

Troubled Times

Matt McAndrew

You know that I'm a dreamer, a visionary man
But sometimes even dreams don't go the way that we had planned
You tried to tell me what I promised, who I was, and why
As we went down, down, down through more troubled times

I was headin' for the city, but my tires got dry rot
So I returned back to my home behind the parking lot
I feel I'm goin' nowhere out of money in my prime
As we go down, down, down through more troubled times

Go on and tell me how to act, and tell me what to say
I wanna paint it black, you'd rather see me paint it gray
I'm drunk from your complaining yes I'm dizzy from your whine
As we go down, down, down through more troubled times

I built myself from nothin', had a vision, made it true
The further that I go it seems the more I owe to you
But the early bird don't get the worm, no he don't get a dime
As we go down, down, down, through more troubled times

Some of you are schemers, always plannin' in your heads
Evil make-believers who would rather see me dead
I wish you'd build a rocket ship and crash your own design
As we go down, down, down through more troubled times

The summer now is dyin', and soon the leaves will fall
And though I love the autumn air, I hate the school bell's call
The little sour grapes are growing sick upon the vine
As we go down, down, down through more troubled times