

# Kid Dreams

## Guster

So there I was, fifteen, stuck in  
High school was no prom king  
Zoned out in a daydream of a  
Pretty girl, my own beauty queen  
I was too shy to talk  
I was round and soft  
All the kids would drawl: "You got some beady eyes, boy"  
Then I'd start to shrink  
Cecame too hard to see  
They got what they need  
I got the beady eyes  
You can get what you want  
Make a plea to the dark  
Not as hard as it seems, kid dreams  
What did I want?  
What did I need?  
I got three squares a day, I got a bed for sleep  
I couldn't shake a deep belief in a  
Pretty girl who would save me  
And then sure enough, they would call my bluff  
They'd jab and trip me up  
Hit right between the eyes, boy  
Fill my cuts with salt  
Slowly I'd dissolve  
That was all they saw, boy with beady eyes  
You can get what you want  
Make a plea to the dark  
Not as hard as it seems, kid dreams  
Oh God now here she comes  
My perfect lady luck  
I never did give up, i never did give up  
The once and future king  
The best it's ever been  
If only they could see, see with my beady eyes, boy

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