

Vince Neil, Find A Dream

No one hears the laughter
No one hears the pain
All the world's escapes for the insane
Judgement day is coming
Can we all be saints
The justice in this world is all a game
Can't we find, can't we find a dream
Street fights on the corner
An abiet daughter's slain
The body's on the news, is all a fame
When somethin' for nothin' is the only way they play
We'll never ever see the light of day
All the goods and wicked
Get on their knees and pray
Sins of all their fathers turn away
Turn away
Can't we find, can't we find a dream