

# Lisa Miskovsky, Sweet Dreams

The rain is falling, it's close to midnight  
You say: I love you  
I hold my breath then, down by that streetlight  
I lie, I love you too  
You have your sweet dreams my darling  
I've got a head full of stories I won't tell  
Maybe I can save you from this darkness baby  
But I just can't save you from yourself  
Let's save some time dear, this poisoned sky clearly  
Has got a hold of me  
I liked your smile dear, don't let it die here  
Now, close your eyes and sleep  
And dream your sweet dreams my darling  
You've got a head full of stories you can sell  
Maybe I did save you from that darkness baby  
But I couldn't save you from yourself