

Bonfire Pickets

"Concrete Dreams"

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Wings of blindness fly me home
Temptation lad to love with chrome
The city and the problem child
Teething, boredom, running wild
Cheated, beaten, opened, abused
These dreams of concrete have no real use
The repercussions of the naive need,
Torn and twisted by the failure of greed

chorus:

The trouble with concrete is the fabric of thought
If only we used it like we were taught
But battered by the pain and screams
We're left with rubble from these concrete dreams
The teachers shun the chosen word
And educate the losers with the absurd
The system does not know the truth
Radio edit hides the proof

Chorus

My dream of concrete led me here
As the rubble fell, so did the fear
Waiting for the lights to go out
So concrete I can dream about

Chorus:

The trouble with concrete is how we're taught
Make concrete the fabric of your thought
I was told at a young age
Now only death can halt my rage.

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