

Sweet Matthew, Having A Bad Dream

I like a little pain
If it wasn't true
There'd be nothing that
I had kept from you
One might only guess
We might be alive
They could only say
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
Hold me in a daze
We ought to know
These words of mine
Can only start to climb
Those thoughts in my head
They break on and on
I'm having bad dreams
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...