

Audio Karate

"The Dream"

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I never made the dream
Was just too far out of reach
And though I want it still
Not sure it ever will

God how I miss you
Another seven weeks until
I called you on the phone
But you weren't at home

Pulling out your photograph
So many things
I wish I'd said

I passed through my home town
One of the few that made it out
Nothing has changed
It stayed the same

I ran into an ex-friend
We never had made amends
And after all these years
Things still are weird

There wasn't much - much to say
Friendships often fade away

Been trying to write
This letter to you
Disjointed thoughts
Just can't seem to
Get them to display back
What I want them to
Crumpled failures
Litter the room

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