

Waiting

The Cure

Tonight I'll dream a girl called Home
And wake up in tears all on my own
With the sun coming up and my head against stone
Balcony dressed and drawn
Tonight I'll dream a room so far away
Frost pale blue, the color of a perfect day
And then screw up my face in the mirror
As I wait for the others to call
But if I don't believe in magic and I don't believe in blood
And I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe in love
Then how come I believe so soon
In a cherry tree girl and a dust blue room?
Tonight I'll dream an hour so long
Shadow soft smiles and everyone loves me
To open my eyes in a drag myself face undone
Hard back into the world
Tonight I'll dream a dream I dream
Without even trying I'm flying I scream
As I practice the moves I spit at my pillow stained face
And the others all come
But if I don't believe in magic and I don't believe in blood
And I don't believe in miracles and I don't believe in love
Then how come I believe it seems
In a girl called Home and a world called dreams?

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