

# When the Dreams Run Dry

The Killers

Can't hear myself think  
Through the crashing of the rain  
I'm passing judgment in the fast lane  
Smoothing out a rough stone  
Guess it comes with age  
You start to wonder 'bout the time theft  
How much of it you've got left  
Comes in with the age now

When the dreams run dry  
I will be where I always was  
Standing at your side  
Letting go of the reins

(We're all gonna die)  
And when they're closing up the door  
Nobody wishing that they worked more (Hey!)  
Don't' bother with your suitcase  
And we'll beat the birds  
Down to Acapulco Bay  
Or Honolulu on hearsay  
Running at our own pace  
And I'll be on your side  
When the dreams run dry

When the dreams run dry  
I will be where I always was  
Standing at your side  
Letting go of the reins

Reach for the summit  
Of an ancient design  
On the verge of eternal  
On the heels of divine  
If you stumble and fall (If you stumble and fall)  
If the way can't be found (If the way can't be found)

We'll just follow the moon, to the stars  
To the sun, to the ground  
And around, and around  
And around  
In the light, in the heat  
Through the folds, and the bends  
And again, and again  
And again

To the moon, to the stars  
To the sun, to the ground  
And around, and around  
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In the light, in the heat  
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And again  
And again