

Crystal Gayle

"Broken Dreams"

Visit "[Broken Dreams](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm tired of {motherfuckers} plain and simple, bitin my
{shit}

They don't feel that, nope

One quarter of a century old

Bold, mentally, physically, massive

Visually, altenate, passive

Hope my crafts are tight, heh

I'll be aight, solo, all fresh dolo

And day and night, I write (I write)

And when the wind blows I fight, I show and prove

Aerodynamics, molded from ceramics (yeah)

Theory, let loose now gigantic

And move way past stress, don't regress

I got way too much finesse, heh..

.. son take hold of your bootstraps, when your shoes
ran over

Talkin bout how you clap, I don't respect that

Nor shall I wet that

The streets is tough, time is rough

I don't forget that (I don't)

See yeah, cause when I fell out of the scene

.. heh, nobody cared

I wasn't prepared, and no one shared

any information, still patient

Waitin for a time to hear my rhyme

.. all I had was broken dreams, anger, stagnation

Pacin the streets, chasin, scraps to eat

The more you gave, the more I ate

The more disease, the more disease, the more disease

Manifested - please please - in my belly

Floatin like jelly, you can't tell me

no stories of rough seasons

I've been through a lot, huh, and I'm still SCREAMIN..

.. I'm not dreamin.. hah, countdown

Ten.. nine.. eight

Like this, well {fuck} it

Broken dreams, anger, stagnation

I'm pacin, but I'm still patient

Aww man {fuck} that let's get it together
In my time!

Visit [Crystal Gayle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.