

Tracy Chapman, If These Are The Things

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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I don't want anymore