

Dream Machine

Gregory and the Hawk

I am a dream machine
The things I see when I sleep
You wouldn't believe
I am a weird machine
Which I'd rather be
Than cold and unfeeling
Than stone and freewheeling
For no reason
Why would I try then?

I am a whisper at night
When maybe I shouldn't so shy
I am a smile when it feels right
But mostly just pretty dry
What would I be then and
Why would I try?