

# Tracy Chapman, If There Are The Thigs

If these are the things that  
Dreams are made of  
Why don't I dream  
Anymore  
I've tried to tell myself  
Nothing's changed my dear  
But I look around me  
And think maybe that's not so  
I only have nightmares  
And wake up with cold sweat  
Coming through my pores  
Why don't I dream anymore  
I'm in the garden  
All the trees bear fruit  
I have to pick them before they fall  
I finally grab one  
I hold it in my hand  
I open it up  
It's rotten to the core  
Why don't I dream anymore  
If these are the things that  
Dreams are made of  
Why don't I dream  
Anymore  
We lose our patience  
Lose our trust  
Yes we lose our innocence  
To forget our sorrow and hide our pain  
We lose old memories  
But dreams are what life's worth living for  
I wish I could dream  
Once more  
I'm in the garden  
All the trees bear fruit  
I have to pick them before they fall  
I finally grab one  
I hold it in my hand  
I open it up  
It's rotten to the core  
Why don't I dream anymore  
If these are the things that  
Dreams are made of  
Why don't I dream anymore  
I've tried to tell myself  
It's all for the best my dear  
But I look around me and think  
Maybe that's not so  
I only have nightmares  
Wake up in a cold sweat  
Have I become as corrupt  
As all I abhor  
I'm in the garden  
All the trees bear fruit  
I have to pick them before they fall  
I finally grab one  
I hold it in my hand  
I open it up  
It's rotten to the core  
Why don't I dream anymore  
If these are the things that  
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Dreams are made of  
I don't want anymore