

Dr. Dog

"Livin' A Dream"

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Was this a dream I had
Or is this for real?
Where did I go from here
And how did it feel?

You only get one piece of time
And one space to take up
'Cause on the day that you die
You don't have to wake up.

Nothing is quite like it seems
When you're living your life in a dream.

It's only lunchtime
Aw, but he's so tired.
And if he slips away
He will surely be fired.

So he keeps his heads in the clouds
Like it's some kind of pillow
And he blows from side to side
Like a weeping willow.

Nothing is quite like it seems
When you're living your life in a dream.
Sometimes you can't help but scream
When you wake up living a dream.

[Spoken:] One hundred years from now
When our grandkids have all had sex,
Will they look back to the past and know
What they've missed?
Will they think we had it better
Than the way they have it then?
Will they gaze at a strip mall
Where a field had once been?
Will they think they're born late
Like the way we now do it?
Or will they curse at the present
And lend credence to it?
Will they hear all the old songs
And think they're all true and hate

All their own songs and everything new?
Well I'm here to tell you something that's known,
From someone who's lived it from someone who's
grown,
The somebody who somebody once loaned a home to.
The grass is always greener, the past is always
cleaner,
The present is crap and everyone's meaner.
They say we're moving towards something
But I think we're moving from something.
There are some folks who are more apathetic
And then there are some folks who are more money
grubbin'.
Well, I know there's always been greed and green
acres,
And war and peace makers.
And then there's your takers and your leavers,
Your havers and your needers.
And in this great froth as we skim through the batter,
There's now many more of the former and less of the
latter.
Help us climb out of this pitfall disaster led by
dynasties,
Charlatans, but not poetasters.
Where there is a mortal disconnect spawned by
gluttonous connection,
Where you pick your own culture without viewer
discretion.
Where there is no more history and nothing is learned.
Where you shun all your kin and all your bridges are
burned.
Where you are what you buy and you're who what you
own;
And you think of yourself and you live all alone.
You make yourself feel fine when everything's wrong.
The world keeps turning but you're brittle as bone.
So to all you future dreamers and lovers and leavers,
To all those who know there's still something between
us
That binds us and reminds us of times that passed,
I appreciate you listening to this one man's last gas.
In spite of all the words that we can't fit to song,
I'd thank you to take off your eye shades, please... sing
along.

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