

Steve Dalton "No Dreaming"

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"we're running out of time," you said.
"we're running out of oxygen."
Well, nothing lasts forever,
And this is no exception.
Maybe now you'll see things our way
The noose around your neck is tightening.
Nothing says convincing like a bullet to the brain.

Still we throw our bodies all away
Looking for something that will give us what we need.
And you sow the seeds of discontent
When you say, "there's something better waiting down
the road."
I'm giving up.

Tell me what I should be thinking
In this world that's quickly shrinking into nothing.
Into everything I've ever known.
Your beauty is your consolation.
Keep yourself in isolation,
Falling into disrepair with things you used to love.

Everything is written down exactly as it should be.
Hold me over burning coals and see how much you
mean to me
My finger's never far from the trigger.

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