

Give Me Back My Dreams

The 6ths

Give me back my dreams
I've been counting these sheeps
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
Just 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

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?