

Monday In London "Blonde"

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I'm adrift on solid snow white sheets.
A simple story plays along as I sleep.
I stand in the barn doorway
looking across my father's farm.
And standing in front of me is a
little girl with a boy on her arm.
He lifts his head, I look away.
Its obvious this boy is starving.
Suddenly I know that this boy is me
that is standing with this blonde nurse child.
And my dreams have altered
the way I feel for so long.
Let me let you in on a little secret.
I'm not awake yet guys,
let me let you know how the story ends.
My brother, a solid oak of a man,
steps down from a shaded ladder.
He puts his arm around
me and then begins to speak.
He says we were worried about you,

you looked a little frail brother.
Your skin, your hands, your face
can barely be seen.
You're a ghost and now I know
you can make it through anything.
But I'm not awake yet guys.
And its me who is standing with
the blonde nurse child and my dreams
seem to be affecting the way I live.
(La da la da) sleep and dream quiet dreams.
When I get home I'm going to turn on the TV
and I'm going to get out of this house
because I've been sleeping too long.
And I never want to feel the way
I felt when I was there.
Let me out of here!
My dreams have predicted
the way I've felt for so long.
And its me who is standing with
the blonde nurse child.

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