

## Last Night I Dreamt...

The Wombats

I'm a good friend and an excellent lover  
I can fool myself just like no other person can  
I'm turning into a twisted man

I haven't got any time for selfless deeds  
What I do for you is indirectly for me  
I'm a stubborn boy, there's nothing here that you can break or  
destroy  
Then as I count sheep in my bed  
A train of worry pulls us through my head

Last night I dreamt I died alone  
Through all my talk of self-defeat  
A fearful bomb ticks underneath  
Last night I dreamt I died  
From now I'll curb the cynical speaking  
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through me

Someone once said I don't have any feelings  
Well I think that emotions can be misleading  
And thinking back  
I might have nailed the coffin shut with that

As I tend to cry in a room full of laughter  
Is the cheese finally sliding off of it's cracker?  
I don't know I'll just prepare myself to let it go

As I count sheep in my bed  
A train of worry pull through my head

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A fearful bomb ticks underneath  
Last night I dreamt I died  
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Last night I dreamt I died alone  
And apart from when I lost my virginity  
I've never been know to frighten easily