

Another foggy night in hometown
Cruising the backstreet pubs with a friend or two
I guess we were laughing how we made it through the bad old days
When across the bar I caught a glimpse of you
Sometimes they ask me why I don't sit with you
I guess they'll never understand
I don't need to have my heart broken another time
Or to have to shake your useless wasted hand
So tell me, what do you dream about?
And tell me, how do you shut it all out?
And how do you live with yourself now?

And I hope that she's really happy now
Now she's got her cake and she went and ate him too
Heads down, out on 47 Poison Street
With all the ghosts just sitting there with you
Beethoven, he was a deaf man
And Jesus Christ was a Jew
But of all those little twists of irony,
My favourite one is you
And if our eyes ever have to meet for more than just one second
Then if you weren't already there, I would tell you to go to hell
But if I spent my whole damn life trying to think of a curse for you
It would never be as bad as the curse that you dealt to yourself
So tell me, what do you dream about?
And tell me, how do you shut it all out?
And how do you live with yourself now?
What do you dream about?
And how the hell do you shut it all out?
And what do you feel about it now?