

Kero One

"In A Dream"

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(chorus)

I'm wanderin free..just living in a dream..
every day that goes by..is the same old thing

(Verse 1)

I push myself out of bed and wrestle with the clock
every day this battle's fought, snooze buttons a flop
but today I win the struggle, with time to cuddle
embrace my girl to keep my mind outta trouble
hear the bubble of the bong envelope the smoke
clear the bowl take a toke leaving me in a choke
"ring" your a joke! all in my ear through the phone
that's my OTHER girl, the one that hates when I'm
stoned
so I'm torn but I know where my heart is
but the temptress's so inventive when I spark it
seducin me with her words in different ways I never
heard
the pipe or the girl.. which one do I prefer?
Thinking too much, I need to get my ass to school
always late to class in fact barely getting through
grades are slippin, minds flippin on me
thinking crazy thoughts man it's like a dream

(chorus)

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(Verse 2)

so now I'm on the shame train bus 23
thinkin bout friends, foes and family
like how my best friend was family to me
till making friends with the foe to become my enemy
but see, times weren't always ugly like that
from first girl kiss to thrown fist he had my back
until his train of thought got derailed off track
by that rock known as crack placed in his path
but how could I tell? he played it off real well
smooth talker with the ladies who made his stories gel
in and out of jail with babies on the way
kicked out of his crib, so with me I let him stay
loaning him cash for rainy days and entertainment

but at that rate, sun rays came like his payments
in fact, his payback robbing the crib like R. Kelly
money taken from me, like he was not guilty
and never found exit only his next hit
his will power had biceps but couldn't flex it
now he's in prison forgiven I won't forget
our youth and how surreal this life can get...

(chorus)

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(Verse 3)

yo my exit's here, i hit the bell for the bus stop
still in a zone, herb does that when you must talk
my girls waiting, arms folded with that look
the look that makes me want to go to sleep or read text
books
man what do I tell her, I know who I'd choose
but before my lips could move, she leaves me
confused
off in the distance, she's shrinking from view
but I guess that's the truth on this path I pursue
where focus is gone, smoking every night
choking from bongs, blunts, pipes, and this life
I need to make things right I wanna feel what's real
cause livin' in a dream got my purpose concealed
so I gaze at my classmates, running with backpacks
rushing like they cared so much what if I had that?
I ask that as I pick up me feet
showered by sunrays but wandering free
and blend into the scene where things aint what they
seem
into a scene where things ain't what they seem
searching for a moment of clarity
it's like I'm living in a dream.

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