

# Waiting

The Cure

Tonight I'll dream a girl called home  
And wake up in tears  
All on my own  
With the sun coming up

And my head against stone  
Balcony dressed and drawn  
Tonight I'll Dream a room so far away  
Frost pale blue

The color of a perfect day  
And then screw up my face  
In the mirror  
As I wait for the others to call

But if I don't believe in magic  
And I don't believe in blood  
And I don't believe in miracles  
And I don't believe in love

Then how come I believe so soon  
In a cherry tree girl  
And a dust blue room?

Tonight I'll dream an hour so long  
Shadow soft smiles  
And everyone loves me  
To open my eyes

In a drag myself face undone  
Hard back into the world  
Tonight I'll dream a dream I dream  
Without even trying I'm flying I scream

As I practice the move  
I spit at my pillow stained face  
And the others all come

But if I don't believe in magic  
And I don't believe in blood  
And I don't believe in miracles  
And I don't believe in love

Then how come I believe it seems  
In a girl called home  
And a world called dreams?