her headI am close to it now to remembering
all these dark desert clouds and how the torrent stream
flooded our heels with a water so deep
I can't believe that you still fell asleep
with a mind full blown etched in light morning red
with all that we have said
you passed out cold on the deep waters edge
you must have bumped your headDon't be afraid
forget it all
keep it all to yourself
Once you awake
get it all keep it on your shelfI kiss the mud and the leaves and the trees embrace me
with the mountains lying down at the sea I would sleep

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