

# Dreams Come True

Robert Palmer

Here they come, the dogs of lust  
Out of my mind, into my life  
Somebody should be here to hold me  
Somebody should be here to show me, show me

When you're lustful, when you're lonely  
And the heat is rising slowly

I got it blue, I got it bad  
I got the sweetest sadness I ever had  
As the hours pass before my eyes  
As the hours pass before me

When you're lustful, when you're lonely  
And the heat is rising slowly

I keep reaching up  
But they drag me back down  
Wherever I try to hide  
I will always be found

When you're lustful, when you're lonely  
And the heat is rising slowly  
Rising, rising, rising, slowly  
Rising, rising, rising  
Rising, rising slowly