

## 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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