Dream Another Dream

Rialto

Back when she was a girl there was a plan to see her through her life:
Get married settle down and have some kids and be a good housewife.
But she would go to bed at night,
with day-glo stars and fairy lights stuck on the ceiling of her room,
as she dreamt of another life.
Now it's too late to go back home,
it's saccharine and silicone, for a broken barbie doll.
Sleeping pills and alcohol, and nights she'd rather not recall,
for a broken barbie doll.
And though the hands that played with her were cold,
she let them drag her down.
And as her cardboard world begins to fold,
she's lying on the ground,
Now it's too late to go back home,
Her mother writes her every week,
she says she's worried for her health.
Her dad says she's finding her feet,
but now she's lying on the shelf.
Like faulty goods that are returned,
her pretty fingers are all burnt.
Now it's too late to go back home.

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