

Chapel Club "Surfacing"

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Strange the god of your name is in two
Shells and silvery scales and torrents of blue
One more pilot fish come to swim with the shark
Dreams of bloodiest extremes picks me from their
mouth.

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"
Bodies swinging in the sycamore tree
Dream a little dream of me.

Cold your blood is your soul but blood is the lie
Soul, the hand that you hold before you arrive
You're perfect, you're worth it your friends said
I guess that it's true
You mean it
I've seen it
The poets got nothing on you

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Dream a little dream of me.

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Dream a little dream
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