The Dream Synopsis

The Last Shadow Puppets

Well we were kissing
It was secret
We'd had to sneak beyond the kitchen
Both well aware that there'd be trouble
If the manager should find us
You'd got a leaning tower of pint pots in your hand
You can carry much more than I canAnd a wicked gale came howling up through
Sheffield City Centre
There was palm tree debris everywhere and a Roman Colosseum
Isn't it boring when I talk about my dreamsI'm in a building and I notice
That I'm surrounded by the ocean
I get a feeling, I start running
Don't really know why I am running
I never really know why I am running
'til I get caught
Want to wake up to my dream report?And the snow was falling thick and fast
We were bombing down Los Feliz
It was You and Me and Miles Kane
And some kid I went to school with
Isn't it ugly when I talk about my...Visions of the past and possible future
Shoot through my mind and I can't let go
Inseparable opposing images
When can you come back again?And a wicked gale came howling up through
Sheffield City Centre
There was palm tree debris everywhere and a Roman Colosseum
Isn't it awful when I talk about my dreamsIt must be torture when I talk about my dreams

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