

The Dream

David Phelps

Words by Gloria Gaither
Music by David Phelps

She tossed her hair back like she didn't care
Ignored the whispered comments and the stares
How could they know about the man she'd met
About a love without regrets...

"You can dream, if you let me make you new
You can soar, I'll die to make it true
A miracle has found you, now you can just believe you can dream
."

He'd paid a price but still he'd had it all
Until his house of cards began to fall
And with his fortune went his friends and wife

And all he had left was his life

"You can dream, if you let me make you new
You can soar, I'll die to make it true
A miracle has found you
Now you can just believe you can dream. "

The God of broken pieces, a place where panic ceases
Where prayers are woven into wings...

"You can dream, if you let me make you new
You can soar, I'll die to make it true
A miracle has found you, now you can just believe you can dream
."

You can dream. You can dream
You can dream