Dig My Hands

blue number nine

blue number nine â€“ living it up in the new world
Dig My Hands by S. Seskin 2004
In my dream thereâ€™s ice cream
My candyland with all my bestest friends
Then itâ€™s night and I go to sleep
And dream of being big
I rise from my dream within a dream
Force myself back to reality
To be rational and sensible
But madness surrounds me
Wanna dig my hands in the dirt, move it all around
Stir is up, toss in seeds, add water and sun
Wanna dig my hands in the dirt, move it all around
Grow some awareness, grow a world that makes sense
I dream there are no colors
Everyoneâ€™s the same
Even though weâ€™re different
Same colored bones, same colored warm blood in our veins
I dream that this matters
And everybody knows
So thereâ€™s no crime, no wars because loves fills the world
And then I wake up
But canâ€™t look around
â€˜Cause Iâ€™m distracted by the factions trying to make up mind
Gotta sort it all out, take a stand
But my dreams are so much better

Lyrics Submitted by Stefanie Seskin

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