

Mathis Grey

"Daydreams"

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A cinder block I sit and stare at the homegrown girl of
the year
She's mighty mighty fine like a sharp, sharp razors
edge

She knows my real real name the one my mama gave
to me
I think she heard it once, one time in history

Write her a note with the x o's at the end p, s, you win
If that don't work then tell my friend to tell her friend to
tell a friend
Maybe hang a board real high sayin all this love is free
To bad it's a dream
So real but a dream
Should have known cause she knew my name

Pretend can feel like home
What you see ain't always fo real
If the day can pull you far
Just go along with the dreams cause dreams are made
from real things
Real things

Standing high on a cinder block, got a poem to make
her weak
At the bell when we all walk out I'll read loud so she can
hear
So she can hear

Coming close she gives an ear, my young's words they
grab her tears
I'm glad this time did worked cause my times were
fallen dem

Writes her number down for me with a heart and a
name to say
We walk home different ways but it feels like she's next
to me
I open the paper and blink my eyes, all fives the
number read

To bad it's a dream
So real but a dream
Should have known cause she knew my name

Pretend can feel like home
What you see ain't always fo real
If the day can pull you far
Just go along with the dreams cause dreams are made
from real

Pretend can feel like home
Blink if you wanna leave
What you see ain't always fo real

There comes a time when you can't help it
Just relax and enjoy the day dream x2

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