

Matthew Sweet, Having A Bad Dream

I like a little pain
If it wasn't true
There'd be nothing that
I had kept from you
(Wonder whom I guess)
We might be alive
Think it only sane
I've seen them walking

When I was alone
I talked as much like you
As my words would allow
Like you showed me to
Touching in our sleep
Moving very slow
* in a daze
We ought to know

These words of mine
Can only start to climb
Those thoughts in my head
Break on and on
I'm having a bad dream
So it isn't true
Anybody else
Could have looked like you
Pull me by surprise
Laughing like you do
Looking in my eyes
Only passing...