

# Dreams Of Our Fathers

## Dave Matthews Band

Oh, I'm choking, I'm choking  
On the smoke from this burning house  
I claw and I scrape  
But I can't seem to get out  
But who then, who is this  
That's scratching from the ground?  
Oh, it's my world too  
But whose gold is this I'm digging out?  
When we go, where we go when we're dead  
Is the verdict still out? Do we get into line  
To line up with those long dead now?  
With the muffled tears of sorrow  
Bones underground, is this time our time?  
Yes, it is, without or with this shadow of doubt  
I don't want to wake up  
Lost in the dreams of our fathers  
Oh, it's such a waste, child  
To live and die for the dreams of our fathers  
Though I must confess, yes  
My view is a wonder about this  
This love I possess, love  
Must be the dreams of our fathers  
I wanna go, I wanna run  
We turn, so sure someone's looking down  
It's haunting me, haunting me  
Leaves us here to get out  
Though I don't believe, I don't believe  
This flavor in my mouth is from my tongue alone  
So bitter, I wanna spit it out  
I repeat these words, they come out  
Under the blue light in the sky  
My empty pages are filling up  
With these wicked lies  
But I hear deep in myself an echo, echo  
Of empty, empty emptiness  
Comes up and swells inside  
  
I don't want to wake up  
Lost in the dreams of our fathers

Oh, it's such a waste, child  
To live and die for the dreams of our fathers  
Though I must confess, yes  
My view is a wonder about this  
This love I possess, love  
It must be the dreams of our fathers  
Rain on my head, rain on my head  
Rain on me and then give me air  
Rain on my love again and again  
Why can't I dream you away from me?  
Look here, look here, bloated, floating  
Go belly down, belly up in the water  
But who is this here that's drowned?  
We followed the drunken man  
He got us all spinning around  
But it's like he swallowed himself  
And didn't leave us a way out  
I don't want to wake up  
Lost in the dreams of our fathers  
Oh, it's such a shame, child  
To live and die for the dreams of our fathers  
Though I must confess, yes  
My view is a wonder about this  
This love I possess, love  
It must be the dreams of our fathers  
This love I possess, love  
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It must be the dreams of our fathers  
This love I possess, love  
It must be the love of our fathers  
This love I possess, love

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