

Cursive, Dorothy At Forty

Dorothy, I know you've had amazing dreams
We can't go chasing down each golden street
Each and every rainbow, each passion, each unattainable goal
We're not in dreamland anymore

Dorothy, it seems you'll never understand
This here land is everything we have
Every sweat-stained collar, every dollar,
every bent and bloodied spur
We're not the kids that we once were
We can't be the adults we want to be

Dreams are all you have, dreams have held you back
Dreamers never live, only dream of it
Dream cars, dream houses, dream jobs, dream spouses
Dreams of tornadoes, cities of emerald

And I know we swore we'd make more of ourselves
but this plot is literally our lot in life.

American dreams pollute our cities
Our piece of the pie can't fill our bellies
(More!) More square inches
(More!) Picket fences
(More!) Clothes on the line
(More!) Naps at noontime
More of our fair share
More of our birthright
More of what we're owed

More...

Paid vacation
(More!) Entertainment
(More!) Compensation
(More!) Gratuitous gratification

Dorothy, wake up, Dorothy, wake up
Dorothy, wake up, it's time for work