

Paula Cole, In Our Dreams

(Holding on, holding on, holding on...)
Here in this vacancy,
Where we existed,
I carry on in life like some puppet acting her part.
The very core of me,
An empty garden.
The tree of life once fl owered her arms to open sky.
An angel guided you home, now I'm alone, now I'm alone,
The living on's the hardest part,
And the days are endless hours.
This house is silent now.
The bed's much bigger.
The television's constant to keep me company.
The Maker guided you home,
Now I'm alone, now I'm alone,
The living on's the hardest part,
And the days are endless hours,
But then at night when my soul is in fl ight,
And together we meet in the galaxy,

Love know no lease,
We're here in the meadow of grace and peace,
We meet again in our dreams.
So if you hear me now,
'Cause I know you're out there.
Wait for my homecoming when I cross the other side.
A little bird fl ew you home,
Now I'm alone, now I'm alone,
The living on's the hardest part,
And the days are endless hours.
But then at night when my soul is in fl ight,
And together we meet in the galaxy,
Love knows no lease,
We're here in the meadow; our secret place.
We meet again in our dreams.
In our dreams.
In our dreams.
Some days we meet again in our dreams.