

Dear Valentine

Guster

As I fall asleep
To black and white TV
[Incomprehensible] away
In my recurring dream Each winter dreams
Electricity
There are words to say
And there are songs to sing But I can hardly speak at all Oh, I'm on my way
To a holiday
In real time Float a mile away
Say we'll be okay
Dear Valentine Now quietly
Peek across the street
Perfectly cut
Perfectly mean But it's not complete
No, not at all Oh, I'm on my way
To a holiday
In real time Float a mile away
Say we'll be okay
Dear Valentine

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