

# David Phelps, You Can Dream

Words by Gloria Gaither

Music by David Phelps

She tossed her hair back like she didnt care.  
Ignored the whispered comments and the stares.  
How could they know about the man shed met  
About a love without regrets...

"You can dream, if you let me make you new.  
You can soar, Ill die to make it true.  
A miracle has found you, now you can just believe you can dream."

Hed paid a price but still hed had it all,  
Until his house of cards began to fall.  
And with his fortune went his friends and wife  
And all he had left was his life.

"You can dream, if you let me make you new.  
You can soar, Ill die to make it true.  
A miracle has found you,  
Now you can just believe you can dream."

The God of broken pieces, a place where panic ceases.  
Where prayers are woven into wings...

"You can dream, if you let me make you new.  
You can soar, Ill die to make it true.  
A miracle has found you, now you can just believe you can dream."

You can dream. You can dream.  
You can dream.