

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
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
Over the fence and down the field

Runs that fox so sly
Stealing embryo
Take those golden go
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