Man Overboard, Dreaming

I took the same route to school.
Im almost late again, even though I woke up at six AM.
Ive been dreaming of something that right now is still nothing
but it could become my world once the day is through.
She could become my everything or a whisper in my ear
across a highway. I would cross a highway to catch you.
To catch you would be all that I can honestly as for from you.
Its something about the way she falls back asleep.
Its eight-thirty and in her textbook shes waist deep.
And it could be a sign when she wakes up shes looking at me.
Right at me.
And I dont know how many times
that I would have to ask her if Im dreaming.
The way her hair falls on top of her shoulders
makes me feel like screaming.