

Impossible Dream

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

My waiter is a Brando affecting Nicholson's smile
I feel a sort of compassion but choking down my dinner was a trial
The sixty-five year old poet, he's still finding his voice
I read his old yellow clipping calling him the poor man's shithouse Joyce

The impossible dream, yes you will find out

His face was a jackal it seemed to her in the dim
She clutched her precious objects that held no meaning for him
She stuffed her screeching child into a stroller
It's throwing cheap plastic toys in its wake
Transfixed and horrified he watched it snack on some kind of albino cake

The impossible dream, yes you will find out

Start at the top and live like you're always willing to fall
But you know it makes no difference to me
This year you'll reinvent yourself and grow
Comfortably soft you'll jump over the barbed wire
And get your giblets torn off
Slow motion in a crashin' car
Her halo formed in broken glass
Yellow police tape and a blonde wig
I guess you went too fast

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