

Young Man's Dream

Galactic Cowboys

The clock is set for never 'til twelve
I close my eyes and see myself
Passing countless vacant frames
As all the beauty slowly drains
To an empty theater a blackened screen
Where the silence lasts till the day begins

There're few things that I wouldn't give
To dream a young man's dream again
The confidence to set aside the things that I have settled for

I cried a tear of grief in joy
For visions of a little boy
Whose arrogance made him believe
He could be anything he wanted to be

Dream again