

# Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Dream For Him

David Crosby

How am I going to explain it to him

What am I going to say when it's something that grim

How the hell do you tell them there comes an end

How are you going to handle it and still be their friend

How do you explain this world we face

To all of the innocents we brought to this place

These and other questions stand in a row

And I'm not satisfied with the answers I know

What are you going to say to those eyes

I can't even get close to the lies

That are easier to tell, you just say oh, well

I'll explain it when he's older

But somehow that's colder than I want to be

I am uncomfortable lying to a child

Feels like building a trap for something wild

Feels like building your house on the sand

And expecting the ocean to let it stand

Somehow I must come up with better stuff

You see, I'm just not satisfied with all that simplified guff

That they shovel at the kids by the handful

Like candy they buy at the stand full

Of flags by the side of the road

It's not good for them to hand them that load of crap like they do

You see, I want a world where I can tell him the truth

About everything from Jesus to John Wilkes booth

How they lie in the house and the senate too

Only get close to the truth when it suits them to  
And the very next day  
They're back to lying that way

Of course it doesn't seem to matter what I want  
But I look at some of the faces all haggard and gaunt  
I wonder which thing made them lose their dreams  
'Caus mine is alive very much it would seem  
And I would just like to be able to hand it to him  
Without the light in those eyes ever getting dim  
I want a dream for him

(Dream for him)