Taking Him Off to Their Dreams

When the streets were empty, Someone came to clean,
Children come with their weapons and guns
and their visions of broken machines;
Taking him off to their dreams. Taking him off to their dreams

Meanwhile at her window, watching all below
Someone waits for her various fates
And despises that they come so slow
Wishing where he'd gone she'd go (etc).

It's not hard to complain when you look around you,
What a waste and a shame when the streets surround you
Got no hopes now, hang onto the ropes now
There's clearly no escape
Through these endless gates (etc).

Lately we stopped looking for a country place
Why are we there when such scenery fair
Is obscured and our own city space
Leaving us just with a face (etc.)