

Small Dreams

A Wilhelm Scream

Do you recall seeing no way that we could get through?
Those nights spent thinking, "Our dreams may be just small enough to come true?"
So steal away.
Steal away and let these days
Witness the death of fear,
See our confusion clear,
Unravel everything we thought we were,
Sink hopes that let us down,
Save us from feet striding on careless clouds.
We grew up too fast,
There's no use in running now.
We grew up too fast,
We'll get through somehow.
No telling what's around the corner,
But we'll find a way to wrestle it down.
Making loud mistakes to drown our concerns,
They said we'd never learn.
Take this for what it's worth.
So steal away
and let these days
be the fade, black and white to gray.
We grew up too fast,
There's no use in running now.
We grew up too fast,
But we'll get through somehow.