

Dreams So Real

Metric

When I get to the bottom of it I sink
Seems like nothing I said
Ever meant anything
But a headline over my head
Thought I made a stand
Only made a scene
There's no feast for the underfed

All the unknown, dying or dead
Keep showing up in my dreams
They stand at the end of my bed
Have I ever really helped anybody but myself
To believe in the power of songs,
To believe in the power of girls?
Though the point we're making is gone
Play it stripped down to my thong

(6x)

I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn

Our parents daughters and sons
Believed in the power of songs
What if those days are gone?
My memory is strong
Anyone not dying is dead
And baby it won't be long
So shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn

(4x)

I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn

Baby wherever you are, baby whatever you do
Faster than you think, time staggers on