

Reality Dream

Morning Parade

Wound so tightly
On the window sill
Bending backwards and then backwards again
Chasing tails
Round and round
Until the party's over
And we've emptied out the well
We stop believing the lies we tell ourselves
And no more building prisons in our heads

So no more "someday" no lottery or fame
No more fake smiling
No more flat champagne
No more thinking
"I won a race I wish I'd lost"

Bound by the wrists
We tell ourselves "we'll get over this"
Head in the sand
We were busy making plans

So no more MTV or magazines
I start living my own reality dream
I wanna see it
I wanna be it
I wanna taste it all

[x2:]

Bound by the wrists
We tell ourselves "we'll get over this"
Head in the sand
We were busy making plans

Cause' all we want is to give our hearts to someone else
Love that is everlasting
The kind of love Hollywood sells
And the happy ending? Well it's all we really ask
Don't spend your life pretending
Your happy end already passed.