

# I'm Sorry (Wake The Musical Baby)

Dwele

Within a dream; I try to catch myself; and awaken myself  
Before I dream of something else;  
(and have the greatest song ever wrote) (oooh)  
And with a hazy eye; I build myself upright; grab for my pen and  
screw; to bear my soul and I hope; the hand can translate my  
flow; (hmmm)  
For overzealous pen it seems; it has a dream of being; the ink  
of man's soul;  
The greatest pen this hand will ever hold; sometimes in the journey  
though, the mind to pen seems so cold;  
the translation is hard to hold; and we ain't even got to the studio;  
and now she waits to distract my motivated stroll;  
Come back to bed; is the song she sings; she hates when I wake  
her from her lucid dream; but she don't know what this song could  
mean; (oh I)  
Why can't it wait; wait til the sun's a little bit higher; she  
still burns from last night's fire; and she wants me to douse the  
flame; but wait,  
If I did the song wouldn't be the same..

I'm sorry

Do do do do do do do do.....[etc...]