

The Boy Who Trapped The Sun, Dreaming Like A

Under the window here lies a glass
the bottle I threw at you
the look from your eyes, been here before
and I won't turn my back on you

lately it feels like were drifting apart
could be because you're insane

we still lie together every night
when I sleep I dream that we're alright
if this is love I'd rather keep dreaming

you could never be an actress
I know the knives under the mattress
if this is love I'd rather keep dreaming
dreaming like a fool

the sinner the saint throw into play
the faking to fame's getting old
when we first met I had no idea
that you'd make your heart disappear
sooner or later someone will get shot
I'll tell you that it won't be me

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when I sleep I dream that we're alright
if this is love I'd rather keep dreaming

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I know the knives under the mattress
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I'll never say in anything cause you believe in everyone except me
the one who's been watching you sleep

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