Dreaming

Kinnie Starr

Sorry that he left you
But what else was a man to do?
Sit around while you drown
Inside your well studied froundAnd I'm sorry that he left you
But what else was a man to do?
When his spirit could not bloom
As long as you were in the roomAnd I know you hold my name
To validate some fallen throne
When you have your own true lane
To blame for tournishing your homeYou still hold my name
To validate some fallen throne
When you have your own true lane to blameYou could be dreaming and I'm dreaming
Dreaming, just dreaming
Dreaming, just dreaming
Dreaming, dreamingAnd I'm dreaming
Just dreaming
And I'm dreaming
And I'm dreamingSorry that I represent
The laying down of some dream
But dreams are not to be won or lost
They are to be dreamedAnd life is always moving
Like love moves at its own will
My question to you then would be
Why do you sit so silentAnd still hold my name
To validate some fallen throne
When you have your own true lane
To blame for tournishing your home youStill hold my name
To validate some fallen throne
When you have your own true lane to blameYou could be dreaming and I'm dreaming
Dreaming, just dreaming
Dreaming, just dreaming
DreamingAnd you have your own true lane to blameYou could be, dreaming, dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming
Dreaming, dreaming

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