

Son you ain't nothin to me, pocketfull of fantasies and dreams,
Son you ain't nothin to me, leave us far behind to make you free,
Mama is still at the front door waiting,
My hand is still left unshaken.
You just left without a word...out of our world.

You can't see what you got, till you open your eyes,
Tell us what's on your mind, or tell us some lies,
Just something to hold, when your out of our lives,
cause left in silence we surely won't survive.

Son, you are something to me, you remind me of how old times used to be,
Son you are something to me, but everyman must cure his own disease,
So run far away, cause it hurts you to stay,
But leave us just one more word 'til your out of our world.

They'll be times when you're shaken down.
You'll be lookin for help, there ain't no one around.
The dreams that brought you there will fade away,
replaced by dreams that bring you back someday....
So we wait on dreams that bring you back someday.
So we wait...