

# Shattered Dreams

CunninLynguists

Poor me, pour me a shot of patron  
cigarillo or bordello I just gotta be blown  
in a silicone zone where titties are grown  
and sessions in the recession where fifties are thrown  
rose petals, pedaled within cities of stone  
reefer and liquor dance, my chemical romance  
my pitiful cold hands  
that ache to be warm  
like a tux with gold cuffs that waits to be worn  
nowadays  
loves in the haze of a flashback  
those that invest deeply need be gettin' they cash back  
being in lust with love, feels so dreamy  
till it's shattered in beautiful pieces scattered beneath me  
i still chase it, you gotta believe me  
I just don't think it's as instant as an instance on tv  
we try to close the distance but persistence ain't easy  
there's a ribbon in the sky if you listen to Stevie  
problem is, my arms can't reach that far  
or stretch that high, is it best I fly  
with the wings of a goose, mixed with red bull  
and a night cap slapped on to keep my head cool  
awaken in a state of confusion  
dressing quickly to get back to my city  
f\*\*kin' delusion  
where I live  
where I stay  
where I sleep  
where I lay

I've seen all the things that pass me by  
oh why can't it be real?  
I cling to my dreams as I grab the sky  
oh why can't it be real?