

Gotta get a ghetto

Waking up in another dream
Happily you see it is a better dream
Than the one you had before
This is going to the core

You're made to realize the very best dream
Showing them a scene they have never seen
One that's opening all doors
And promising them more

Oh you gotta sell it to the ghetto, man
You gotta get yourself a happy ghetto, man
Of believers in your dream
A new reality
You gotta put it in a brand new form
You gotta push your story as a magic storm
For the forlorn of the world
Who are longing for the final turn
Where all the pain will burn

You feel you've entered the depth of life
You're sure you've cracked the code of life
The formless DNA
You're born into new planes

You feel if everybody felt the same
The whole wide world would be a better place
Where we all would live in peace
Love and harmony

Oh you gotta sell it to the ghetto, man
You gotta get yourself a happy ghetto, man
Of believers in your dream
Who speak of it as real
You gotta put it in a brand new form
You gotta push your story as a magic storm
For the forlorn of the world
Who are longing for the final turn
Oh, where all the pain will burn
And never ever return

And when you fin'ly take a break
The dream begins to disappear
Water through your fingers
When you finally lay down
Everything is spinning round

You feel a cheater in the rain.
Oh, you are not so sure any more
What your great dream means really for
The lives of the people
But you gotta go on running, man
Everyone needs to make a living and
Why then not dream
Why not dream

So you put yourself together
What the fuck does it really really matter
And anyway your dream is way better
Than the dreams of the other cheaters clan

If you cannot help yourself
You feel at least you need to help
Other selves – with themselves
You need to help
You need to help

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You gotta sell it to the ghetto, man
You gotta get yourself a bigger ghetto, man
Oh, the ghetto of the confused
The ghetto of the bruised
You gotta put it in a brand new form
You gotta push your story as a magic storm
For the forlorn of the world
Who are longing for the final turn
Oh, where all the pain will burn
And never ever return

And when again you need a break
From the rat-race for your business' sake:
Water through your fingers
Snow in the sun
When you finally lay down
Everything's just spinning round
You feel a cheater in the rain.
You are not so sure any more
What your last dream does really for

The lives of the people
But you gotta go on running, man
Everyone needs to make a living and
Why then not dream
Why not dream

So you put yourself together
What the hell does it really matter
And anyway your dream is way better
Than the dreams of the other cheaters clan

If you cannot help yourself
You feel at least you need to help
Other selves – with themselves
You need to help
You need to help
You need to help
Help help help help help