

What do you think of yourself?
Is this who you want to be?
Are you where you've always imagined yourself?
Have you created a life for yourself where you can live out your dreams?
Well, I have

And ever since I was old enough to know what passion was
Every time someone asked me "What do you want to be when you grow up?"
I responded back with, "Well, isn't it obvious? I want to be everything."
And I hope my future can't sleep at night because I'm dreaming of it
And I hope my hands never stop cramping because I'm writing my wrongs and I'm editing my rights
And I'm writing for everyone who hasn't found someone
And I'm writing for everyone who has ever been told that their dreams are too big or not realistic enough
And I'm telling my subconscious to speak the fuck up because I can't hear it over the ringing in my ears
And I can't hear it over the ringing of my fears
I walked past a field of dandelions and said, "Look at all those wishes."
I looked up at the stars and said

"Look at all those dreams"

Peter Pan has nothing on me
I know what it's like to be a lost kid who hasn't found Neverland and yet
I found my Wendy in the beat
And my little Lost Boys got a little too lost
So I'm wishing on every 11:11
I'm looking up at every star and making a wish on anything that shoots
I wish-I wish with all my heart to never let that little kid's dreams die
I'm blowing the petals off of dandelions in hopes
That the day is windy enough to carry my wishes
To the grave with me, so

Have you created a life for yourself where you can live out your dreams?
Well, I have