

# Dream Theater, Space-Dye Vest

Falling through pages of Martens on angels  
Feeling my heart pull west  
I saw the future dressed as a stranger  
Love in a space-dye vest

Love is an act of blood and I'm bleeding  
A pool in the shape of a heart  
Beauty projection in the reflection  
Always the worst way to start

"But he's the sort who can't know anyone intimately, least of all a woman.  
He doesn't know what a woman is.  
He wants you for a possession, something to look at like a painting or an ivory box.  
Something to own and to display.  
He doesn't want you to be real, or to think or to live.  
He doesn't love you, but I love you.  
I want you to have your own thoughts and ideas and feelings, even when I hold you in my arms.  
It's our last chance... It's our last chance..."

Now that you're gone I'm trying to take it  
Learning to swallow the rage  
Found a new girl I think we can make it  
As long as she stays on the page

This is not how I want it to end  
And I'll never be open again

"...I was gonna move out...ummm...get,  
Get a job, get my own place, ummm,  
But... I go into the mall where I want to work and they tell me, I'm,  
I was too young..."

"Some people, gave advice before, about facing the facts, about facing reality.  
And this is, this, without a doubt, is his biggest challenge ever.  
He's going to have to face it.  
You're gonna have to try, he's gonna have to try and, uh, and, and, and get some help here.  
I mean no one can say they know how he feels."

"That, so they say that, in ya know, like, Houston or something  
You'd say it's a hundred and eighty degrees, but it's a dry heat.  
In Houston they say that?  
Oh, maybe not. I'm all mixed up.  
Dry until they hit the swimming pool."

"...I get up with the sun... Listen.  
You have your own room to sleep in,  
I don't care what you do. I don't care when.  
That door gets locked, that door gets locked at night by nine o'clock.  
If you're not in this house by nine o'clock,  
Then you'd better find some place to sleep.  
Because you're not going to be a bum in this house.  
Supper is ready..."

There's no one to take my blame  
If they wanted to  
There's nothing to keep me sane  
And it's all the same to you  
There's nowhere to set my aim  
So I'm everywhere  
Never come near me again  
Do you really think I need you?

I'll never be open again,  
I could never be open again.

I'll never be open again,  
I could never be open again.

And I'll smile and I'll learn to pretend  
And I'll never be open again  
And I'll have no more dreams to defend  
And I'll never be open again