

# Sophie Zelmani, Dreamer

Seasons, my friend.  
Colour me so we can blend.  
Forbid me to go,  
I know so little about the wind when it blows.

Dreamer, dreamer.  
I'm woking out of your dream.

Take me off that parade,  
and place me somewhere in yours and so shades.  
Your night shuts my door,  
and I announce dream anymore.

See if I can pass by that waiting hand,  
if I can pass by that wondering man.  
If I can leave to get one,  
see that it all make sense pretty soon.

Dreamer, dreamer.  
I'm woking out there you go on.  
(dreamer, dreamer)  
Dreamer, dreamer,  
I'll be where I belong.  
(dreamer, dreamer)