

Guster "Dear Valentine"

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As I fall asleep
To black and white TV
[Incomprehensible] away
In my recurring dream

Each winter dreams
Electricity
There are words to say
And there are songs to sing

But I can hardly speak at all

Oh, I'm on my way
To a holiday
In real time

Float a mile away
Say we'll be okay
Dear Valentine

Now quietly
Peek across the street
Perfectly cut
Perfectly mean

But it's not complete
No, not at all

Oh, I'm on my way
To a holiday
In real time

Float a mile away
Say we'll be okay
Dear Valentine

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