

Heartbreak Dreamer

Mat Kearney

La la ...

I was turning nineteen, on a cold December night
Burning like kerosene for nearly half of my life
And I barely had the GPA to make it out of Eugene
You can blame it on me with a ADHD while I'm falling asleep during the Sat's
And as I pack my bags and headed to a foreign land
One way ticket on a one way plane
Laying my head down alone each night
The same devil's calling and that same old fight
'Cause this one's for middle surfs living in the middle love
Where they coming from and a halfway rush of blood
This ones for those first prayers to heaven on a road that seems never ending

For all the heartbreak dreamers waiting for the light
Looking for just one reason to get through the night
Every long lost believer caught in the fight
All the heartbreak dreamers gonna be alright
Everybody sing

La la...

And I was turning twenty five in a city that don't sleep
Was feeling only half alive to the dreams that I keep
And I kept on waiting only she's waiting for me
You burning down lane on a quarter tank of pain with soles off your feet
And you've been waiting and praying for the right one to come
Watch the rising and the falling of another setting sun
Nobody seems quite good enough for you except the wrong one she keep running
back to
So this one's for Mike still waiting for his wife
This one's for grandma losing the love of her life
This ones for those first prayers to heaven on a road that seems never ending

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La la...

And this one right here ah.. this is for the fat girls
This one is a... is for the little brothers
This is for the schoolyard wimps, for the childhood bullies who tormented them
To the former prom queen and to the milk-crate ball players
For the nighttime cereal eaters and for the retired elderly walmart store front door greeters
Shake the dust
This is for the benches and the people sitting upon
For the bus drivers driving a million broken hymns
To the men who have to hold down three jobs simply to hold up their children
For the nighttime schoolers and for the midnight bike riders trying to fly
Shake the dust

This is for the two-year-
olds who cannot be understood because they speak half English and half God
Shake the dust
For the boys with the beautiful beautiful sisters
Shake the dust
For the girls with those brothers who are going crazy
Those gym class wallflowers and the twelve-year-
olds afraid of taking public showers
For the kid who is always late to class and forgets the combination to his l
ockers
And the girl who loved somebody else
Shake the dust
This is for the hard men who want love but know that it won't come
For the one's amendments who not stand up for
For the ones who are forgotten
For the ones who are told to speak only when you are spoken to
And then they are never spoken to speak (La la...)
Every time you stand so you do not forget yourself
Do not let one moment go by that doesn't remind you that your heart beats hu
ndred thousand times a day
And that they have gallons of blood making every one is an Oceans