

Dream Alone, Wake Together

Young Dreams

Give me a reason for talking
When everything's already said
It's clear to see from history
And things I see on my TV
Words just formed a symphony
Of things that we never got round to
Seems like it's time to stop looking
For things that already are found
The woods should not be hard to see
They've taken down all the trees
But somebody once told me
They were somewhere around here
Oooh, Aaah, oooh, aaah
Will make a new declaration
So maybe the next generation
Will see this all as history
Turned into obscurity
Words will form a symphony of things
That we will get round to
Hold on hope and dream
Maureen, my sweet sixteen
You and me, could be free
Ignore mortality
Let's take the bus to anywhere
Oooh, Aaah, oooh, aaah.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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