

## Painted Dream by The Dada Weatherman

no we wont get older now
we'll just be younger in our dreams
yea future's like everything you know
it keeps flowing down like a stream
so let your (1) choke on your dust
for you're the light & the lust
you painted my blank canvas
threw colours like (2) you write a poem
the blues of the skies with the green of grass
all the feelings packed into one
you told me (3) if something ryhmed (4) orange
it (5) (6) sound (7) a revenge
but i always thought it was (8) strange
for you had the weetest of the rages
then you blew the flame in your eyes
& turn (9) & cold when you realized
that life is all we've ever had
& that's all we'll eer get
there is no o-ther palce
to let our souls (10) the sad
yea bare feet on a cold rock
i look through the brown leaves
at the long broken clouds weaving free



- 1. pretenders
- 2. when
- 3. that
- 4. with
- 5. would
- 6. certainly
- 7. like
- 8. kinda
- 9. pale
- 10. forget

## Fill in the gaps