

Seasons In Our Dreams

Matthew Mayfield

1, 2, 3, 4

As I came up from the dark
You met me there with the spark
Now we are covered in flames
Burning alive in the rain

So right here, right now
You've got to somehow
Show me that you will be there in the end
Before we're ridden with diseases
And we're pickin' up the pieces
Of the men and the women we used to be
Before we're changing like the seasons in our dreams

Your eyes are pistols with one
Primed up and ready to run
Those smokin' barrels are down
Can't leave your heartache in a round

So right here, right now
You've got to somehow
Show me that you will be there in the end
Before we're ridden with diseases
And we're pickin' up the pieces
Of the men and the women we used to be
Before we're changing like the seasons in our dreams

The seasons in our dreams
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