

# Threads of a Dream

*by* Tim G. Young

I'm gonna go find a hole to dwell in  
deep in the mountains where the Indians used to live  
dig a cave into my subconscious  
learn to be less secretive

Build a fire and bake some bread  
make some wine for the pain in my head  
cross the wires, shut off the lights  
cover myself to protect me from bites

In the morning then I'll build a city  
a gleaming treasure from my dreams  
tall and proud and twice as loud  
but never what it seems

And it can turn into a chandelier  
hanging by a thread  
where all the people shout at once  
because they're all alive not dead

And then the amusement park arrives  
with the wooden horses on the carousel  
who remain frozen in their expressions  
somewhere in heaven on their way to hell

But hell I'll ride them really really hard  
into the long long story of life  
where everything has its exceptions  
where I can be bad as long as I'm nice

But my cave will remain well hidden  
under the clouds, under the sky  
and if I crawl into a corner  
I won't be afraid I'm going to die

But then I'll learn to worship  
the moon the stars and sun  
and create something to believe in  
and believe it when it's done

