

The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of

The Purrs

And I really don't know
If I'm coming or going
Every cycle is central and always so mental
Around me, around the whole world And I'm wasted all the time
It seems like a good thing to do
The stress of living and the stress of forgiving
Is too much for me, how 'bout you? Yeah Well, I've noticed that you never smile
While my face is always a grin
You know I'm not a creature of having double features
So come on, baby, just let me in Yeah, well, I'm wanted for several bad crimes
In places I have never been
But they're after me still so I probably will
Have to find a hole to hide in, alright boys And I'm walking through walls
I'm not taking no calls
These are the dreams our stuff is made of
These are the dreams our stuff is made of
Stuff is made of So go write what you want
And say what you like, I don't care
'Cause everything is staying and no one is praying
It's all just a lot of hot air, yeah And I'm walking through walls
I'm not taking no calls
These are the dreams our stuff is made of
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Songwriters

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Published by
BIG DAMN DEAL MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>