Metric "Dreams So Real"

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When I get to the bottom of it I sink Seems like nothing I said Ever meant anything But a headline over my head Thought I made a stand Only made a scene There's no feast for the underfed All the unknown dying or dead Keep showing up in my dreams They stand at the end of my bed Have I ever really helped Anybody but myself To believe in the power of songs To believe in the power of girls? Though the point we're making is gone Play it stripped down to my thong

I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn
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Our parents daughters and sons Believed in the power of songs What if those days are gone? My memory is strong Anyone not dying is dead And baby it won't be long So shut up and carry on The scream becomes a yawn

I'll shut up and carry on The scream becomes a yawn I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn
I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn
I'll shut up and carry on
The scream becomes a yawn

Baby, wherever you are Baby, whatever you do Faster than you think Time staggers on

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