

Dream

Miley Cyrus

Do me a favor:
Tell me what you think about me.
Tell me how you want this to be.
Go out on a limb and just,
Dream.

Paint a picture.
Choose your colors extra wise,
Especially what you put on my mind.
Imagine what it~d be like to touch the sky.
(Yeah hee yeah!)

Whoa, your thoughts are gonna pick me up.
Do you know,
It~s good to feel too much.

Whoa, you got my head in the clouds.
Whoa, you got me thinking out loud.
The more you dream about me,
The more that I believe,
That nothing~s ever out of reach.
So dream, dream, dream.

I breathe your visions.
They pull me through the coldest of nights.
They steer me towards that moment in time,
When you show me what it means for you to be mine.
(Yeah hee yeah.)

Whoa, you~re giving me the will to try.
Do you know,
That there~s happy in these lives

Whoa, you got my head in the clouds.
Whoa, you got me thinking out loud.
The more you dream about me,
The more that I believe,
That nothing~s ever out of reach.
So dream, dream, dream.

Ha, it's like my birthday,
Every time you look at me.
It's like the best thing,
Every time that you,
Dream.
(Yeah hee yeah, yeah, yeah!)

Whoa, your thoughts are gonna pick me up.
Do you know,
It's good to feel too much.
(Much!)

Whoa, you got my head in the clouds.
Whoa, you got me thinking out loud.
The more you dream about me,
The more that I believe,
That nothing's ever out of reach.
So dream, dream, dream.
Dream!
The more you dream about me,
The more that I believe,
That nothing's ever out of reach.
So dream, dream, dream.
Dream.

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