

Dreams

Vincent Liou

Still haven't caught my breath since that first day
If the angels and devils had their ways
I wouldn't be on my own, my own, my own Dreams are what we make of them
And I've a great imagination
So I'll pretend that I don't miss you There's an island that waits across the waves
When the sirens and nymphs come out to play
I'll never be on my own, my own, my own All the colors of you and me
Meld together to form a thing of beauty
If the score is tied and you're outside
I'll let you win, you win, you win, you win

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