

Painted Dream by The Dada Weatherman

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



- 1. wont
- 2. everything
- 3. your
- 4. blank
- 5. into
- 6. ryhmed
- 7. always
- 8. ever
- 9. bare
- 10. look

Fill in the gaps