

## Painted Dream by The Dada Weatherman

no we wont get older now

we'll just be (1)\_\_\_\_\_ in our dreams yea future's (2)\_\_\_\_\_ everything you know it keeps flowing 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ you (4)\_\_\_\_\_ a poem the (5)\_\_\_\_\_ of the skies with the green of grass all the feelings packed into one you (6)\_\_\_\_\_ me that if something ryhmed with orange it would certainly sound like a revenge but i always thought it was kinda strange for you had the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ of the rages then you blew the flame in (8)\_\_\_\_\_ eyes & turn pale & 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 forget the sad yea bare feet on a cold rock i look through the brown leaves at the long broken clouds weaving free



- 1. younger
- 2. like
- 3. when
- 4. write
- 5. blues
- 6. told
- 7. weetest
- 8. your

## Fill in the gaps