

# Drugstore, Song For Pessoa

How sweet is the dreamers night  
To wipe everything clean  
In this world that will never be mine I dream

We're all looking for comfort  
But haunted by pain  
It takes more than one sleepless night in the rain

All the people gather to see how he lived  
But tonight the poet sleeps with me  
The poets sleeps

How sad is the loser's plight  
Drunk in the streets  
To see a flame in the dark gently move away

All the people gather to see how he lived  
But tonight the poet sleeps with me  
The poets sleeps