

J. Stricklin

"In My Dreams"

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There's no hope in the way that I feel about you
anymore
The story's been told by the papers and songs on the
floor

In the stacks of books, and coffee stained cups
And everything I love to hate

To procrastinate, and hesitate, and hardly sleep a
single wink
And to over think everything

When I get lonely
She visits me
In my dreams

So the times had its toll and I never see you in this town
Except when we agree to meet up and just fool around
And I sneak in those looks
Like dirty ole crooks
And every time you just smile

It's so innocent, magnificent; I'm seizing every moment
Unending everything

When I get lonely
She visits me
In my dreams

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