

A Million Things

[Xymox](#)

Words won't occur to me
At half past three
My reason dies
Why couldn't you make that choice And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things They have wings
Noise of life begins too soon
I closed my eyes
How could you be so cruel
Sweet vision of mine And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things They have wings
I laid down my sleeping head
Time burns away
Let the living creature lie
Midnight visions awfully die And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things

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