

When the Dreams Run Dry

The Killers

Can't hear myself think
Through the crashing of the rain
I'm passing judgment in the fast lane
Smoothing out a rough stone
Guess it comes with age
You start to wonder 'bout the time theft
How much of it you've got left
Comes in with the age now

When the dreams run dry
I will be where I always was
Standing at your side
Letting go of the reins

(We're all gonna die)
And when they're closing up the door
Nobody wishing that they worked more (Hey!)
Don't' bother with your suitcase
And we'll beat the birds
Down to Acapulco Bay
Or Honolulu on hearsay
Running at our own pace
And I'll be on your side
When the dreams run dry

When the dreams run dry
I will be where I always was
Standing at your side
Letting go of the reins

Reach for the summit
Of an ancient design
On the verge of eternal
On the heels of divine
If you stumble and fall (If you stumble and fall)
If the way can't be found (If the way can't be found)

We'll just follow the moon, to the stars
To the sun, to the ground
And around, and around
And around
In the light, in the heat
Through the folds, and the bends
And again, and again
And again

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