

By Friday "I Used"

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I used to dream of eyes so blue and loving arms to hold me.

I used to dream of heroic knights and how real they would be.

I used to dream how I'll would settle for anything less than best.

I used to dream of how he would lay all fears to rest.

I used to dream of fairy tales, How wondrous would they be?

I used to dream of story books, All patterned after me.

I used to cry cause I missed you, when I used to think about you.

Cause all the memories I have, and all the days that were been thought.

Every time when I cried for you.

You don't now, what you pushed me thought.

I used, I used, to keep my head strong.

I falled in love, just to listen this song.

I walked carefully down the street.

The radio started, to play a beat.

I want I want, you to be my boy.

You for real, and to make joy.

We could move on to a better place,

Baby lets go, lets move out from this maze.

I used to think of how it would be, if were been togheter.

I used to think that you and I, could make this last forever.

You were the boy I used to like, until you broke my heart.

Cause after then, I was sad, and nothing inside me would start.

SOLO

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