

I Dreamed of My Old Lover

Elvis Costello

I dreamed of my old lover last night
I wondered if I spoke out loud
And if by chance my husband overheard
He'd put my face back in the crowd
His eyes were clear and gentle then
He'd kissed the troubles from my brow
I long to fall to sleep again
I wondered how he would look now
Would our kids grow stubborn or grow strong?
Would their limbs bronze insult to the sun?
I wondered how it feels but then
I rarely dream of anyone
In the songs of shame and the tales of dread
Where they seal the lovers' lips with lead
And all the vines wind through their eyes
But no one knows this passion now
But no one knows this passion now

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