

# Dreams Don't Count

**Drowners**

Inside a blue room, you could tell the sun was coming up  
I watched you change the way you look like a sweet chameleon  
You were becoming brighter, what a wonderful way to like her

I know that dreams don't count, count  
I know that dreams don't count  
But if it feels real, what the hell's the point of stealing  
That image I have of you from me

This afternoon I thought about all the lies you've lived before  
And I just couldn't block it out, all the songs that you swore  
Were written for you, well here's another one for the pile  
Can you see my white flag across the avenue tonight?

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But if it feels real, what the hell's the point of stealing  
That image I have of you from me