

Liam Frost**"I Woke Up From The Strangest Dream"**

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Last night we slept caught in the low glare of the
television screen
Beneath the snowy static was my vivid fever dream
And the dialogue was faulty in that cold flickering light
Oh sweet tragedy, end here tonight

And I woke up in a church beneath an old and rugged
cross
There are demons here to beat, I swear that all my faith
is lost
And no one here can hear me but it only feels right
when I sing
So I sing with each chord my heartbreak brings

But each verse is trite, and try as I might
I could never quite complete this parody
I don't think I fit in where this story should begin
And I'm tired and I'm angry and I'm wondering, if you
think you'd let me in

So as we slept caught in the low glare of the television
screen
I dreamed of all my losses, I'm afraid of what might be
My father had an angry hand my mother didn't see
Son of John, a storm is gathering over me

Oh me oh my, oh woe is me
My life is filled with grief
Such immeasurable misery
Throughout all the tired clichés
Boy, sure as shit, you'll see
They'll give you all the money
Now the prize is yours you see
Oh Oh Oh Oh

So pour me one last cup, kid I just give up
As I feel the earth's slow pull of gravity
We'll go our separate ways, I'll be back someday
Just let your compass navigate you, let your compass
navigate you

Pour me one last cup, kid I just give up
And I feel the earth's slow pull of gravity
We'll go our separate ways, I'll be back someday
Just let your compass navigate you
Let your compass navigate you back to me

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