

Passenger

"Things That Stop You Dreaming"

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I've got no money in my hand, or my coat, or my pocket.
Won't get to space 'cause I haven't got a rocket.
But I have air in my lungs, eyes in my sockets
And a heart that beats like a tap that leaks
In the night when you haven't got a plumber that can stop it,
Jack-in-the-Box without a key to lock it
Well, this boat may sink, but I'm not gonna rock it
'Cause the sea doesn't know my name.
Yeah, the boat may sink, but I'm not gonna rock it
'Cause the sea doesn't know my name.

Well, if you can't get what you love,
You learn to love the things you've got.
If you can't be what you want,
You learn to be the things you're not.
If you can't get what you need,
You learn to need the things that stop you dreaming.
Oh, the things that stop you dreaming.

Well, I've got no-one's word and nobody's promise,
Not a lot to show but this book full of sonnets.
My liver may be fucked, but my heart is honest,
And my word is true like the sky is blue
In the summertime when everyone gets on it,
Warm our skins and get sunburned from it.
And our eyes shine bright like a sky full of comets
That shoot like silver trains.
Yeah, our eyes shine bright like a sky full of comets
That shoot like silver trains.

Well, if you can't get what you love,
You learn to love the things you've got.
If you can't be what you want,
You learn to be the things you're not.
If you can't get what you need,
You learn to need the things that stop you dreaming.
Oh, oh.
Oh, the things that stop you dreaming.

Well, if you can't get what you love,
You learn to love the things you've got.
If you can't be what you want,
You learn to be the things you're not.
If you can't get what you need,
You learn to need the things that stop you dreaming.
Oh, oh.
Oh, the things that stop you dreaming.

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