

Dreams Away

Hurt

Oh, he says I'd like to turn myself, as he stares into the windowpane,
And if only I could be myself, but I'm sure you'd do the same to me.
I was only a guest that she wanted, it was more than that that he flaunted.

It's away, to you,

Away, to you.

So I pleaded, she needed to be herself,
and he dipped into his wishing well.

At any moment, any moment the sounds of the midnight train,
will be the mating call of his whippoorwill.

Should he wait 'cause his father drinks too much
had his paint thinner laced with his sleeping pills.

He'll find a way, to you,
away, to you.

So he dreamed away.

Away.

From these small streets,
and to where they lead,
and the holes that bleed,
from where he beats me,
cause of these stained sheets,
lets dream away.

And from my small tower,
every hour, seemed to take the day,
and so she dreamed away.

Oh, baby don't you that you're good enough?
Baby, don't you think that you're bright enough?
Baby, don't you think that you're good enough?
Baby, don't you think that you're good enough?
Don't you think that you think that you're good enough, for you?

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