

Stories Of Your Dreams

Anita Lane

In the early morning night
You stumble on in fright
Crying in a doorway
Like it's a righteous haunting
You recite your life
And stories of your dreams
And stories of your lovers
And stories of your kisses
And stories of your dreams
What far flung embrace
Did you wander from
What unseen disgrace calls you on
What sleep abandoned
Brought you to this place
With this talk of bended knees
And stories of your dreams
And stories of your lovers
And stories of your kisses
And stories of your dreams