

Under The Covers

88 Fingers Louie

I'm bottling up your soft,
Dream-like scent
In my head for the ride home
I've been searching
With bruised limbs
For ways to get me going
For ways to get me going

To give me confidence to stare
And observe the world
To give me confidence to stare

If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams

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