

Dreams

Thomas Sanders

Dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams

If you shoot down our...

Dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams

It'll keep us on the ground

It'll keep us surrounded by ghosts of our mostly inimitable needs

But still we plead

You wonder if you'll ever see the things you were going for
Too late
You see a sign that draws the line
And closes off the doors
That's fate

You're torn apart and you retorted
You never get the things you wanted
You try, and try, and try, and try, and try
But the ghost of your dreams keeps you haunted

Dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams
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If you take away our...

Dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams

It'll make the day go dull

It'll make the day go sullen and dreary
Exhaustingly weary and dim
But don't blame it all on him

You wonder if you'll ever get to taste the taste of sweet success
No chance
You stuck a ground without a shot, though you tried nonetheless
Danced the dance
You've traveled by your inhibition
Repetition after repetition
You try, and try, and try, and try, and try
But you're disparaging your disposition, yeah

Ooh, ladadadadadadadada...

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Ooh...