Bad Dreams

M. Ward

Oh, every night Im dreaming of you
Were weaving through a crowded room
I ask you to be is my best friend too
And then I lose your heartOn a steamer with a small-city band
I'll chase you through the room again
You're gone before that next dance ends
I dont know what it means
Bad dreams, bad dreamsAnd I'm down before I even begin
But I'll chase you through the room again
Ask you to be my best, best friend
And then I loose you're heartBut I should do what I want to do
I should dream about whoever I want to
Dream aboutEvery night, Im calling out your name
Every time you get away, hey
Bad dreams, bad dreams
(Bad dreams, bad dreams)Oh, and every night Im dreaming of you

Songwriters
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