

Livin' A Dream

Dr. Dog

Was this a dream I had
Or is this for real?
Where did I go from here
And how did it feel?

You only get one piece of time
And one space to take up
'Cause on the day that you die
You don't have to wake up.

Nothing is quite like it seems
When you're living your life in a dream.

It's only lunchtime
Aw, but he's so tired.
And if he slips away
He will surely be fired.

So he keeps his heads in the clouds
Like it's some kind of pillow
And he blows from side to side
Like a weeping willow.

Nothing is quite like it seems
When you're living your life in a dream.
Sometimes you can't help but scream
When you wake up living a dream.

One hundred years from now when our grandkids have all had sex,
will they look back to the past and know what they've missed?
Will they think we had it better than the way they have it then
? Will they gaze at a strip mall where a field had once been? W
ill they think they're born late like the way we now do it? Or
will they curse at the present and lend credence to it? Will th
ey hear all the old songs and think they're all true and hate a
ll their own songs and everything new? Well I'm here to tell yo
u something that's known, from someone who's lived it from some
one who's grown, the somebody who somebody once loaned a home t
o. The grass is always greener, the past is always cleaner, the
present is crap and everyone's meaner. They say we're moving t
owards something but I think we're moving from something. There
are some folks who are more apathetic and then there are some
folks who are more money grubbin'. Well, I know there's always
been greed and green acres, and war and peace makers. And then
there's your takers and your leavers, your havers and your need
ers. And in this great froth as we skim through the batter, the
re's now many more of the former and less of the latter. Help u
s climb out of this pitfall disaster led by dynasties, charlata

ns, but not poetasters. Where there is a mortal disconnect spawned by gluttonous connection, where you pick your own culture without viewer discretion. Where there is no more history and nothing is learned. Where you shun all your kin and all your bridges are burned. Where you are what you buy and you're who what you own; and you think of yourself and you live all alone. You make yourself feel fine when everything's wrong. The world keeps turning but you're brittle as bone. So to all you future dreamers and lovers and leavers, to all those who know there's still something between us that binds us and reminds us of times that passed, I appreciate you listening to this one man's last gas. In spite of all the words that we can't fit to song, I'd thank you to take off your eye shades, please... sing along.