

My whole life's been filled with songs and dreams
When I was a child I had a time machine
Little did I know it would go too fast
Little did I know it could see the future but not the past

Leave it all behind, come what may
Always thought I'd be comin' home someday
Little did I know that life is hard
Here I am, now, starin' out a window at my old back yard

Is there any comfort to be derived?
In knowing that most of our lives
Can never be the same
We can never go back home
And those that can are lucky, I guess
To somehow escape from this mess
Me, I can only do it in dreams and songs

Tryna fill a hole while running a race
Leaves an even bigger empty space
But a moving target is harder to kill
Never was one for taking it easy or standing still

Nowadays I find myself again
Throwing stones and caution to the wind
Nothing's really changed but the scenery
And staring into my child's eyes
I realize what it all means to me

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Dreams and songs