

# Dreams

Shad

Dreams... dreams... We think 'till we're emotional  
Then drink until we're sociable again  
This whole century is sensory overload Stay 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 move Dreams... dreams...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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