

Dave Matthews Band

"Dreams Of Our Fathers"

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Oh, Iâ€™m choking, Iâ€™m choking
On the smoke from this burning house
I claw and I scrape
But I canâ€™t seem to get out
But who then, who is this
Thatâ€™s scratching from the ground
Oh, itâ€™s my world, too
But whose gold is this Iâ€™m digging out?

When we go, where we go
When weâ€™re dead
Is the verdict still out?
Do we get into line
To line up with those long dead now?
With the muffled tears of sorrow
Bones underground
Is this time our time?
Yes, it is
Without or with this shadow of doubt

I donâ€™t want to wake up
Lost in the Dreams of our Fathers
Oh, itâ€™s such a waste child
To live and die for the Dreams of our Fathers
Though I must confess, yes
My view is a wonder about this
This love I possess, love
Must be the Dreams of our Fathers

I wanna go, I wanna run
We turn, so sure someoneâ€™s looking down
Itâ€™s haunting me, haunting me
Leaves us here to get out
Though I donâ€™t believe, I donâ€™t believe
This flavor in my mouth
Is from my tongue alone
So bitter I wanna spit it out

I repeat these words
They come out
Under the blue light in the sky
My empty pages are filling up

With these wicked lies
But I hear deep in myself
An echo, an echo
Of empty, empty emptiness
Comes up and swells inside
I don't want to wake up
Lost in the Dreams of our Fathers
Oh, it's such a waste child
To live and die for the Dreams of our Fathers
Though I must confess, yes
My view is a wonder about this
This love I possess, love
It must be the Dreams of our Fathers

Rain on my head
Rain on my head
Rain on me
And then give me air
Rain on my love
Again and again
Why can't I dream you away from me?

Look here, look here
Bloated, floating
Go belly down
Belly up in the water
But who is this here that's drowned?
We followed a drunken man
He got us all spinning round
But it's like he swallowed himself
And didn't leave us a way out

I don't want to wake up
Lost in the Dreams of our Fathers
Oh, it's such a shame child
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This love I possess, love
It must be the Dreams of our Fathers
This love I possess, love
It must be the Dreams of our Fathers
This love I possess, love
It must be the love of our fathers

The dreams
The dreams
The dreams

This love I possess love

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