

# Neapolitan Dreams

Lisa Mitchell

You go on I'll be okay  
I can dream the rest away  
It's just a little touch of fate  
It'll be okay  
It sure takes its precious time  
But it's got right and so have I

I turn my head up to the sky  
I focus one thought at a time  
I do not let the little thieves  
Under my tightly buttoned sleeves  
You couldn't be a longer time  
I feel like I am walking blind  
I have nowhere I'll have time

There are no legible signs  
There are no legible signs

I like the way that you talk  
I like the way that you walk  
It's hard to recreate  
Such an individual gate  
You wait your turn in the queue  
You say your sorries and thank you's  
I don't think you're ever  
A hundred percent in the room

You're not in the room  
You're not in the room

Deepest of the dark nights  
Here lies the highest of highs  
Neapolitan dreams, stretching out to the sea  
You wait your turn in the queue  
You say your sorries and thank you's  
I don't think you're ever  
A hundred percent in the room  
You're not in the room  
You're not in the room

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