

# Heartbreak Dreamer

Mat Kearney

La la ...I was turning nineteen, on a cold December night  
Burning like kerosene for nearly half of my life  
And I barely had the GPA to make it out of Eugene  
You can blame it on me with a ADHD while  
I'm falling asleep during the SATs  
And as I pack my bags and headed to a foreign land  
One way ticket on a one way plan  
Laying my head down alone each night  
The same devil's calling and that same old fight  
Cause this one's for middle sons living in the middle love  
Where they coming from and a halfway rush of blood  
This ones for those first prayers to heaven  
on a road that seems never endingFor all the heartbreak dreamers waiting for the light  
Looking for just one reason to get through the night  
Every long lost believer caught in the fight  
All the heartbreak dreamers gonna be alright  
Everybody singLa la...And I was turning twenty five in a city that don't sleep  
Was feeling only half alive to the dreams that I keep  
And I kept on waiting only she's waiting for me  
You burning down main on a quarter tank of pain with the soles off your feet  
And you've been waiting and praying for the right one to come  
Watch the rising and the falling of another setting sun  
Nobody seems quite good enough for you except  
the wrong one she keep running back to  
So this one's for Mike still waiting for his wife  
This one's for grandma losing the love of her life  
This ones for those first prayers to heaven  
on a road that seems never endingFor all the heartbreak dreamers waiting for the light  
Looking for just one reason to get through the night  
Every long lost believer caught in the fight  
All the heartbreak dreamers gonna be alright  
Everybody singLa la...And this one right here ah.. this is for the fat girls  
This one is a... is for the little brothers  
This is for the schoolyard wimps, for the childhood  
bullies that tormented them  
To the former prom queen and for the milk crate ball players  
For the nighttime cereal eaters and for the retired  
elderly Walmart store front door greeters  
Shake the dust

This is for the benches and the people sitting upon them  
For the bus drivers driving a million broken hymns  
To the men who have to hold down three  
jobs simply to hold up their children  
For the nighttime schoolers and for the midnight bike riders trying to fly  
Shake the dust  
This is for the two year-olds who cannot be understood  
because they speak half English and half God  
Shake the dust  
For the boys with the beautiful beautiful sisters  
Shake the dust  
For the girls with those brothers who are going crazy  
Those gym class wallflowers and the twelve  
year-old afraid of taking public showers  
For the kid who is always late to class 'cause he forgets the combination to his lockers  
For the girl who loved somebody else  
Shake the dust  
This is for the hard men who want love but know that it won't come  
For the one's amendments who not stayin' up  
For the ones who are forgotten  
For the ones who are told to speak only when you are spoken to  
And then they are never spoken to (La la...)  
Speak every time you stand so you do not forget yourself  
Do not let one moment go by that doesn't  
remind you that your heart beats a hundred thousand times a day  
And that there are gallons of blood making every one of you oceans

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