

# 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