

Omar

Happy Rhodes

In the dream, the air is sweet, and you are willing
Every time the spirits meet
It takes me on a free flight, hold tight
'Til I feel you lying close to me

How I know the dream is real, and never's someday
If you're alive then you will feel
the cadence of my promise, do this
Keep your life an open book for me

How can I describe my sharp beloved pain
or the rupture in my heart
whenever my grey eyes fall upon your smile
it screams to me

It's the mind that always keeps my love alive
knowing how my memory creeps
to keep you in my hindsight, hold tight
'Til I have the chance to find you

In the dream, the air is sweet, just like your kisses
There is nothing can compete
with the fierce emotion, an ocean
couldn't stay my thirst for you

In the dream, the air is sweet, and you are willing.....