

Something With Numbers

"This Little Kid"

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A little boy, watching TV
And what does he see?
Rockstars, fame and money
The name on the marquee

They're my dreams
I won't let them fade away
It doesn't matter what you say

This little kid, learns to play
And sings OK
Add ten years, of being told
You'll never make it, no way

They're my dreams
I won't let them fade away
It doesn't matter what you say

You were supposed to be lift me higher and believe in
me
Like the way you used to say I could be anything I want
to be
You weren't supposed to shoot me down, curse my
name, make me bleed
So tell me how it feels to be alone when you see me on
the screen

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