

Untold

Pete Francis

Don't go with your dreams untold
Don't leave me on that old black road

Don't go with your dreams untold
Don't leave me on that old black road

July thunder, something's undercover
Something lost and something ain't right
Will you slide by a cool air of night
Drive by in my car for you
Look me in the eyes, that's what I can believe

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And now as I pass through these field at last
I see that something calling me
It could be your voice, could be a voice I don't know
So hold up, hold up while I like look around here
I know that I would just phone me

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