

# 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  
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