

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)