

Dreams Of Leaving

The Clientele

goodnight my angel of the dark
moonlight rising on the park
i gotta go, it's nearly morning
though leaving you will break my heart

don't be afraid of dreams of leaving
remember they are only dreams
they have no meaning in the sunlight
just the same as you and me

and i hear friends walk by the river
ghosts, as night is coming in
loneliness is like a mirror
you see yourself in everything

goodnight my angel of the dark
moonlight rising on the park
i gotta go, it's nearly morning
though leaving you will break my heart