

Precious Dreams

Cock Robin

Any more and I might learn to leave things as they stand
People do what they like, that much is sobering
But nothing less than a miracle could answer to all my pleas
Hope for my wish, the waves of a parting sea
I could use a little thunder
And lightning from the sky
So should I leave these precious dreams
Will not die

How to live by the rules when I've read this book before
There's no courage to prove, just your reasoning
Faces of forgotten men much too afraid to ask
Like cogs in a wheel, we long to keep turning back
I've got to keep from going under
While running for my life
So should I leave these precious dreams
Will not die

After years of uncertainty I wait for the final round
Losing my place, you call me to calm you down
I could use a little thunder
And in someone to confide
So should I leave these precious dreams
Will not die
A little thunder and lightning
So when I leave these precious dreams
Will not die