Dreams

Shad

Dreams... dreams...We think 'till we're emotional
Then drink until we're sociable again
This whole century is sensory overloadStay the night, roam the globe
We go from low to overdose back to comatose
Brightest lights, coldest roads
My generation is a rose that's grown
From concrete rubble under a broken home
In a busy city where we've never felt so alone
Let's get outta here baby, Barry Bonds
I know we've both got baggage, I hope they're carry-ons
Same age as pops when he married moms
Pipe dreams, cherry bombs blow up... gone
Grow up, achieve, succeed
You know that you've arrived when you always gotta leave
And you're up all night cause you're living all your dreams
The fantasy: a black room, one mirror
The man I see: inside of the vanity, can't believe
That he can't believe anymore, in any force
Stronger than a bombshell blonde that's twentyfour
Room had many doors - how to choose?
He said the echo in the space made him sound confused
And there's mirrors all around, 100, 000 views
Become 1000 faces in the now crowded room
Loud music all around and booze and the sound of youth
They got advanced because they only know how to moveDreams... dreams...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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