

In a Dream

High Highs

Help me
To find the light that's shinning on me
To get back what they've taken from me
Build a little fire where it's coldShow me
The path that leads to all the glory
The words that tell a sacred story
Build a little fire where it's coldI wanna live in a dream
In my record machine
I wanna picture the world
And everyone inside my mouth
And all the money I waste
Is it a matter of taste?
I wanna picture the world
And you can't make me spit it outTake me
Back from the darkness
Where they sent me
Give hope to places
Where it can't be
Build a little fire where it's coldI wanna live in a dream
In my record machine
I wanna picture the world
And everyone inside my mouth
And all the money I waste
Is it a matter of taste?
I wanna picture the world and
You can't make me spit it outYou can't give me your reason
I wanna mean what to shine
You can't give me the feelings
'Cause they're already mine
You get one in a million
And if the sun won't rise on my soul
Then I'll I go

Songwriters

NOEL GALLAGHERPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>