

# 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