

## The Purrs

# "The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of"

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And I really don't know  
If I'm coming or going  
Every cycle is central and always so mental  
Around me, around the whole world

And I'm wasted all the time  
It seems like a good thing to do  
The stress of living and the stress of forgiving  
Is too much for me, how 'bout you? Yeah

Well, I've noticed that you never smile  
While my face is always a grin  
You know I'm not a creature of having double features  
So come on, baby, just let me in

Yeah, well, I'm wanted for several bad crimes  
In places I have never been  
But they're after me still so I probably will  
Have to find a hole to hide in, alright boys

And I'm walking through walls  
I'm not taking no calls  
These are the dreams our stuff is made of  
These are the dreams our stuff is made of  
Stuff is made of

So go write what you want  
And say what you like, I don't care  
'Cause everything is staying and no one is praying  
It's all just a lot of hot air, yeah

And I'm walking through walls  
I'm not taking no calls  
These are the dreams our stuff is made of  
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