Dream, Dream, Dream

Bombshell Rocks

Sometimes, I feel like time is running out on me
As if the hands turn way too fast
My mind is one step ahead of me
And me, I'm stuck in the pastAnd it's about time I pick myself up
And find a way out of this
The sand is pouring through the hourglass
To remind me of how precious time is'Cause all I ever do
Is dream, dream, dream what am I supposed to do
All I ever do
That's how I make it throughAnd everyday is a wish
For another day to come
I know it's wrong but it seems
That life has got me under it's thumbAnd it's about time I pick myself up
It's a noble art, seizing the day
But why, why is it, why is it so hard
To let go and break away?'Cause all I ever do
Is dream, dream, dream what am I supposed to do
All I ever do
That's how I make it throughI pull the shades, I turn out the light
I go to sleep and maybe tomorrow, when I wake up
I'll go out and I'll do everything just right'Cause all I ever do
Is dream, dream, dream what am I supposed to do
All I ever do
That's how I make it throughYeah, all I ever do
Is dream, dream, dream what am I supposed to do
All I ever do
That's how I, that's how I make it through

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