

# Blink The Star, All Dreamed Out

Say when, I'll stop twisting your arm  
Liste, we don't have to grandstand  
The world shows it's love for you with money  
You love me, well, I just think that's funny  
And everybody knows  
That you were backstage making history a home  
Somewhere it's august in the evening  
That's where you'll find me changing seasons  
And everybody knows

You were backstage making history a home  
And I can't wait to find you sleeping all dreamed out  
Next year the sky is still the same sky  
But right now, everything is sacred  
It never will again  
And you might try to save a second chance  
It's gone  
This perfect moment has just come and gone  
You're wrong, it's wrong