

Dream Gerrard

Traffic

And it's a fact, you are cold
They react, dream Gerrard
Hippos don't wear hats
Lobsters shriek if provoked
On long blue ribbons
That he may see
While he sleeps
Monsieur old Neddy
He wears spectacles in
Bed that he
May see dreams more clearly
The night, it will be black
And white raven croaking
I am thirsty, die
They won't let it be
They think it should be done
With reality
I scream from a skull
Fritz, bring your wigwam
They won't let it be
They think it should be done
With reality, with reality
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