

# 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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