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## Al Yell "Living In A Dream"

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You can see he likes money but he hides it from you Always gets to stressin' when it comes to choosin' What he can do to become better than you But the Angel of Death has got plans for him too

Despite the panic in his eye he thinks he's all but won Minute after minute never has any fun It's secondary to becoming number one His mind is always racing but his visions are numb

Professing all his wisdom he feels jaded and week A genius wouldn't work himself harder than needed Perhaps his plan is lacking simplicity God forbid he'd just relax and let things be

Let him teach you more about the way things should be It's fascinating he considers himself free Evidently too important has to always be seen Taking center stage and stealing the scene

Oh me, oh my! He believes he may be living in a dream Fantasy; fallacy, and nothing here is as it seems

He thinks of growing old but it's not guaranteed The way he shortens life with his insanity Running in a circle at his fastest speed He's not convinced he should be spreading those genes

Night after night he never gets any sleep Plenty time catch up when he's six feet deep Never stop to think that it could be a mistake To never slow it down for someone else's sake

He's alarmed by the sun, confused by the rain Still wants the human race to see them one in the same But just like him they're too distracted playing the game

Y'know the one that never ends the one with no name

He's got it all figured out of that there's no doubt

He's counting down the seconds 'till he shouts it aloud But he's stressin' 'cause he's guessin' he can pull it together Driving for the sun he doesn't know any better

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