

Neapolitan Dreams

[Lisa Mitchell](#)

You go on I'll be okay
I can dream the rest away
It's just a little touch of fate
It'll be okay
It sure takes its precious time
But it's got right and so have I

I turn my head up to the sky
I focus one thought at a time
I do not let the little thieves
Under my tightly buttoned sleeves
You couldn't be a longer time
I feel like I am walking blind
I have nowhere I'll have time

There are no legible signs
There are no legible signs

I like the way that you talk
I like the way that you walk
It's hard to recreate
Such an individual gate
You wait your turn in the queue
You say your sorries and thank you's
I don't think you're ever
A hundred percent in the room

You're not in the room
You're not in the room

Deepest of the dark nights
Here lies the highest of highs
Neapolitan dreams, stretching out to the sea
You wait your turn in the queue
You say your sorries and thank you's
I don't think you're ever
A hundred percent in the room
You're not in the room
You're not in the room

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