

# Finally Stop Dreaming

Dylan Gossett

Cigarette smoke silhouettes most under streetlights and lampposts

When the sun's down outside of town where the lonesome lose all hope

I was born to run, you were made to stay, so hold me close  
Can't lose you and I choose you, so don't let me go

I'm a dreamer, a faith believer, and I'm always gonna need a little more

On a highway southbound driving, you still feel like home

I'm trying to live outside my head, I'm on the road

Holding on tight, hope I don't lose sight of where I'm tryna go  
, oh

Lay me down, my dear, when I finally stop dreaming

I'll go with no tears, I'll leave you without screaming

And all the way, I think of the times where I wasn't always bleeding

Lay me down, my dear, when I finally stop dreaming

I'm runnin', you're gunnin' for somewhere new to be

Four wheels, concrete fields is all there is to see

So let's make some noise and hope to God he hears our plea

Right now, I know somehow we'll make it and be free, oh

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