Night Terror

Joseph Bishara

I woke up and he was screaming, I'd left him dreaming
I roll over and shake him tightly and whisper
If they want you, oh, they're gonna have to fight me
Oh, fight me
I woke up on a bench on Shepherd's Bush Green
Oh, a candle at my chest and a hand on his knee
I got up it was dark, there's no one in the park at this hour
How do I keep finding myself here?
Oh, fight me
If I look back and he is screaming, I'd left him dreaming
The dangers fade
And I'll run back and shake him tightly and scream
If they want him, oh, they're gonna have to fight me
Oh, fight me
But if I wake up on a bench on Shepherd's Bush Green
Oh, a candle at my chest and a hand on his knee
I'll roll over and hold him tightly and scream
If you want him, oh, you're gonna have to fight me
Oh, fight me
Don't fight me

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