

Waiting

The Cure

Tonight I'll dream a girl called home
And wake up in tears
All on my own
With the sun coming up

And my head against stone
Balcony dressed and drawn
Tonight I'll Dream a room so far away
Frost pale blue

The color of a perfect day
And then screw up my face
In the mirror
As I wait for the others to call

But if I don't believe in magic
And I don't believe in blood
And I don't believe in miracles
And I don't believe in love

Then how come I believe so soon
In a cherry tree girl
And a dust blue room?

Tonight I'll dream an hour so long
Shadow soft smiles
And everyone loves me
To open my eyes

In a drag myself face undone
Hard back into the world
Tonight I'll dream a dream I dream
Without even trying I'm flying I scream

As I practice the move
I spit at my pillow stained face
And the others all come

But if I don't believe in magic
And I don't believe in blood
And I don't believe in miracles
And I don't believe in love

Then how come I believe it seems
In a girl called home
And a world called dreams?