

The 6ths, Give Me Back My Dreams

Give me back my dreams.
I've been counting these sheep
since I can't remember when.
Give me back my sleep.
I'll be dreaming of you
till I wake up crying again.

I have lain awake through the longest hours
wondering whether to cry or scream.
You can take my heart. It was always yours,
but give me back my dreams.

When the clock strikes three,
I don't care anymore about you or anything.
When the clock strikes four,
I could sell my soul just to hear my telephone ring.

I have lain awake through the longest hours
wondering whether to cry or scream.
You can take my heart. It was always yours,
but give me back my dreams.

You don't have to talk to me
the way we used to talk for hours.
We don't have to talk at all,
but may I send you flowers?