

# The Spill Canvas, Under The Covers

I'm bottling up your soft, dream-like scent  
In my head for the ride home  
I've been searching with bruised limbs  
For ways to get me going  
For ways to get me going

To give me confidence to stare  
And observe the world  
To give me confidence to stare

If I could sleep forever  
Would you still be in my dreams?  
If I could sleep forever  
Would you still be in my dreams?  
If I could sleep forever  
Would you still be in my dreams?  
If I could sleep forever  
Would you still be in my dreams?

Under the covers  
Under the covers  
Under the covers  
Under the covers