Bombshell Rocks, Dream, Dream, Dream

Sometimes I feel like time is running out on me
As if my hands turn way too fast
My mind is one step ahead of me
And me I'm stuck in the past
And it's about time I pick myself up
And find a way out of this
The sand is pouring through the hourglass
To remind me of how precious time is

Cause all I ever do
Is dream, dream, dream
What am I supposed to do
All I ever do
That's how I make it thru

And everyday is a wish
For another day to come
I know it's wrong but it seems
That life has got me under it's thumd
And it's about time I pick myself up
It's a noble art, seizing the day
But why, why is it, why is it so hard
To let go, and break away
I pull the shades
I turn out the light
I go to sleep
And maybe tomorrow, when I wake up,
I'll go out, And I'll do everything just right