

# Bad Dreams

## SP:MC

The cats are in the flower bed  
A red hawk rides the sky  
I guess I should be happy  
Just to be alive  
But we have poisoned everything  
And oblivious to it all  
The cell phone zombies babble  
Through the shopping malls  
While condors fall from Indian skies  
Whales beach and die in sand  
Bad dreams are good  
In the great plan  
You cannot be trusted  
Do you even know you're lying  
It's dangerous to kid yourself  
You go deaf and dumb and blind  
You take with such entitlement  
You give bad attitude  
You have no grace  
No empathy, no gratitude  
You have no sense of consequence  
Oh, my head is in my hands  
Bad dreams are good  
In the great plan  
Before that altering apple  
We were one with everything  
No sense of self and other  
No self-consciousness  
But now we have to grapple  
With our man-made world backfiring  
Keeping one eye on our brother's  
Deadly selfishness  
Everyone's a victim  
Nobody's hands are clean  
There's so very little left of wild Eden Earth  
So near the jaws of our machines  
We live in these electric scabs  
These lesions once were lakes  
No one knows how to shoulder the blame

Or learn from past mistakes  
So who will come to save the day  
Mighty Mouse, Superman?  
Bad dreams are good  
In the great plan

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