

Dreams Don't Count

Drowners

Inside a blue room, you could tell the sun was coming up
I watched you change the way you look like a sweet chameleon
You were becoming brighter, what a wonderful way to like her

I know that dreams don't count, count
I know that dreams don't count
But if it feels real, what the hell's the point of stealing
That image I have of you from me

This afternoon I thought about all the lies you've lived before
And I just couldn't block it out, all the songs that you swore
Were written for you, well here's another one for the pile
Can you see my white flag across the avenue tonight?

I know that dreams don't count, count
I know that dreams don't count
But if it feels real, what the hell's the point of stealing
That image I have of you from me