

## Sweet Dream

Greg Laswell

If I could write out my own dream  
For the next time that I sleep  
You'd be the first one that I see  
And I the last one that you keep

And the dream would go on and on  
While we sway against all things thrown our way  
And the morning would be so cruel  
When it came with sunshine and warmth to blame  
For announcing the end of my sweet dream  
For announcing the end of my sweet dream