

Trace Adkins, Out Of My Dreams

Last night you were here again, third time this week
You always slip in when I'm asleep
I thought those old feelings would be long gone by now
Why in the world do you bother to come back around
You're out of my arms
You're out of my life
Out of every thought
That I let cross my mind
You're out of my hopes
That it might be you every time the telephone rings
But will I ever get you out of my dreams
There we were making wishes on evening stars
Promises sealed with kisses straight from our hearts
But then I woke up to reality again
Even the sweetest dreams come to an end
You're out of my arms
You're out of my life
Out of every thought
That I let cross my mind
You're out of my hopes
That it might be you every time the telephone rings
But will I ever get you out of my dreams
But will I ever get you out of my dreams