

Dream

Daan

How did you do,
get stuck on my front?
Not even blond.
You made it too bont.
You wanted me more than I needed you.
You fly the broom!
You took my credit card to pay for my doom.
Back to the bays buzzing zoom.
I think I'll do
dance without you,
hoping that you
stick to your glue.
Nothing you do can make my dream come true.

View from a bitch.
Can't take you no more.
Lower your pitch.
You sing like a whore.
And every time I hear your name I stop.
Don't like the smell.
Don't like the rumors that you spread oh so well.
Some people think I was fooled,
ganz overruled.
I don't need you.
To get the clue,
stick to your crew.
Nothing you do can make my dream come true.

Now that you're gone,
you no laughing huh.
Saved by the gong.
I wasted my cum.
I openly admit it you was wrong.
Take back your long.
Take back the holy book that you're swearing on.
Take back your nails and your cross.
You lost the toss.
Look at yourself,
one from the shelf,
each dozen twelve.
All that you do is make nightmares come true.

Sick to the bone.
I threw the first stone.
...?...
for you to dethrone.
Was number one on my old wishing list.
I can declare.
I got an overdose of your silly flair.
The kind of chique they call sick.
...?...
Get of my dick.
Thrown up my brick.
Your grave you dig.
Nothing you do can make my dream come
make my dream come
make my dream come true.