

Freedy Johnston, In My Dream

Open my eyes
Another day
I see your face
And your eyes

In my dream
In my cold and quiet dream
You could not go outside
In my dream
They would ask where I had been
They would know when I lied

And so I go
Into my day
Low clouds cross the sky

In my dream
In my gray and hollow dream
I went out
You would hide
In my dream
You were never to be seen
Then they appeared outside