Lily Dreams On

Cotton Mather

Lily dreams onLily I hope you picture me in your dreams
Put down your King James Bible
You don't need no kings
Close you eyes, baby I'll dry mine
Echoes through the phone
Far from this, Lily dreams onThink back to fields of Catherine, you used to play
I swore I heard you laughing
And almost say
Pull your marrows down, take away the past
And let the past be gone
Far from this, Lily dreams on x2Ah, ah, ah

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