Ah Yeah

Buck-O-Nine

All of out lives and all our dreams
Seems to come apart at the seams
But in the night we dream of better things to comeThere's gotta be a better way
We tend to fantasize
Even though reality will open our eyesWhy do we push our dreams aside?
We must open our hearts and then our minds
If it was all left to me then we would all live in a dreamBut when we try to find another reason
All we find is displeasin'
It's a wonder we don't lose all hope and faithAnd if we could dream all day
We'd pray for things to go our way
And all our lives would see a happy day

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