I'm Sorry (wake The Musical Baby)

Dwele

within a dream i try to catch myself,
and awakin myself before i dream of something else,
and have the greatest song ever wrote.
and with a hazy eye i bring myself upright,
grab for my pen and scoll to bare my soul and i hope
the hand can translate my flow.
for overzelous pen it seems it has a dream of being
the ink of a mans soul
the greatest pen this hand will ever hold
sometimes in the journy though
the mind to pen seem so close
the translation is hard to hold
and we ain't even got to the studio
and now she waits to destract my motivated stroke
come back to bed
is the song she sings
she hates when i wake her from a lucid dream
but she don't know what the song can mean
why can't it wait
wait till the suns a little bit higher
she still burns from last nights fire
and she wants me to dous the flame
but wait if i did the song wouldn't be the same
i'm sorry

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