Book Of Dreams - Suzanne Vega

In my book of dreams 3x

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
Rode like foam on the river of pity
Turned its tide to strength
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams...

The spine is bound to last a life
Tough enough to take the pounding
Pages made of days of open hand

In my book of dreams

Number every page in silver
Underline in magic marker
Take the name of every prisoner
Yours is there my word of honor

I took your urgent whisper
Stole the arc of a white wing
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In my book of dreams