

## Livin' A Dream

Dr. Dog

Was this a dream I had  
Or is this for real?  
Where did I go from here  
And how did it feel?

You only get one piece of time  
And one space to take up  
'Cause on the day that you die  
You don't have to wake up.

Nothing is quite like it seems  
When you're living your life in a dream.

It's only lunchtime  
Aw, but he's so tired.  
And if he slips away  
He will surely be fired.

So he keeps his heads in the clouds  
Like it's some kind of pillow  
And he blows from side to side  
Like a weeping willow.

Nothing is quite like it seems  
When you're living your life in a dream.  
Sometimes you can't help but scream  
When you wake up living a dream.

One hundred years from now when our grandkids have all had sex,  
will they look back to the past and know what they've missed?  
Will they think we had it better than the way they have it then  
? Will they gaze at a strip mall where a field had once been? Will  
ill they think they're born late like the way we now do it? Or  
will they curse at the present and lend credence to it? Will th  
ey hear all the old songs and think they're all true and hate a  
ll their own songs and everything new? Well I'm here to tell yo  
u something that's known, from someone who's lived it from some  
one who's grown, the somebody who somebody once loaned a home t  
o. The grass is always greener, the past is always cleaner, the  
present is crap and everyone's meaner. They say we're moving t  
owards something but I think we're moving from something. There  
are some folks who are more apathetic and then there are some  
folks who are more money grubbin'. Well, I know there's always  
been greed and green acres, and war and peace makers. And then  
there's your takers and your leavers, your havers and your need  
ers. And in this great froth as we skim through the batter, the  
re's now many more of the former and less of the latter. Help u  
s climb out of this pitfall disaster led by dynasties, charlata

ns, but not poetasters. Where there is a mortal disconnect spawned by gluttonous connection, where you pick your own culture without viewer discretion. Where there is no more history and nothing is learned. Where you shun all your kin and all your bridges are burned. Where you are what you buy and you're who what you own; and you think of yourself and you live all alone. You make yourself feel fine when everything's wrong. The world keeps turning but you're brittle as bone. So to all you future dreamers and lovers and leavers, to all those who know there's still something between us that binds us and reminds us of times that passed, I appreciate you listening to this one man's last gas. In spite of all the words that we can't fit to song, I'd thank you to take off your eye shades, please... sing along.