

Threads of a Dream

by Tim 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

