# Impossible Dream

## Cherry Poppin' Daddies

My waiter is a brando affecting nicholson's smile I feel a sort of compassion but choking down my dinner was a trial The sixty-five year old poet, he's still finding his voice I read his old yellow clipping calling him the poor man's shithouse joyce The impossible dream, yes you will find out It's throwing cheap plastic toys in its wake She clutched her precious objects that held no meaning for him His face was a jackal it seemed to her in the dim Transfixed and horrified he watched it snack on some kind of albino cake She stuffed her screeching child into a stroller The impossible dream, yes you will find out Start at the top and live like you're always willing to fall But you know it makes no difference to me This year you'll reinvent yourself and grow Comfortably soft you'll jump over the barbed wire Slow motion in a crashin' car Her halo formed in broken glass And get your giblets torn off Yellow police tape and a blonde wig I guess you went too fast The impossible dream, yes you will find out

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