

## Matt Brouwer

### "Imagining"

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And I'm standing there before you  
And I'm speechless to the core  
Shocked like a little child  
Who doesn't know what he wants to do  
When he gets older  
When he grows up

So maybe I'll ignore you  
Or I'll steal a sideward stare  
Stop for a little while  
And never know what I'm gonna do  
When it gets colder  
When it slows up

And I was not into being silenced  
I was only imagining  
I was not into sleeping in these arms  
Did I wake you up?  
Did I bring you down?  
Did I wake you up?  
'Cause I'm only an hour past my breaking point

And I built a prison for you  
Here inside my brain  
(A bed for a little smile)  
First I bleed from the wound  
Of your head on my shoulder  
Then it's sewn up

And I was not into being silenced  
I was only imagining  
I was not into sinking down this far  
Did I wake you up?  
Did I bring you down?  
Did I wake you up?  
'Cause I'm only an hour past my breaking point  
An hour past my breaking point

