

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