

Things That Stop You Dreaming

Passenger

I've got no money in my hands or my coat or my pocket
Wont get to space cos I haven't got a rocket
But I've air in my lungs
Eyes in my sockets
And a heart that beats
Like a tap that leaks
In the night when you haven't got a plumber who can stop it
Jack in a box without a key to lock it
Well this boat may sink but I'm not gonna rock it
Cos the sea doesn't know my name
Yeah the boat may sink but I'm not gonna rock it
Cos the sea doesn't know my name Well if you can't get what you love
You learn to love the things you've got
If you can't be what you want
You learn to be the things you're not
If you can't get what you need
You learn to need the things that stop you dreaming
All the things that stop you dreaming Well I've got no ones word and no bodies promise
Not a lot to show but this book full of sonnets
And my liver may be fucked but my heart is honest
And my word is true
Like the sky is blue
In the summer time when everybody gets on it
Warm our skins and get sunburnt from it
And our eyes shine bright like a sky full of comets that shoot like silver trains
Yeah our eyes shine bright like a sky full of comets that shoot like silver trains Well if you can't get what you
love
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