

Rainbow Sleeves

Rickie Lee Jones

You used to dream yourself away each night
To places that you'd never been
On wings made of wishes
That you whispered to yourself Back when every night the moon and you
Would sweep away to places
That you knew
Where you would never get the blues Well now, whiskey gives you wings
To carry each one of your dreams
And the moon does not belong to you
But I believe that your heart keeps young dreams Well, I've been told
To keep from ever growing old
And a heart that has been broken
Will be stronger when it mends

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