

BB Brunes**"Around The Next Dream"**

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In my home of sand outside the city of gold
Where the wind's so burning hot
But my heart remains so cold
I need to buy myself some answers
But the truth's already been sold

Well I know how to use a razor
Carve my initials in the light
Yes I know how to use a razor
Carve my initials in the light
Sometimes in the depth of the dark
Baby I can make everything all right

In my home of sand outside the city of gold
Where the wind's so burning hot
But my heart remains so cold, yes it does
The shelter in your eyes I dream about it when I die
Thirst for it when I cry

My home of sand outside the city of gold
Where the wind's so burning hot
But my heart remains so cold, yes it does
The shelter in your eyes I dream about it when I die
Thirst for it when I cry, when I cry

Oh my meal of salt on that table of stone
Yeah my meal of salt on that table of stone, yeah
Your feat's so sweet while I thirst here all alone

My home of sand outside the city of gold
Where the wind's so burning hot
But my heart remains so cold, yes it does
I need to buy myself some aspirins
But the truth's already been sold.

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