

How does someone with nothing end
up with so much to show for it
All kinds of people, places, and things,
your cheap doormats and decorations
And to think it was all just a dream,
one fantastic hallucination

Keep on polishing your golden
wall of trophies and self portraits
We'll just smile and wait till he knocks off
your designer rose colored glasses
And you'll see what we see nothing but
old dust, peeled paint, and broken glasses

A simple imprint imagined
I was the hill we walked
I was the walk that swung from your legs
I was your words wet cast in my thoughts
Those who say dreams are just dreams
say words end when you can't hear them
Listen closely as they fade
and witness the world's construction

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