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