Sweet Dream

Richard Elliot

If I could write out my own dream
For the next time that I sleep
You'd be the first one that I see
And I the last one that you keep
And the dream would go on and on
While we sway against all things thrown our way
And the morning would be so cruel
When it came with sunshine and warmth to blame
For announcing the end of my sweet dream
For announcing the end of my sweet dream

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