

Staring Back, A Little Something Like This

Why cant I wake up and pretend were not a little crazy and
the night is still young and Im still in bed?

What wasnt mine still isnt yours

My principles fell to the floor

I dont know where this stops or where it all began

Once again the entire night I could have wasted

Sleeping in with eyes wide open and a song playing on and on and on

It went a little something like this:

(Now Ive found my way back to you) Ive got a dream so why wake up?

(Nothing left to say back to you) Im on the scene so why wake up?

So once again yet another night I could have wasted

Sleeping in with eyes wide open and a song playing on and on and on

I close my eyes for one moment just to see if I could get some inspiration.

I know if I could have been awake I might remember what to say to you.