

Screw! Stew, Nightmare

36 and a dead end job, me and Mrs Bob
A couple kids and somethings i regret
18 and in search of life, with no stereotypes
To keep my dreams alive

Sleeping in my bedroom, trying not to dream
But everything i think about always turns out clean
And everything was thought through and now i can't believe
That everything i hated is now becoming me

Tell me if i catch a cloud 'cause i'm not allowed
To reach too high or i might miss the ground
Flying with the borrowed wings and of all these things
Tell me how long will i last

Sleeping in my bedroom, trying not to dream
But everything i think about always turns out clean
And everything was thought through and now i can't believe
That everything i hated is now becoming me

I feel free going down