

Guster, Diane

The secrets that we keep
We say them in our sleep
and wrestle down our souls if we would speak
I watched you board a train in the London rain
and waved bye-bye as you slipped out of view
Diane

We'll make it out together
In your dreams when the smile now comes,
you're mumbling words with a lazy tongue.
We lie together when we say its love,
who were you just thinking of, Diane?

Diane

Diane, I don't say it, but I know you know
The theme returns so deep
and visits us in sleep
to define the you and I as we
So we pass the time and occupy our minds
and close our eyes and hope that we'll be fine

Diane

We'll make it out together
And I may leave in time you'll see
I'll come right back for you