

# Dreamstealers

KeyWest

When I was a boy maybe 10 years old  
My father sat me down and this is what he told me  
"Son, you only get what you give in this life"

So keep your head in the books and out of the clouds  
Old fashioned work never let anyone down  
A good man, always stands up when something ain't right

But now I got debt up to my eyeballs  
And I can't afford a house  
I feel out of place the world has changed  
Since my father sat me down

And I feel lost  
I feel hopeless  
I had plans, I had dreams, but they've been stolen  
So what's the cost  
Of this so-called progress  
Cos it seems to me you let families go homeless  
You're just dreamstealers  
Up on Capitol Hill  
Dream, dream, dreamstealers

Well, I break my back for the man each day  
Doing maximum work and getting minimum wage  
Cos the poor man's cash always flows uphill

So I drink whiskey to numb my brain  
And I take pills to fall asleep  
It's the same old shit on a different day  
About seven days a week

And I feel lost  
I feel hopeless  
I had plans, I had dreams, but they've been stolen  
So what's the cost  
Of this so-called progress  
Cos it seems to me you let families go homeless  
You're just dreamstealers  
Up on Capitol Hill  
Dream, dream, dreamstealers

Oh, you're just dreamstealers  
Up on Capitol Hill  
Dream, dream, dreamstealers