

Dreaming, I Am

Bob Mould

Wire cage with rope and wooden framing doors behold
Prancing for the camera in some monthly centerfold
It's the loneliest, I've been so far
Someone left the golden door ajar Innocent they stand and picking up
Across the ground
They hope to clear a path in garden
This whole year around When they all line up
When they all line up
Chicken surely knows that fox so well
Chicken understands that fox so well And over the fence and down the field
Runs that fox so sly
Stealing embryo
And take those golden go Dreaming, I am
Dreaming, I am
Dreaming, I am Try to fly in desperation, wings come into view
Nicotine is from my system, assistance
Sleep, I have been sleeping for so long
Run with safety underneath the feet they so adore Hen suspects the fox on guard beside the golden door
Sweating from my system
I'll make across the wall
I'll tumble down the wall Dreaming, I am
Dreaming, I am
Dreaming, I am

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