

Christopher Cross, Talking In My Sleep

Talking in my sleep, she ain't gonna hear it
So my secrets have to keep
A little while longer in my heart where they've been
For so long, I can't remember
Days turn into weeks, still she's not with me
Still my secrets have to keep
A little while longer in my heart where they've been
For so long, I can't remember
And I know that I'm just gonna be
Another page in love's history
Another page in your diary
In that old book of love
In that old book of love
Love can cut you deep, it's there to remind you
And the memories make you weak
They whisper to you from your heart where they've been
For so long, you can't remember
And I know that I'm just gonna be
Another page in love's history
Another page in your diary
In that old book of love
In that old book of love
Wake up, reach for her, she's not there
All I do is dream
Dream that she will come home soon
To me, to me
Come home soon
Come home to me
Talking in my sleep, she ain't gonna hear it
So my secrets have to keep
A little while longer in my heart where they've been
For so long, I can't remember
And I know that I'm just gonna be
Another page in love's history
Another page in your diary
In that old book of love
In that old book of love
And I know that I'm just gonna be
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