

## **Cursive**

# **"Dorothy At Forty"**

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Dorothy, I know you've had amazing dreams  
We can't go chasing down each golden street  
Each and every rainbow, each passion, each  
unattainable goal  
We're not in dreamland anymore

Dorothy, it seems you'll never understand  
This here land is everything we have  
Every sweat-stained collar, every dollar,  
every bent and bloodied spur  
We're not the kids that we once were  
We can't be the adults we want to be

Dreams are all you have, dreams have held you back  
Dreamers never live, only dream of it  
Dream cars, dream houses, dream jobs, dream  
spouses  
Dreams of tornadoes, cities of emerald

And I know we swore we'd make more of ourselves  
but this plot is literally our lot in life.

American dreams pollute our cities  
Our piece of the pie can't fill our bellies  
(More!) More square inches  
(More!) Picket fences  
(More!) Clothes on the line  
(More!) Naps at noontime  
More of our fair share  
More of our birthright  
More of what we're owed

More...

Paid vacation  
(More!) Entertainment  
(More!) Compensation  
(More!) Gratuitous gratification

Dorothy, wake up, Dorothy, wake up  
Dorothy, wake up, it's time for work

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