

The Cure, Waiting

Tonight I'll dream
A girl called Home
And wake up in tears
All on my one
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 colour
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 practise 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?