

The Waking Hours

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Ain't it strange how we change
When we wake from the sleeping hours
And a stream of our dreams
Slips away In the morning shower

We're denied and deprived
Of the thoughts in our fantasies
And we rise to a world
In which we no longer long to be

You can see us walking to work every day
In the sunshine, wishing the days away

And so few really do
What they like and what they're good at too
Spend their time in 'The Times'
Hanging 'round on the underground

We spend years learning to be what we're not (and never sure)
How to fit the profile that they're looking for

We turn up and try
In a shirt and a tie
While the part of us that we hide deep inside
Longs to reach for the sky, and fly

Living out what's in your head
Is the best way to get you out of bed
To be you, just to do,
What you like (and what you're good at too)

And to use the other side of your brain
And to leave, a part of your soul, behind in your name

There's a reason we dream
Make the most of the Waking Hours
We dream to make the most of the Waking Hours
Make the most of the Waking Hours

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