

## **Screw! Stew** **"Nightmare"**

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36 and a dead end job, me and Mrs Bob  
A couple kids and somethings i regret  
18 and in search of life, with no stereotypes  
To keep my dreams alive

Sleeping in my bedroom, trying not to dream  
But everything i think about always turns out clean  
And everything was thought through and now i can't  
believe  
That everything i hated is now becoming me

Tell me if a catch a cloud 'cause i'm not allowed  
To reach too high or i might miss the ground  
Flying with the borrowed wings and of all these things  
Tell me how long will i last

Sleeping in my bedroom, trying not to dream  
But everything i think about always turns out clean  
And everything was thought through and now i can't  
believe  
That everything i hated is now becoming me

I feel free going down

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