

Morrissey, Interlude

Time, is like a dream,
Now, for a time,
you are mine.
Let's hold fast,
to the dream,
that tastes and sparkles like wine.

Who knows if it's real,
or just something we're both dreaming of.
What seems like an interlude now,
Could be the beginning of love.

Loving you, is the world that's strange,
So much more than my heart can hold,
Loving you makes the whole world change.
Loving you, I could not grow old.

No-nobody knows,
When love will end,
so 'til then, sweet fiend.
Time, is like a dream
and, now, for a time,
You are mine.
Let's hold fast to the dream
that tastes and sparkles like