

# 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