

# Book Of Dreams

Suzanne Vega

In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams I took your urgent whisper  
Stole the arc of a white wing  
Rode like foam on the river of pity  
Turned its tide to strength  
Healed the hole that ripped in living In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams The spine is bound to last a life  
Tough enough to take the pounding  
Pages made of days of open hand In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams Number every page in silver  
Underline in magic marker  
Take the name of every prisoner  
Yours is there my word of honor I took your urgent whisper  
Stole the arc of a white wing  
Rode like foam on the river of pity  
Healed the hole that ripped in living In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams  
In my book of dreams

Songwriters

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