

Elvis Costello, I Dreamed Of My Old Lover Last Night

I dreamed of my old lover last night
I wonder if I spoke out loud
And if by chance my lover overheard
He put my face back in the crowd

His eyes were clear and gentle then
He kissed the troubles from my brow
I long to fall to sleep again
And I wonder how he would look now

Would our kids grow sullen or grow strong?
Would their limbs bronze in solitude and sun?
I like the way it feels but then
I rarely dream of anyone
I the songs of shame and the tales of dread
Where they seal the lovers' lips with lead
And all the vines wind through their eyes

Oh but no one knows this passion now
Oh no one knows this passion now
So I keep this fancy to myself
I keep my lipstick twisted tight
I long to fall to sleep again
I dreamed of my old lover last night
I long to fall to sleep again
'Cause I dreamed of my old lover last night