

## Crowned King "Getting There"

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Sometimes I think philosophy  
About the future and where I want to be  
Down the road from now I've got my dreams  
But they could all come crashing down  
And I think that several years from now  
I'll have decisions to make and I don't know how  
I'm going to make them but I'll try  
To make a difference before I die

We all have dreams  
And in my heart  
I hope my are granted  
With a head start

If I had my way I'd travel the world  
I'm be free without a care  
I guess I'll see you when I get there

I see a man in shabby clothes  
A cardboard box is his only home  
I tend to wonder of his dreams  
Where did they go wrong, now on his knees  
He prays to a god that failed him  
It's getting dark, the candle dim  
And I leave him with no response  
I hope I'll never be this lost

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