

# Dreams

## Bastille

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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