

## Luke Pickett "Dream Love Cure"

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I'm at your window  
Pouring my heart out  
Counting the cracks  
Until you fill your lungs  
With these tears that have flooded your room  
But I just didn't realise that we could save you  
You're bitter, cos you lost out  
So why don't, you sit this one out  
It's better, if you let go  
Then taking the easy way home

I'm at your window  
Pulling the blinds down  
Passing the flowers  
Cupping the teardrops  
You're bitter cos you lost out  
So why don't, you sit this one out  
It's better, if you let go  
Then taking the easy way home

Bear your soul  
To the world  
The seas will make  
It seem bold  
Bear your soul  
To the world  
The seas will make

Bear our souls (now)  
Bear our souls (to the world)  
Bear our souls (to the world)  
Bear our souls (to the world)  
Bear your soul  
(Bear your soul to the world)  
Bear your soul (to the world)  
Bear your soul (to the world)  
Bear your soul

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