

The Dream's Lost on Me

Blondie

I wake up laughing, thrown from a nightmare.
I come down standing when I'm tossed in the air.
Bright as Tiajuana.
Like a dose of Bella Donna.
I could cry but I don't wanna.
And the dream's lost on me.

I come out shootin' when trouble comes knockin'.
I greet bad news by sending it walkin'.
Happy or just crazy.
Relaxed or laxy.
Gonna keep my vision hazy.
And the dream's lost on me.

Cares are all buckshot and buffalo.
Every dark has an afterglow.
I'm not afraid of what's down below.
I keep my sights on the sky.

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