

# Guster, Dear Valentine

As I fall asleep, to black and white TV  
Fly far away, in my recurring dream  
Each winter drains electricity  
There are words to say  
There are songs to sing  
But I can hardly speak at all

Home, I'm on my way to a holiday in real time  
Float, hold my own weight, say we'll be OK  
Dear Valentine

Now quietly peek across the street  
Perfectly kept, perfectly neat  
But it's not complete, no not at all

Home I'm on my way to a holiday in real time  
Float, hold my own weight, say we'll be OK  
Dear Valentine