

Dreams Come True

Robert Palmer

Here they come, the dogs of lust
Out of my mind, into my life
Somebody should be here to hold me
Somebody should be here to show me, show me

When you're lustful, when you're lonely
And the heat is rising slowly

I got it blue, I got it bad
I got the sweetest sadness I ever had
As the hours pass before my eyes
As the hours pass before me

When you're lustful, when you're lonely
And the heat is rising slowly

I keep reaching up
But they drag me back down
Wherever I try to hide
I will always be found

When you're lustful, when you're lonely
And the heat is rising slowly
Rising, rising, rising, slowly
Rising, rising, rising
Rising, rising slowly