

Crowded House, Recurring Dream

Within myself
There are a million things
Spilling over
Falling out into a silent stream
Feel the warm wind touch me
Hear the waters crashing
See my windows wiping clean
It's my recurring dream

Within myself
A secret world returns
Over and over
Where the white flame of desire burns

Feel the warm wind touch me
Hear the waters crashing
See my windows wiping clean
It's my recurring dream

Within myself
There are a million things

Feel the warm wind touch me
Hear the waters crashing
See my windows wiping clean
It's my recurring dream