

## 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