

In this game we call a dream
How much longer must we sleep
I'm beginning to grow numb
Tell me how long must I wonder in this maze
If it's all inside my brain
I have no dogs in this race
Tell me how long must I wonder through this maze
(Here in our home of planet Earth, there could be billions and
billions and billions and billions and billions and billions st
ars. Billions and billions and billions and billions and billio
ns and billions and billions and billions.)
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Tell me how long must I wonder through this maze
(We could all be in a simulation, in a simulation, in a simulat
ion, in a simulation, in a simulation, in a simulation, in a si
mulation, in a simulation, in a simulation, in a simulation, in
a simulation, in a simulation...)
The hang dynasty

In this maze Stevie Wonder, in this maybe unconscious
Being this honest ain't as conducive to making commas
All the minutiae of everyday it is beginning to feel like a pri
son
I can't help but feeling there isn't a finish, this [?]
Just to circle round back to the beginning
And time is circular, I'd rather be at the center than to roam
the parameter
Way too articulate, way too particular
All these meticulous details got a roll up a cylinder
Got me a barber she on a barbiturate

Where are we? What the hell, is going on?
[?]... this maze

In this game we call a dream
How much longer must we sleep
I'm beginning to grow numb
Tell me how long must I wonder in this maze
If it's all inside my brain
I have no thoughts in this place
Tell me how long must I wonder in this maze