

# Dreams for Sale

## Cool Hand Luke

Out here its live and learn,  
so you can rush and earn,  
a peice of this pie.  
Its work today and rest tomorrow,  
but it's never tomorrow.  
untill we die.  
We strive to find contentment,  
and so often we miss it,  
when it's knocking at the door.  
We're too busy to open up,  
busy with other stuff,  
so we go on as before. Like a pencil you hold dear,  
but you lose behind your ear.  
You won't find it 'cause its already here.  
You can't see it with those  
eyes so tightly closed.  
Its right here in front of your nose. What are we fighting for?  
Are the spoils of war,  
all they're meant to be?  
We strive for 401k,  
but we could make a trade,  
for eternity.  
Put down those papers,  
put down that phone.  
Put down those fake diamond and imposter cologne.  
Yes, theres contentment.  
No, its not free.  
You have to lay down your anxiety. If you were trying to end change,  
you're wishing for the grave.  
This is the flux of things,  
in the rain you will get wet.  
And there is trouble yet,  
this is how we pay our debt.  
Running past the things you want,  
it was always here.  
You just closed your eyes and couldn't see it.  
Open your eyes.  
You'll see it's still here.  
But you can't chase this world and find contentment.

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