

Sarah Harmer

"Silverado"

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Hey what about me
when can I tumble like Old Neil
ass over heels
When can I float above the road see how that feels
Who made these promises to raise the hopes of dopes
like us
We should know by now that when it comes to dreams
we're suckers still
when it comes to dreams we're suckers stills

Hey what about me when can I skip across the dust of
my own moon
When can I wave goodbye to a planet laying in ruin
when thye're handing out the star command I'll be an
old confused earth-bound man

the price was right but it came to late
This engine's fueled on sour grapes
My engine's fueled on sour grapes

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