

Painted Dream by The Dada Weatherman

| no we (1) 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 pretenders (2) on your dust |
| for you're the light & the lust |
| you painted my blank canvas |
| threw colours like when you write a poem |
| the (3) of the skies with the green of grass |
| all the (4) (5) into one |
| you told me that if something ryhmed with orange |
| it would certainly sound like a revenge |
| but i always (6) it was kinda strange |
| for you had the weetest of the rages |
| then you (7) the flame in your eyes |
| & (8) pale & cold when you realized |
| that life is all we've (9) 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 (10) clouds weaving free |



- 1. wont
- 2. choke
- 3. blues
- 4. feelings
- 5. packed
- 6. thought
- 7. blew
- 8. turn
- 9. ever
- 10. broken

Fill in the gaps