Fleming And John, Delusions Of Grandeur

When I was but a young child I heard a voice from inside tell me there is a reason you're here So I just pretended and life was oh so splendid and I felt my time drawing near For my purpose, mission, dream, ambition...all I could see Tugging, pushing, nudging, pulling, burning, inside of me

In my delusions of grandeur I can do what I want to do, be what I want to be In my delusions of grandeur Life is but a dream no impossibility (As far as I can see no impossibility)

Someday they'll want my diary, autograph, family history, they'll follow me all over town You can call it an illusion, trick, deception, or hallucination but I'm perfectly sound With my purpose, mission, dream, ambition...all I could see Tugging, pushing, nudging, pulling, burning inside of me

In my delusions of grandeur I can do what I want to do, be what I want to be In my delusions of grandeur Life is but a dream, no impossibility (As far as I can see no impossibility)