

Under The Covers

The Spill Canvas

I'm bottling up your soft, dream-like scent
In my head for the ride home
I've been searching with bruised limbs
For ways to get me going
For ways to get me going

To give me confidence to stare
And observe the world
To give me confidence to stare

If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams?
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams?
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams?
If I could sleep forever
Would you still be in my dreams?

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