

Dream Street and Chance

Sophie B. Hawkins

Lover I
Can't say why it's so
When I hear the fog horn calling
And the moon is falling
Like snow
On the rippling road
I know
I must be travelling alone

Others cry
Can't say why it's so
When you saw the love light fading
In my eyes anticipating no
You just stopped the show
I suppose
You will be travelling alone

When we meet again
As strangers or friends
At the intersection of Dream Street and Chance
No new romance to pretend
A lamplight floods my view
Memories flow
Or deja vous
What's the difference then
Whether I ever knew you

Mama why
Can't you say why it's so
When a child's heart torn asunder
Joins the heavens in a clap of thunder
It's gonna be a long long road home

When we speak again
As mothers or friends
On the bridal path where no time passes be
No truth to deny or defend
A castle made of stone
Forecast of rain
From the Weatherman's throne
And then puddle rainbows
Can't say why it's so