

Painted Dream by The Dada Weatherman

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



- 1. like
- 2. everything
- 3. flowing
- 4. something
- 5. with
- 6. flame
- 7. life
- 8. feet
- 9. free

Fill in the gaps