

## Dreamer

## Atmosphere

She gotta condition of the heart a heart condition  
So as a kid she had to adapt to smarter livin'  
Not much room to rebel because of health  
No drugs no booze just kiss and tell  
Well known on the scene jailbait queen  
Had the first baby barely eighteen  
Father of the child was after one thing  
When the daughter came the dad was unseen  
It don't matter he ain't got a job  
So she had to go work  
And leave the baby with her mom  
Second shift 'til the neck is stiff  
But she worked it and built her own nest to live  
Soon after that baby's daddy  
Lazy bum with no cash  
He wanna come over and crash  
He wanna play his part  
So she let him move into that garden level apartment  
She knew better she did it anyways  
Explain better when you're tryin' to see some better days  
The sun's up catch those rays  
Butterflies now who's got chase?  
But she still dreams after she woke tight hold on that hope  
Sometimes it can seem so cold do what you gotta do to cope  
Two years later two months pregnant  
Same daddy same broke ass situation  
This time the doc said her heart might break  
Praise god that the job got her health benefits straight  
She believes in the right to choice  
But she loves baby girl and she wants a boy  
Makes more nowadays on the day shift  
Balance that with night classes  
Take some time and space and make it all fit  
The apartment they now live in is overcrowded  
Raised her voice and made her point  
Told that boy go get employed  
He put on his best shirt  
Said he wasn't comin' back 'til he gets work  
She knew what that part meant  
So she swept every piece out that apartment  
Peace out keep out take the scenic route  
Rather only hafta feed three mouths  
She adapts to everything now  
And nobody asks what she dreams about  
But she still dreams after she woke tight hold on that hope  
Sometimes it can seem so cold do what you gotta do to cope  
Little girl was her first reason to breath  
And her little man was the first man she believed in  
She gotta live right and do right by self  
She do for self she don't want your help  
Afraid of being alone  
But fear ain't enough to knock her off of that stone  
Gonna make that home a home  
With or without a man that she can call her own  
Big boss at work is anxious  
Continues to hand her the wrong advances  
She passes the test she knew the answers

Quit the job to go take a chance with life  
This is life we all strain  
While we pray for dollars and we work for change  
It's all the same we all struggle  
Sometimes you gotta say fuck you  
When you smile and she doesn't return it  
Give her room and don't disturb it  
If it makes it hurt less to curse and fight  
Go ahead and hate the world girl you earned the right now  
But she still dreams after she woke tight hold on that hope  
Sometimes it can seem so cold do what you gotta do to cope