

Cherry Monroe

"Impossible Dream"

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My waiter is a brando affecting nicholson's smile I feel
a sort of compassion but choking down my dinner was
a trial The sixty-five year old poet, he's still finding his
voice I read his old yellow clipping calling him the poor
man's shithouse joyce The impossible dream, yes you
will find out It's throwing cheap plastic toys in it's wake
She clutched her precious objects that held no
meaning for him His face was a jackal it seemed to her
in the dim Transfixed and horrified he watched it snack
on some kind of albino cake She stuffed her
screeching child into a stroller The impossible dream,
yes you will find out Start at the top and live like you're
always willing to fall But you know it makes no
difference to me This year you'll reinvent yourself and
grow Comfortably soft you'll jump over the barbed wire
Slow motion in a crashin' car Her halo formed in broken
glass And get your giblets torn off Yellow police tape
and a blonde wig I guess you went too fast The
impossible dream, yes you will find out

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