

Galactic Cowboys, Young Man's Dream

the clock is set for never 'til twelve
I close my eyes and see myself
passing countless vacant frames
as all the beauty slowly drains
to an empty theater a blackened screen
where the silence lasts till the day begins

there're few things that I wouldn't give
to dream a young man's dream again
the confidence to set aside the things that I have settled for

I cried a tear of grief in joy
for visions of a little boy
whose arrogance made him believe
he could be anything he wanted to be

dream again