

# Heaven

Rick Springfield

Everynight I go to sleep, you're there baby inside my head.  
What's the secret that you keep.  
It's not fair baby, I toss in bed.  
One night I had the strangest dream.  
Dreamt I made love to you. You better believe it, it felt so real.  
Spent the night in the sea of love.  
It's crazy the attraction that I feel, now baby.  
It hit like a heart attack, I feel in my soul.

But the train's running off the track and I can't get control  
Sleepwalking in the house of love  
I heard Saint Peter was calling.  
As I was making love to you.  
Dreamed that I'd died and gone to heaven.  
I woke up in your arms.  
Dreamed that I died and gone to heaven.  
Nothing now will ever be the same.

Saint Peter call me back again.  
Take me there baby, you got me good.  
I want to hear his choir of angels sing.  
I say a prayer baby, I knock on wood.  
That everynight I wake up restless from the heat.  
You got to believe I never had such a physical dream baby.  
It's built on sacred ground, your image in my head.  
So I lay my body down on the alter of my bed.  
I wait in the house of love and hope for sleep to come calling  
So I'll be making love to you.

Dreamed that I'd died and gone to heaven.  
I woke up in your arms.  
Dreamed that I died and gone to heaven.  
Nothing now will ever be the same.

Dreamed I'd died and gone to heaven,  
dreamed my life was through.  
Dreamed I'd died and gone to heaven, woke in love with you.  
It hit like a heart attack, it came from out of nowhere.  
But the train's running off the track on a fragile wing and a prayer.  
Sleepwalking in the house of love I heard Saint Peter was calling.  
As I was making love to you.