

Reality Dream

Morning Parade

Wound so tightly
I'm the window sill
Bending backwards
And then backwards again
Chasing tails
Round and round until The party's over
And we've emptied out the well
We stop believing
The lies we tell ourselves
And no more building
Prisons in our heads So no more Sunday
No lottery of fame
No more fake smiling
And no more flat champagne
And no more thinking
I won a race I wish I lost Bound by the wrists
We tell ourselves we'll get over this
Head in the sand
Oh, we were busy making plans So no more MTV
or magazines
I start living my own
Reality dreams
And I wanna see it,
I wanna be it,
I wanna taste it all Bound by the wrists
We tell ourselves we'll get over this
Head in the sand
Oh, we were busy making plans Bound by the wrists
We tell ourselves we'll get over this
Head in the sand
Oh, we were busy making plans 'Cause all we want is
To give our hearts to someone else
Love that is everlasting
The kind of love Hollywood sells And the happy ending
Is all we really ask
Don't spend your life pretending
Your happy end already passed.

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