

# Dreams

## Fugative

You should have seen Tuesday's dream dancing in my head  
For you'd have heard a thousand words that nobody have said  
And you'd have watched me try to run where dreams have never strayed

Heard my cries because I knew I really was afraid

Dreams, dreams I'll never keep

My body rests but my eyes refuse to sleep

Sights and sounds my mind created

Far beyond the thoughts of which we speak

Come on!

And then we danced on silver wings upon a gilded thread

I heard the song the Angel sings to bless my lowered head

And at the door of paradise my best laid plan begun

But as I turned to reach for you, my colored knight, it was gone

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