

## 200 North

### "Prelude To A Dream"

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Ashes to ashes and dust to dust;  
Realizing truth as youth, denying proof as movements.  
Running home from school I catch the latest cartoons,  
And ask my mom if I can have another dollar for lunch  
Or 10 more minutes past my curfew time  
So I can see who wins the fight of whose dad can beat  
up whose.  
As I'm pedaling up the street there's a friend in every  
stranger I meet --  
The new kid on the block; the fastest kid in school;  
The coolest kid I ever knew was the one who broke  
every rule  
Like staying up late at night, wishing I could be out  
there.  
Not knowing what lies out there on the other side  
They say that ignorance is bliss and every child  
Is wise beyond his years, are wasted on the youth.  
The taste of freedom never came as it did

When I was a child --

Embracing fortune, truth and lie distortion,  
Truth of life distortion -- part of my misfortune.  
Raised with a spoon made of tin, but never silver.  
Lies I'm told as I grow old.  
Years are passing. I feel myself developing.  
And they say that ignorance is bliss,  
And they say a man can be anything in life if he puts  
his mind to it.  
But my mother died when I was young.  
And my father slapped me harder than the bitter taste  
of reality.  
And any lesson from any teacher couldn't prepare me.  
And the shortcomings of my role models, well they told  
me  
That life is only what you can make it,  
And that faith is mine for the taking,  
And that life will never seem as simple as it did

When I was a kid.

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