

When Dreams Come True

John Wesley Harding

Nice girls are writing in journals
Things they wish they'd done
And all their bad sisters are walking high wires
Counting the days in a month

The awful truth doesn't bear thinking
Nor does the half-baked lie
They get their hopes dirty once in a while
Wash them and hang them to dry

Everyone's down except for the clowns
And noah don't know where to go
It's hell up in heaven, there's nothing much here
And all the real men are below

What happens when dreams come true?
Will we know what to do
When our dreams come true?

So a saviour rolls in past the big sign
That says "strangers - please turn round"
The men tie him up to a feeding post
And take his credentials down

The sun beats rays on our salad days
His lips get parched and dry
The girls bring him drink with a giggle and a wink
And his moment of glory expires

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Mr.sandman can't believe it
He thought he gave them what they needed
You couldn't get no higher
Than a handsome dark messiah
But he's got one more trick up his sleeve,
Before he gives up once again

A siren goes off as she walks in
As the cowboy lies dying in the dust
She walks through the room where the gentlemen gather
Surrounded by debris and rust

She smoulders and steams, straight out of their dreams
But no-one will talk to her first
Big words are just words
They're small and absurd
She leaves and we all die of thirst

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