Book Of Dreams

Suzanne Vega

In my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreamsI took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Turned its tide to strength
Healed the hole that ripped in livingIn my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreamsThe spine is bound to last a life
Tough enough to take the pounding
Pages made of days of open handIn my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
In my book of dreamsNumber every page in silver
Underline in magic marker
Take the name of every prisoner
Yours is there, my word of honorI took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Healed the hole that ripped in livingIn my book of dreams
In my book of dreams
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