

# Seasons In Our Dreams

Matthew Mayfield

1, 2, 3, 4

As I came up from the dark  
You met me there with the spark  
Now we are covered in flames  
Burning alive in the rain

So right here, right now  
You've got to somehow  
Show me that you will be there in the end  
Before we're ridden with diseases  
And we're pickin' up the pieces  
Of the men and the women we used to be  
Before we're changing like the seasons in our dreams

Your eyes are pistols with one  
Primed up and ready to run  
Those smokin' barrels are down  
Can't leave your heartache in a round

So right here, right now  
You've got to somehow  
Show me that you will be there in the end  
Before we're ridden with diseases  
And we're pickin' up the pieces  
Of the men and the women we used to be  
Before we're changing like the seasons in our dreams

The seasons in our dreams  
The seasons in our dreams